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Editor:

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

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"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth."
—EMERSON.



VOL. XVII

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THE RELATIVE AND THE ABSOLUTE.

BY HENRY WOOD.

"O rich and various man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong."—*Emerson*.

"The globe on which we ride is only a larger apple falling from a larger tree."—*Ibid.*

"Each step in the external mastery of nature means the taking up into our spirits of some added portion of the universe."—*Dresser*.

The two great departments of truth which together are all inclusive, and which are so difficult to reconcile in human consciousness are known as the relative and the absolute. Duration is a factor of the former. At the threshold of a new year it is natural to make at least a cursory survey of conditions, both retrospective and prospective. Time, relation and progress belong to the category of the relative. But it is never amiss to study the march of truth and to watch the procession of events in the light of the absolute, to the extent that we can command it. The most efficient method of investigation is through comparison and contrast. Our study of the shifting scenes of environment must be mingled with and lighted up by glimpses of the ideal. The nearer, more

practical and familiar factor may thus be enriched, clarified and made more divinely inspirational. What then is this elusive and unfamiliar absolute? Perhaps a brief consideration of it may be well, preliminary to any attempted interpretation of relative visible progress.

Negatively defined, the insoluble absolute is that which is beyond all logic and intellectual appreciation. From its lofty view-point, as also in accord with a principle held to be deeply axiomatic in the New Thought philosophy, the statement is made that time and space are but sensuous limitations. The great reality in the midst of which we live, move and have our being is the eternal Now. To the more profound reckoning, that which is consummate, lawful and measureless is not something to be hoped for, for it already is. From that vantage-ground and to that breadth of vision there is neither past nor future. The end is comprehended in the beginning. The gradual unrolling of the panorama which contains the universal sketch is only an appearance—that aspect which is afforded by the intellect rather than by the deeper perception. As the sweep of vision from a lofty altitude may take in a whole landscape at once, so it is neither mysticism nor assumption to deny any veritable limitation. But such an outlook in its completeness is beyond the reach of present relativity.

Though the realization of the ideal is so gradual, and to our consciousness, seemingly unattainable, yet in its inner entirety it is most profoundly real. This fact, to our every-day awareness, does not blot out the glory of the future nor impair the inspirational value of hope and visible progress. Even to our prevailing imperfect development, concrete instances of prevision are well attested and not infrequent. Can any trans-action be real before it "happens?" It is often said that "coming events cast their shadows before." But when our eyes are but half open, solid things look shadowy. If there is a universal divine prevision are we not to share it to the degree that divinity in us is unfolded? Can we fix any possible limit to the measure of the working of the law of incarnation? Are not the divine attributes to be made manifest through

human channels to the extent that oneness is recognized as normal and intrinsic?

The logical systems of dogma formulated by human wisdom in the past, however mistaken in their application, all contain some important truth hidden beneath the letter. If the doctrine of foreordination so powerfully presented by that great theologian, Jonathan Edwards, had recognized only the divine goodness and normality instead of a dualism of warring forces, it would have constituted an unassailable system of spiritual monism and optimism. Its fault was not in its logic, but in its premises which have since been swept away. The higher evolution and the conviction of an all-inclusive divinity had not then ripened in human understanding. The knowledge of the negation of evil as a reigning and ultimate force was yet to be.

The perception of the divine ideal as eternally real, matures in us only as a supreme accomplishment. The tentative idealism of the past, whether of Plato, Berkeley or even Emerson, though logical, rested mainly in theory rather than in practical application to the present plane of living. Its broad basis, scientific, psychological and spiritual, as a remedial force for the assuagement of prevailing ills and woes remained obscure up to the very recent past.

It is evident that in any discussion of the absolute there is a virtual handicap in the use of terms. Our available vocabulary, for the present, must be limited to the relative domain. Life, as measured by duration, is occupied by a never-ending pursuit—often unconscious—of the absolute. We may strain our vision ever so much but with our present equipment its outlines will be misty. We may never become but are ever becoming. Our relative fragment of the ultimate to our own consciousness will steadily expand, for there is a law of progress which will prevent our ever resting in a finality. Only the Infinite is complete in self-consciousness, but we are fitted, at present, to the realm of relativity. How beautiful the adjustment which extends in every direction! The recognition of this universal law is the greatest step in human unfoldment since the Adamic transition from instinct to rationality.

Hunger and thirst for the ideal, even though rarely interpreted, is the deepest impulse of man's constitution. This keeps him faced forward and provides for his eternal advance. The Prophet of Nazareth put aside the prevailing forms of worldly wisdom for his teaching centered upon the inner drawing power of the higher kingdom. His precepts and works were inspired by the incarnation of the light and fulness of the absolute. His method has puzzled the reformers of all ages who devote themselves almost wholly to outward phenomena which pertain only to the surface of life. Unless consciously related to that which is above clear intellectual definition, such effort, though well meant, is of little permanent value. It is the mistaken popular impression that what is not immediately and materially tangible is insignificant.

But turning from our brief quest for the symbols and outlines of that which is beyond the senses, and above the realm of intellectual logic, to the more familiar plane of progress, let us open our vision and inquire, "Watchman, what of the night?" Are the shadows lifting? The new year is a convenient time for taking inventories and for making from its milestone boundary a brief survey of the retrospect and prospect. When beheld in the light of the ideal, does the actualized accomplishment of to-day indicate increasing brightness? In other words, is that practical idealism, which is popularly designated as the New Thought, making its way in the minds of men, or is it to prove but a temporary and passing phase of speculative thought? Are the leaden clouds of materialism which overshadow religion, ethics, sociology, therapeutics and theology rolling by? For any one who is carefully watching the signs of the times, there can be but one answer and that is of optimistic affirmation.

But on the other hand, note the troubled phenomena of current life. What a rush, roar and confusion! Looking upon the surface, was there ever before so much social, intellectual, moral and especially religious unrest? The very foundations seem to be breaking up. *Terra firma*—long so regarded—is in a billowy undulation. Let us come down to yet more concrete details. With sensationalism rampant,

what is to be the outcome? An observer with any knowledge of the power of suggestion and some appreciation of the deluge of abnormal pabulum now being consumed by immature, weak and chaotic minds may well ask, what will the harvest be? A thousand good deeds go unmentioned but a single crime or scandalous detail is held aloft, magnified and turned about in the light until its seed is scattered and it covers a large part of the public mental horizon. Youthful and pure consciousness is invaded and poisoned at wholesale. Can one with eyes open to this disturbing "scenery" through which we are passing, still be thoroughly optimistic? Thanks to faith in the unfailing power of the absolute, yes. Out of the troublous and destructive transition which is now going on, there will arise more than a "remnant" who will "inherit the earth." Underneath all the scum and froth, there is in progress a silent and solid growth without observation. Former and lesser ideals are cast aside like broken pottery, their life and utility being ended. Like thunder-storms, transitions in thought seem wonderfully threatening while they last, but in due season the weather clears. As old external authorities and restrictions go down, a compelling power is gathering force from within. When action seems to fail, the path for progress is hewn by reaction. Experimental extremes are hopefully educational. "It is hard to kick against the pricks," and men will not always continue the practice. No pendulum swings forever in one direction. Below the seething surface the great forward trend moves on with irresistible power.

There is every indication that the metaphysical movement is alive and its rich ideals are being stored-up, as never before, in the sub-conscious realm of the race. That the number of avowed adherents to the higher philosophy of life has materially increased during the last year may not be capable of ready demonstration but it seems safe to infer a numerical expansion. But even were this in doubt there is no question but that the spiritual momentum of the transformation has grown, and its more general diffusion is certain. While their force cannot be questioned, great vital movements do not obtrude themselves upon the public gaze. The triumph of liberalism in

religious thought has a suggestive and somewhat parallel history. With but a nominal increase in the number of churches and avowed adherents for many years, the mighty surge of their ideas has penetrated to every nook and corner of the old dogmatic systems. The seeming solid substance of accepted doctrine has been honeycombed and fused. The march of truth takes little account of names, forms and creeds and these, even when not changed, sit but lightly when the Spirit gives new life.

A brief retrospect shows that within a score of years, and notably during the last decade, a great amount of basic spiritual and psychic truth has come into very general recognition. Absolute realization of its power in practical life and of its transforming forces in mind and body has had abundant demonstration. Soon after the ripeness of a new spiritual uplift was apparent and a general interest awakened, a differentiation took place among those who participated. That section which finally constituted what has since been known as the New Thought movement affirmed its spiritual independence. It held that ultimate authority lodged only in the individual, regardless of external leadership and officialism, and did not enter into any compact organization. The esoteric nature and higher life were to be free in their manifestations. In thus relying only upon inner coherence instead of sectarian, personal or dogmatic authority it has been unique and unprecedented. Hardly can any other spiritual or religious movement be mentioned that has not relied for its promulgation upon the ruling tactics of outward organization. It has erected no material temples, and official metes, bounds and shibboleths have not been formulated and imposed decrees are unknown. Upon the world at large it has made no very marked external impression but as an inner and unseen inspiration it has proved mighty. It has sweetened the bitterness of thousands of lives and brought healing and harmony where discord and depression had long prevailed. The proclamations of the pristine Christian gospel which were in sad need of verification have been confirmed and illustrated. A great bundle of the dried and pressed herbs of theological

formularies has been replaced by living plants in bud and blossom. Shrunken and distressed souls and disease-laden bodies have been invigorated, rounded out and filled with rejoicing. The dark and dusty corridors of a multitude of minds have been cleared and purified, the sunlight let in and conscious order and poise restored.

Within the elastic and freedom-loving domain of the new philosophy of life there has sprung up an extensive and well-elaborated literature, a goodly number of able and enterprising periodicals with a numerous and conscientious array of teachers, healers and exponents. Aside from technical "treatments," through which thousands have been restored, it is now known that health is teachable. A systematic education in this direction is practicable, not mainly of the intellect but more of the consciousness. Perhaps it is the chief glory of the movement, and highly suggestive of its liberality, that no two of its books, periodicals or exponents voice quite the same message. While uniform in the cultivation of the inner superconscious realm, and alike in reliance upon and openness to the Spirit of Truth, there is room for an infinite variety of expression in details and non-essentials. The beauty and harmony of a great orchestra would be impossible if all of its members played upon but one kind of an instrument. Complementary factors in a grander whole cannot be quite alike. The office of the subjective Christ is to make men so free that the divine law of variety provides for a larger unity and proves a wholesome inspiration.

It is sometimes urged that this higher unfoldment includes nothing really new because all truth is old. Very true, but so there is no new steam, electricity or vibratory force for wireless messages. It is only the utilization of forces which has apparent newness. For the present, any power which goes to waste might as well not exist. Every advance the world has known has been in the improved application of energies which in themselves are eternal. As the great sweep of Niagara—now harnessed for the production of electrical energy—went to practical waste during the ages, so the unlimited potential of collective psychic concentrative power is still generally

unutilized. With no intelligent thought selection and direction, its chaotic volume is like an uncontrolled flood cutting destructive channels in every direction. No material motor has possibilities for controlled energy which can bear comparison. There is yet but a mere glimmer of the truth that ideals are capable of being solidified into outward manifestation.

The advanced thought under review holds that the divine leading in each soul, if sacredly heeded, should be the only recognized leader. This provides for a pure spiritual democracy where no edicts are issued or imposed and frees men from the burden of dogma and repression. "The truth shall make you free." To be subject to external spiritual rule is to be under an imperfect law. But there is a higher perfect law of liberty. There are prison-houses more real than those which are built of stone and iron. Only an inner all-inclusive love with a spiritual consciousness can dissolve the fetters which bind.

"The Poet's vision, the Prophet's dream, the Philosopher's fancy, the Worshipper's idol, the Reformer's revelation—these are but the effort of the all-discerning Spirit to evolve what will better express its potency in the realm of concrete forms."—*Henry Frank*.

"A vision of the Impossible is the maddening challenge that makes of men inventors, magicians and conquerers."—*Ibid*.

As gracefully expressed by Emerson, the imperfect of every soul must adore its own perfect. The life of all religious transactions must be in the individual. The microcosm includes all. The belts which turn the wheels of subjective accomplishment may receive their impulse from the Infinite. The normal channel through which flows the divine propulsion of the world runs through the nature of man. The spirit which builds terraces toward the higher life, to be lived here and now, shows outcroppings everywhere. It is in the air. It is deftly woven into sermons, it flavors poems, it seasons essays, sparkles in literature, embellishes fiction and lends a halo to consecrated lives. Its hidden subconscious forces act automatically upon the material organism and its perennial optimism sweetens the bitterness of conventional woes. It

furnishes new inner lenses through which the world of seen things is made anew.

"Behold the Kingdom of God is within you." High ideals gain strength only as intimacy is cultivated with them. These should include health, harmony, purity, beauty, strength, spiritual development and the executive regulation of the bodily kingdom. The ruling consciousness must become identified with the diviner selfhood. This is "the pattern that was shown thee in the mount." It should go before the soul as "a pillar of cloud" by day and a "pillar of fire" by night.

Any impartial retrospect will show that the forces and influences which have been briefly outlined have been growing and glowing in marked degree during the recent years. They are in expression all about us to-day. Though not "proclaimed from the house-tops" and mostly invisible to the eye of sense, how many burdens have been lifted, aching hearts relieved, disordered minds and bodies made sound, frictions lubricated, discords put in tune, and deserts "made to blossom like the rose."

The prospect is like the retrospect except that it is to have ever-increasing momentum added. The onward impulse is a basic law of our nature. There never will come a time when life will relapse into quiescence. Man is made to march forward. Faith, as manifested by works which are now rare is to become common and have outward expression. The promise of "greater works" is made, not only upon the highest authority, but its increasing fulfilment is in the nature of things. Truth is to multiply its forces in geometrical proportion. With the "sword of the Spirit" the armies of materialism are to be turned back and scattered.

The human soul is making greater progress than ever before, because it is profoundly convinced that God is working through it instead of altogether outside. We may find him at the center. "Behold I make all things new." The newness is not external re-creation but is to come through subjective illumination.

There is no call at present for iconoclasm. Constructive-

ness is the need of the hour. We need not attack, nor even disparage, the morer estricted faiths and opinions of the past. As evolutionary stepping-stones they have served their purpose and fitted their time and generation. "Leave the dead to bury their own dead." As we press forward and behold a vaster horizon and listen to a more perfect harmony, things of yesterday simply recede. Let us think of the universal trend as onward, and forever onward. Life is not merely continued existence but a constant renewing and creating. New powers are to be unfolded, our hearing attuned to higher vibrations and our vision exercised upon opening vistas. While the soul is unfolding all our environment is engaged in the same process.

If youth in years cannot return, let us cling to its spirit, affirm its cheer, and make ourselves intimate with spiritual optimism. It is the puny and temporary detail of life that holds us down and back. We must gather new and grander thoughts and clothe ourselves with them as with a garment. The spread and progress of the New Thought depends largely upon those who live it. Lectures, lessons, books and periodicals are necessary, but let not the individual who has no share in their production think he can do nothing. He must let his light shine and speak the word as he has opportunity. More than anything else, every proposed advance needs demonstrators. Often a word, an incident or a bit of experience brings the truth home. "And the Lord said unto Moses, wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

"Man becomes aware of universal order, of beauty and law, only as he becomes voluntarily a part of it. Only through the fidelity of his moral life does he feel beneath his feet a sure foundation, only as his soul glows a spark of love, does it recognize the celestial ether of which it is an atom."

"The world's great hopes are altar-stairs which slope through darkness up to God."

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

BY ADOLPH ROEDER.

Through the dim haze of the twilight swept the chime of Christmas bells and with it drifted across the dreaming brain whispered recollections of childhood days, and presently sentences took shape and thoughts flowed from them as water from a rock touched by the mystic wand of Moses:

"Every one into his own city"—for all men have spiritual homes as well as they have natural homes, and their habit of thought grows into a mental habitat and before a concept of Deity can take place (before the virgin side of the mind can conceive of Deity) a man must come into his own. We all drift awhile from this denomination into that, from this movement into the other, from this fad to the next: but life sobers down in time, and we "come into our own"—into that habitat of thought which is our very own. Into that method of thinking, into that school of thought, into that system of philosophy, into that doctrinal system with which we can fully and unreservedly agree, and when we have so come "into our own city" the concept is realized and the "first born son" is brought forth.

For He is the "first born"—Faith, Hope, Charity, Loyalty, Trust and Fear may all have been born in the mind and of the mind, but they are not first. Back of them all lies a source, an origin, a spring. They all point to some thing or some one antecedent—Faith in what? or in whom?—Hope for what?—Charity toward whom?—Loyalty to what? to whom?—Trust in what? in whom?—Fear of what? of whom? They are all secondary. They are not primary. Back of them all and before them all lies that Great Antecedent Cause, the First Cause. And when the mind has gradually shaped its concept of that Great First Cause, then is Jesus born. It is not the birth of the Great First Cause, when man first conceives of it—but of the human concept of the First Cause—hence the sin of man. For in the symbolism of old a "concept" was always called a "sin," and when it was a human concept, it was called a "sin of man." And so does the virgin side of man's mind bring

forth its noblest and primal concept—"her first-born son." And laid him in a manger. Everywhere with human things and with things Divine, the animal is associated. To the gods of old were animals sacred; the owl to Minerva, the eagle to Jon, and many others. So with the apostles are associated the lion, the ox, the eagle; with visions of Deity in Ezekiel and in the Apocalyptic Vision there are associated the four "beasts" or living creatures—so familiar to the Bible student. But most delicate is the touch of the animal nature associated with the birth of the Divine in the soul. No animal is directly mentioned. It is dimly and delicately hinted at by the quaint concept: "And she laid Him in a manger because there was no room for Him in the inn." How pathetic and yet how natural it all sounds! We are so crowded with the inanities of the world; so filled with its confusion and bustle is the mind; so burdened with the cares of this world, its anxieties, fears and failures that there is little "room for Him in the inn." Especially of our American strenuousness is this true. We break off a moment on the Sabbath for Him and that with scant courtesy; we try to crowd Him into a week of religious revivals and then fly distractedly off in the chase of a few more dollars, or a few more social "obligations," or a few more "enterprises." There are so few islands of rest in our tumultuous mental seas. Storm-tossed and fear-riven we find no rest for ourselves and consequently none for Him. "Stand still and know that I am God."

"Oh Jesus, Savior," in storm and stress
 The mariner cries distressed;
 "Show me the islands of happiness
 Where I may be at rest."

"And there were shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch o'er their flocks by night." And the mind in its meditation wanders backward to the early days of youth, when all life was sweet and every day a day of joy and the soul was steeped in the happiness of childhood. Whither vanished it all? Mediaeval theologians say: "The wash of the sea of life, the contaminating waves of the life of the world, surged upward and washed all the innocence and happiness of childhood away and you

fell from grace, foul sinner that you are." Modern optimism says: "All the sweetness of infancy, all the sanctity of childhood filtered quietly down into the depths of your soul and was stored away there—to break forth presently, when night seemed darkest and the battle raged fiercely; when manhood's disenchantments hung like a gray and black pall about you and the hopelessness of night fell heavy upon the despair of day. And God, the gentle shepherd, kept watch on that sweet reality, which was and is "You," and He tended the flocks of gentle aspiration, of fond hopes, of tender dreamings in your soul against the day when "You" would need them. And when night is darkest, then He reveals Himself in their soul-depths. We call them the "depths of Heaven" and say that the "Multitude of the Heavenly Hosts" appears in these celestial depths, but in reality it is Deity that appears and the vision ends, as it should, with the wonderful message:

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace, unto men Good Will."

.....

"The people are demanding something more than idle words. They are tired of flaring head-lines on motionless guide-posts, and are saying to the doctors, teachers, and preachers everywhere, "Use your prescriptions on yourself. Take your own advice. What is good enough to give should be good enough to take. Prove your faith by your works; what have you *done*?" And in answer to this growing urge the doctors, teachers and preachers are descending from their high places as spokesmen to lead others in the way they have merely pointed—out of the night of sickness and poverty—if their theories are tenable—into the light of a day of peace and plenty. And the "New Thought" leaders who write and teach "Universal Opulence" and yet hoard their earnings in iron-clad vaults while grinding service down to the lowest living salaries, should be in as bad repute as the old-time minister who wore his religion as a Sunday garb, but one day in the week."

—Hester Annie Bernard.

.....

"A mind that is capable of real sorrow is capable of all good."

FABLES OF THE DAY.

BY BOLTON HALL.

DISSOLUTION.

There was a drop of water in the sea: The sea was stormy so it was a troubled little drop, for it could not tell what its wave might do.

It said to itself, "If I could but fly away and be at rest!

After long wandering in the currents, the drop was tossed upon the shore and the sun lifted it up to heaven.

Poor little drop!

BEING SOUGHT AFTER.

The Princess asked for the wine bottle, and the bottle was glad, and the cup-bearer said, "See how lovely the bottle is and how desirable."

And the Princess held the bottle up to the light and warmed it in her hands.

When the wine was gone the bottle was thrown in the cellar.

But afterward it was filled again with new wine, better than the first.

THE SUICIDE.

A little boy wanted to play with his doll—she was so sweet; but his father knew that the child should not sit all day with dolls and told him to play in the fresh air.

The child grieved and pined; he thought his father hard, and cruel, because he was not allowed to play with his beautiful doll. The father said, "The child next door is lonely, why not play with her?"

The child thought he was disgraced, because he had not his sweet doll, and the father explained in vain that in the world there are other sweets better than dolls.

But the boy would not believe, and ran into a dark closet to forget his grief, and in the silence he heard, and in the dark he saw that, neither there nor anywhere, could he escape the father's love and care.

THE SAVIORS.

Here is a little prairie dog feeding on the track. When the trans-continental express sweeps down on time, the creature stops an instant to get a better hold on the little one she carries out of danger, and the iron wheels roll by, leaving her with hind legs crushed, to drag out a month of agony before she starves to death in her hole among the bodies of her young.

The man said: "What could be more unreasonable, more pitiable—punished, vindictively punished, for its devotion to its young, chief of its virtues!"

But see, the fireman is killed in such a way, as he carries the baby out from the falling beams, and the soldier dies in agony as he spikes the last gun.

And the man says: "Sweet and pleasant it is to die for one's country!"

HOUSING THE POOR.

A settler said to the ground-hogs that if they would make a dugout for him he would allow them to continue to live upon his earth. The ground-hogs thought he was a superior sort of land-hog, so of course they gladly assented.

After the settler's dugout was finished, however, "with advancing civilization the social pressure became intense," and there was little demand for ground-hog labor (for the land-hog owned so much land that he would not use). Some of them watched the settler's dugout, some gamboled to amuse him, but they had to work so hard in his service that they had no time to dig holes for themselves.

Accordingly the unemployed ground-hogs became a "social problem;" the settler having no use for any more dugouts, their labor was a drug on the market, and it became impossible for them to hire a part of the field in which they might employ themselves by getting food.

He established a salvation army to keep discontented ground-hogs from revolt, with the promise of golden and pearly dugouts in heaven. He made them dig jails also, and dispensaries.

Finally, the settler, being a benevolent man, solved the problem of the unemployed by organizing an association for

providing holes for destitute ground-hogs. He gave them work at wages sufficient to keep them from starvation, making holes for other unemployed ground-hogs—for these holes he charged a rent sufficient only to pay his interest and to create a sinking fund. This was philanthropy and five per cent.

The only trouble was that the lower-class ground-hogs had nothing with which to pay the rent.

THE ANARCHISTS.

We caught sight of the other boat for a second on our star-board; she was almost standing on end and only two men remained clinging to the seats. I heard Mary's shriek above the wind, "He's dead, he's dead." We strained our eyes, but in an instant the boat was lost in the torrent of mist and spray.

We could see nothing, but we heard somewhere the long slow groan of breakers on a sandy shore—the wind drove, as near as we could make out, parallel to the line of breakers, and with oars and the bit of sail we hung off from it all day as well as we could; with every big wave we expected to be swamped, and strained at the oars, rather to put off, than to avoid our fate.

Toward evening the fog suddenly lifted and we saw a shelving beach not fifty yards away—we must have drifted toward the lea of the land, for, seeing that the rollers were smaller, though the wind kept up, we put out our remaining strength without consultation and almost without orders in an attempt to rush the boat up with a big wave and strand her on the beach. That is all I remember till I awoke in the sunshine, high up on a bank of the sand and with the quiet monotonous roll of the big breakers in my ears.

I found that all of our long boat's crew had been mercifully saved from the waves, and we set to work at once to help ourselves, by helping each other to make a shelter.

On that little boat load of twenty persons, we had our fourteen different kinds of trades and professions and several hundred kinds of capacities, and being united, we felt that we had the powers, not of twenty but of twenty times twenty—as our writer said, we were "the" four hundred.

We were working hard gathering planks and driftwood out of the sea, to make a raft by which we might reach the wreck, when we were overjoyed to see one of the men that we had seen in the boat. He was a passenger,—a man apparently of some importance. As he had always been most affable, we were surprised, especially on such a reunion, to observe that his manner was distinctly distant and cold, until he abruptly said, "We might as well start right at once. I arrived last night, the first on this island and took possession of it by right of discovery. What rent do you think you can afford to pay me for living on my land?"

There was a moment's silence until Bill Bow, the coxswain, broke into a roar of laughter, which I am sorry to say that the crew had so little respect for law and the rights of men, as to join.

Said Bill, "Why mate, if you let us live here, I don't see but in fairness we had ought to let you live here too."

In vain Mr. Autos stormed; in vain I pointed out to them that rights in land were the first steps to civilization, and that we sent missionaries to the heathen countries to teach them to give us their countries and thereby to rescue themselves from their state of supine ease. I could not make the fellows see.

Mr. Autos was justly sulky, but he assured us, and I think fairly, that when others arrived, all would have to submit to law.

"I find my life getting slovenly when it does not exercise a constant supervision over itself. Its deeds accumulate. Next to having lived a day well, is a clear and calm overlooking of all our days. Most of us have sufficient contempt for what is mean to resolve to abstain from it, and a few virtue enough to abide by the resolution, but not often is it that one attains to such lofty contempt as to require no resolution to be made."—*Thoreau*.

"Ties of simple love are infinitely stronger than those of flesh and blood."

OUR DIVINE HEREDITY.

BY EDWARD M. DAWSON, JR.

One of the most interesting of the Arabian Nights stories is entitled "Ali of Cairo." On the death of his father, which occurs while he is yet a youth, Ali inherits an enormous fortune, so large that no one is able to reckon its extent. But Ali seems to have a genius for spending money, for it does not take him long to waste every dollar of it in dissipation. Then seeking aid from his erstwhile boon-companions of pleasure, he finds friendship a broken reed; now that his money is gone they suddenly lose all interest in him. He then wanders, living the hand-to-mouth existence of what we would term a tramp to-day, until finally he arrives at Bagdad, where he gives out that he is a merchant, in temporary need, but about to receive valuable consignments of goods by caravan, and all of the Bagdad merchants vie with each other to do him honor. He leases a house, which is magnificently furnished, but which had been unoccupied for years, as it has the reputation of being haunted. That night he prepares to retire, when suddenly a genie appears, and says "O Ali, shall I send down the gold?" "And where," said Ali, "is the gold that thou wilt send down?" Immediately there poured down gold upon him until the entire salon was filled. The genie then says "This gold was preserved for thee by a talisman from ancient times. We used to come to every one who entered this house and say to him 'O Ali, O son of Hassan, shall I send down the gold?' And he would fear at our words and cry out, whereupon we would descend to him, break his neck and depart. But when thou camest and we called thee by thy name and the name of thy father and said to thee 'Shall we send down the gold' and thou saidst to us 'And where is the gold,' so we knew that thou wast its owner, and we sent it down."

This tale resembles in some respects the parable of the prodigal. Like Ali we inherit a treasure—the physical body with its wealth of beauty and possible power. This treasure

is obvious, and we proceed to dissipate it by riotous or unwise living. We look only to the material side of life and to the senses for satisfaction, reaping bitterness and loss because we shut ourselves away from God. We turn to friends—to the personality—and would fain lean upon them, but they disappoint us with their crudity, ingratitude and general imperfection. We have many bitter experiences. All goes wrong until we learn like Ali that there is a greater treasure waiting for us—God himself—omnipotence, omnipresence—all that we can conceive of goodness and power when we come into oneness with Him. But we must realize that the treasure is ours, and by holding this conviction in mind firmly, and backing up our faith with acts, compel the genie (God's law—the means through which we receive the treasure) to bring it to us. In the tale those who were surprised at the coming of the genie, and made outcry through excessive fear, were strangled. In like manner if through doubt or fear *we* resist the law, whether consciously or unwittingly, it strangles us, as nothing can stand in the way of omnipotent law. If we do not realize our oneness with God and His law, not only do we not get any of its benefits, but are crushed to atoms by it.

But Ali recognizes at once that he owns the treasure, and when he does not perceive it, asks where it is, and demands it be brought to him. He doesn't seem to doubt that the gold is his, once the fact of his possible ownership of it is suggested by the genie. The latter, perceiving his master, says that he knows him to be the owner of the treasure from his confident expectation of getting it. So we, if we desire any good thing, must believe it already ours. Then we will obtain it.

We should never doubt our oneness with God—never doubt that the universe is ours. And if we live in conscious oneness with God, knowing that through His aiding power all things are possible, and that we are masters of all conditions, all circumstances will hasten to obey us.

Like Ali, let us demand our treasure. Our oneness with God gives us the right, it is ours and has been ours through all eternity. Let us claim it then, and claiming it confidently

and wisely, get it. All things are potentially ours; it remains for us to make them manifestly so.

But it may be asked, what shall one do to gain a realization of his identity with the source of all, and by such identification obtain dominion over all circumstances? There are two things to be done; the first is to obey the scriptural injunction—"And when thou prayest, enter into thy chamber and shut the door;" enter into the silence—the innermost place of the Most High—and, shutting the door of the senses, listen to God's voice as it speaks to your own soul. You may not at first hear the voice, but persist, and eventually you will become conscious of its guiding influence every step of the way. Then after listening to and hearing God's message, *act*.

Silent affirmation of our God-given power over all things is absolutely essential. In order to be, we must first know—be conscious—that we *are*. In order to have, we must know that we *already* possess. To make health, wisdom, happiness manifest then, we should repeat until we know their truth, statements such as these:

I *am* health, *now*.

I *am* wisdom, *now*.

I *am* happiness, *now*.

I *have* opulence, *now*.

Not some time in the future have I health, wisdom and happiness, but *now*. Since our higher self—the real of *us*—is perfect spirit, *God in us*, we have *never* lacked, we are eternal perfection.

Then we should back up our affirmations with our daily acts. Never speak of lack or weakness—never admit it verbally to others or mentally to ourselves. If we affirm "I have opulence" that does not mean that we should simply lie back and wait for prosperity to come to us. No, we must do our part. God will do His if we coöperate with Him by confident, trustful *action*—for nothing ever has come without effort and never will. While the universe is ours, we must prove our title to it by spiritual prowess and mettle—by eternal vigilance and industry, first recognizing our title and then bravely and steadfastly acting in accordance with that recognition.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

BY VICTOR ILLUMINER.

What is the elixir of perpetual youth, for which men in all ages have been searching diligently, many devoting all the power of their mind and ambition in the endeavor to find that particular combination of chemicals which would impart to their bodies the vitality, strength, freshness and beauty of youth? Vain, so far, have been all such researches. But let us question seriously. Is such a state natural or possible? And, if so, how is it to be attained? In answering these questions I will begin by saying my conviction is that such a state is possible, and the elixir by which alone one can achieve it is *knowledge* of life. What causes the signs and marks of age? It is man's misunderstanding of time and the laws of right thinking and living. Few analyze the true meaning of time. The designations of computed time are reckoned entirely by the movement of this especial planet. One revolution marks one particular period, called day and night, while a certain number bring other well-known terms and so on, all created by the same criterion, that is the movement of the earth. The earth, while a most important center of interest to its inhabitants, is only one of myriads of similar bodies scattered throughout the infinite universe; no two of these bodies are or can be precisely the same in chemical construction, size, density, character. All revolve differently; consequently, the computations of time upon every large body or planet must vary according to the specified rate of its motion or revolutions. Who is competent to say that the earth is the proper criterion, whereby to measure time throughout all the limitless spheres? But a short distance from any planet it is easily seen there can be no such system of computation, as there the influence of its revolution is not felt or noticed; consequently, there would be no marks of time, at least, not such as those with which men upon the earth are familiar. Is it not reasonable to suppose that, amid all this diversity of move-

ments in the infinite realm of action, each orb varying according to its period of revolution, in the cosmic whole, there are no fixed and arbitrary "times," such having existence only in individual observation and consciousness?

Again, what is youth, and why cannot man always exhibit the vigor and agility which he felt in his early development, when he first reached maturity? Why should he invariably become aged, decrepit and weakened in mind as well as body? Is it intended by the Infinite Creator that this should be the order of his days? In such event it is futile for us to endeavor to rise above the same. But is it the intent? This is the first question to answer. In my conviction it is not, and men represent these qualities solely as the result of their ignorance of the Creator's design. Knowledge of the law, I believe, is the only elixir therefore that can enable us to overcome these "common enemies," for, protest as we may, no one of us really enjoys these inroads and ravages of oncoming age.

There is no possible concoction of chemicals that can produce the desired result; all remedial virtue lies in man's own thought. It is his thought that marks the time; his thought declares that, after a certain limit, all men must weaken and age, and his thought alone is the cause of his decadence.

It is well to weigh carefully, before the foregoing assertions are disputed, some of the causes which even the most superficial observer can see are strong factors along this line. Take, for example, the boy who is just emerging from irresponsible childhood, about to make his first ventures and try his budding powers. Always heretofore shielded and guided, he knows absolutely nothing of cares and mental annoyances and disappointments, which the future holds for each inexperienced soul. The more ignorant he is of the competitive warfare of material life, the more jubilant his spirit in the thought of great achievements to come. He steps forth buoyantly from the playground into the arena of actual contact with those who have gained their experience through successive and continual combat. There is no artist who can portray such brilliantly colored pictures or who possesses such a fund of idealism and imagination as the inexperienced youth. There is no picture

of future honor or success too high for him to feel that he possesses the innate power to realize it when he shall but have the opportunity. Every youth imagines life to be a scene where he shall surely win happiness and just appreciation for his virtues and motives, and is totally unprepared for the strong and unpleasant shocks, failure, deceit, and personal inability to compete successfully with and conquer conditions arrayed against his advancement. Every new shock deprives his spirit of just that degree of vigorous exuberance, compelling him to enter upon his next experiences that much less hopeful and confident, and it is precisely these thoughts which charged his body with strength, vitality, and health. Every detraction from personal confidence or, in other words, every thought of fear entertained, deadens or paralyzes in exact proportion the vital force of the generator of the thought. Imagine the youth to be continually defeated, so far as realizing the full heights of his soul's desire, and you can easily trace the cause of his body's aging, his step growing slower and heavier, his eyes duller, and his thoughts running in the groove of dissatisfaction, which causes him to dislike material life, to long almost for its termination, hoping in a new and untried sphere of life to know the satisfaction of his soul's desires, of which he has been deprived in this.

All such despair thoughts take nutrition and vigor from the body instead of impart them to it and gradually but surely it ages, wrinkles, sickens, and disintegrates. Then another mighty factor in assisting to produce these conditions is the thought of the masses of men who believe, because men in past ages have been unsuited to labor after a certain fixed period, that men in all times are bound by the same restrictions. If that were so, that the past is the perfect criterion for all future accomplishment, why do men try to improve their social conditions by inventions? The past is no arbitrary rule, whereby to judge future possibilities. Its one useful purpose is to afford men a study of methods employed in those times, making a valuable lesson for them to try to improve upon their fallacies and weaknesses. In this manner is eternal progression made possible. No one, or a few men, can set

aside at once the influence of the public thought regarding the necessity of aging after a certain specified time; they can only make a step forward at a time, proving themselves able to set aside some one past belief; then when they have demonstrated to the public satisfaction one step higher than past beliefs, they become that much more ready to accept others, and strive to do themselves what they believed impossible, convinced only when they witnessed it a demonstrated fact.

It is not the lapse of man's designated time-marks that produces the unmistakable signs of age, but the lack of vitality infused into the body by his spirit, which generates the different kind of thoughts which separate the youth from the aged man. The body is an instrument through which the spirit or soul of man expresses its thoughts and desires; that body depends upon the spirit for its vitality, and when it is not animated by potent, confident, and cheerful thoughts, it must necessarily weaken, just as a material mechanism will cease to revolve and operate when its motive power is steadily reduced. Most men hope for or believe in a continuance of life after the change called death, and this life they picture to be eternal. What is supposed to outlive the separation of the spirit and body? You can see that the body disintegrates, returning back each class of chemical atoms to its own plane of action; therefore, all that survives in compact form from this change must be the spirit, which is the motive power that animated the body. Whoever in his wildest flights of imagination pictured God, Jesus, or those intelligences that men call angels, which could be best designated by the term perpetual or eternal youth, as representing decrepitude, wrinkles, or unbeautiful physical proportions? Whoever pictured his own spirit existing through all the eternal ages as manifesting such signs of age as it does here? And yet it is not to be denied that spirit or life must ever be clothed with some kind of a body, for the real life-principle of any type or form of life is never visible, but ever clothed with some kind of a cruder covering than itself, and that covering exhibits perfectly the intrinsic vitality of the animating life-force. If the life-force is potent,

the covering will appear vigorous and healthful; if negative, the opposite qualities.

That man who controls the thoughts of his spirit, undaunted by disappointments, cheerful, confident, loving all life, fearing nothing, scattering not his magnetism in diverse directions, but focalizing his energies, that man may defy the revolutions of the earth, for the movement of the planet in itself never aged any man. His thoughts are the only agents capable of this. Knowledge of the infinite laws; knowledge of life and its purpose; knowledge of how to obey that universal law of self-preservation without becoming selfish; fearlessness of all things; love, confidence, and a continual practice of the knowledge of the infinite laws—this is the elixir which can produce perpetual youth and it is the only thing that can.

“When we come to some comprehension of the fact that nature is man’s Mother and God his Father, and that the lesser creatures are all born of man’s thoughts we will surmise something of the necessity for self-purification. But not in a sentimental sense.

“True purification infers superiority to the need of conventional restrictions. As long as we require such restrictions we are unnatural and impure, for they are built not against natural inclinations but against unnatural ones. Nature is herself a sure guide; she is the happy medium, for a man can fall below nature as well as rise above her.

“It is as unnatural for a man to have a beast’s passions as it would be for a beast to have a man’s self-control. But this is an unfair comparison and insulting to the beast, who never exceeds his normal instinct.

“A man when natural is never gross; but the common understanding is that a man who lives in accordance with nature’s dictates has put himself beyond the pale. On the contrary, such a one would walk cleanly and nobly, remembering that God is his Father.”—*J. H. A. Marshall.*

“Industry, air and exercise are the best physician.”

DEATH.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

I.

The keen indignity of death!

To think that this long-cherished wax of mine, while still bearing the impress of my soul stamped upon it, will be touched by loathing fingers and hustled away underground with disgust and scorn!

Shall worms and decay so soon evict me from my cosy tenement?

O Death, inexorable landlord, with your notice to quit, putting me out so unceremoniously into the street and seizing all my belongings for arrears of rent!

If only there be a carriage waiting for me at the door and the promise of statelier mansions!

If only I have laid in a store of goods exempt from levy, and can pile them up around me and carry them off with me!

II.

Death would lose half its horror if it were not for these putrid hulks we leave behind.

It is not the passing away that shocks, but the fact that we do not altogether pass away.

The disagreeable truth is the immortality of the body, and the chief shortcoming of death is its incompleteness.

III.

O Life, long drawn-out agony of dying moments—

Indefatigable digger of the grave of the past—

Tumbling heedlessly into it the new-born present and the unsuspecting future on top of it!

The minutes pass by like a procession of hearses, each with its irrevocable corpse, and they go indecently at a gallop.

I look at my children's photographs of a year or two ago; they are dead; my children of to-day are quite other.

The "I" of last year has disappeared forever, and the "I" of to-day is slipping through my fingers.

Shall I have one tombstone at my head? I should have ten thousand.

Only when I stop dying do men say that I die.

What then is living but dying and life but death?

And if life be death, why should not death be life?

ANTS.

Busily, happily, successfully, a colony of ants worked.

They had selected a new country in which to build their home, free from ancient prejudice and entanglement. They were related to many of the oldest families; in fact, once in very ancient times, the wisest king in the world had held their ancestors up as examples in industry and patience to his subjects, and, because of this, their names had been recorded in the greatest book that was ever written. But even this relation did not hinder them from wanting to be free, and they founded a new home in a new country.

Everything went well, until one day the ants whom they had left discovered that these were becoming too independent; in fact, they were beginning to demonstrate that they were thoroughly capable of taking care of themselves. This naturally aroused the jealousy of the older ants, and they asked that these, their children, pay some tribute for the privilege of independence. But paying tribute for independence does not mean independence, and the new colony refused to accede to such an unjust request. War ensued, in which the children drove the soldiers, which their mother had sent, back across the sea over which they had come, and the new colony was left in peace once more. The quiet, busy life was resumed, all were happy, all were equal, all were just. It is true there were differences of opinion about how high the hills should be builded, but these speedily reached amicable settlement,

were soon forgotten, and the colony resumed its usual tranquillity.

Years passed and the little colony had grown until it numbered many thousand souls. It had been necessary to have a central place at which the ants could meet and discuss the interests of their different localities. This central place was erected upon the tallest hill that the ants had ever built; they had all worked industriously for its completion, and sometimes one ant lived in it, and sometimes another, and it didn't matter much who the ant was; they only put him there in order that this central place might be kept by some one who understood their needs. The only qualifications demanded were common sense, a sense of justice and courtesy to all the people who cared to visit the place. The entire arrangement was admirable in every way.

But, as time went on, the ants who were chosen to live in the central place began to put on airs; they lived on the highest sand heap, and they began to like it, and to persuade themselves that living above the others made them a little better than the others, so they dressed more gaily, and hired some of the other ants, for small pay, to do a part of their work. The ants who lived below began to cast longing eyes upward toward the central place; they couldn't understand why the ant up there should have so much more than they; he didn't seem to work as much; so they decided that they would all build higher sand heaps, but there wasn't enough sand for all to build so high, and some who were stronger and faster workers gathered the most of it and built their homes very high, while the weaker had to content themselves with heaps even lower than they had before.

Now those who lived high up became so accustomed to looking down on those who lived below, that they began to imagine that those below were really inferior to them, and they decided to take away what little sand was left them, that they might build their own heaps still higher. They forgot that the very beginning of their high heaps was secured by taking from those below that which rightfully was theirs. So they continued to build higher and higher by taking sand

from the lower heaps and when they had taken it all and builded so high that they could no longer see those beneath, they wanted still more. Looking from their heights they saw some countries across the water, and they decided to take them. They sent armies across and killed the ants and took their land. They didn't kill all the ants; they just benevolently assimilated some of them, and nobody seemed to know quite what that meant, but those who tried it said they would prefer death.

After they had taken this land, some of the older nations of ants came right to their shores and began to kill some other ants who had set up a colony next to them. These ants wanted them to help them, and they couldn't because they had done the same thing themselves with the other ants, only worse. They had bought and paid for their ants so that they could be theirs forever, and these older ants only wanted their neighbor ants to pay an unjust debt which they owed them they didn't want the ants at all.

The ants at the central place had grown pompous and bombastic, and they told the other ants that they would not fight, but they would arbitrate, which meant that the older ants should have exactly what they wanted, and that the ants at the central place would settle a disputed boundry line just as they wanted it settled to keep them in good humor.

It seems a very long time since the independent colony of ants, came to that country, and were so happy and equal and contented, but the strangest part of the whole story is that all of those who built the very high heaps seem to have forgotten that the heaps are builded of sand.

The people from whom the sand was taken are more to be envied than they.—*Kate Alexander.*

“As on some solitary height abides, in summer's fierce despite,
Snow blossom that no sun can blight, no frost can kill,
So in my soul, all else below to change succumbing, stands
aglow,
One wreath of immemorial snow, unscattered still.”

THE PARDONING POWER OF THE SON OF MAN.

BY S. L. LEE.

“Who is this that forgiveth sins?” There is little cause to wonder that the Pharisees were amazed at the assumption of Jesus conveyed in the words which he addressed to the paralytic: “Thy sins be forgiven thee;” the power of pardon they were accustomed to regard as Jehovah’s alone, to be dispensed alone through His appointed channel; that a private person unvested with any authority, no priest of their temple, should presume to pronounce the forgiveness of a man’s sins committed against God must have appeared to them as little short of appalling blasphemy. No one questions a man’s right to pardon sins committed against himself, though the exercise of the right, involving, as it does, control of the whole nature and the power to still the raging sea within, may well be regarded as an impossibility for even the most generous soul smarting under a sense of grievous wrong and injury. But Jesus assumes the right of pardoning the sins of another committed against God. Whatever this man’s actions may have been, whatever the wrongs he had been guilty of toward his neighbor, or violations of the Jewish law, he assumes to blot them out with a spoken word: “Arise, take up thy bed and walk.” Miracles of healing were not so rare that they needed to cause great astonishment. Prodiges such as walking on the sea, turning water into wine or the multiplying of food would not, of necessity, have been accepted as tokens of superior sanctity or authority by priests of the Pharisees any more than by a priest of the Catholic church of our day. Rather might it have led them to bring against him the accusation that he “practiced sorcery and dealt with them that had familiar spirits and with wizards, and wrought much evil in the sight of Jehovah to provoke Him to anger.” In our own day, Pope Leo XIII refused permission to the wonder-worker Home to reside in Rome. Not only did Jesus pronounce the forgiveness of another’s sins against God, he also commanded

the forgiveness of sins committed by man against man until seventy times seven, or without limit. In all this, was he uttering vain and idle words? Does man possess power without limit to forgive his fellow man? Shall he turn his cheek to the smiter and invite wrong and injustice to possess the earth? "If any man sue thee at the law and take thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." "Lend, hoping for nothing again." "Give to him that asketh thee." "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor." For nineteen centuries have these and kindred precepts remained a dead letter in the sacred text. Christendom has been content that they should thus remain, has never dreamed of bringing them face to face with its conscience. The words are indeed possessed of a subtle fascination, something to which the heart vaguely responds. In practice we are content to ignore them.

Visionary and impracticable as such precepts may appear to us of the twentieth century we need to put ourselves in the place of the contemporaries of Jesus to form a conception of what must then have seemed their unreasonableness. If we are to conceive of them as spoken by Him to the mass of His hearers, we must conceive of Him as a would-be subverter of the social order and a vain dreamer of dreams. They have to be interpreted as designed not for the multitude but for the few who could hear, and their purpose as having been individual perfectionment. A few chosen souls, intuitive and pure as little children, who could see God, who could hear his voice in the silence, and who should be shorn of the locks of worldly desire, would be fitting vehicles for the great vitalizing force by which the world was to be redeemed. Through this force thus poured forth, power should be given to man to bind and unbind his brother, to liberate his soul. In a period when men had not yet come to see in the face of their fellow man, howsoever low and degraded, the image of the Father, a strong suggestive force was needed, so strong as to have the power of a revelation, in order to heal the souls of those who had no conception of their position as human beings. In them the wretchedness and abjectness of their condition produced a sense of the scorn and contempt of their fellows which was

indistinguishable from moral degradation. Into the hearts of slaves who dared not lift their heads in the society of their fellows and know themselves men, brothers, sons of the same Father as their rich oppressors, was poured a strange sweet influence which awakened in them the power of self-pardon. It was as though the characters of their past had been obliterated and they had been born again, ushered into a new world. Place was found for them in communities where the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, were equal, brethren, and all alike filled with adoring gratitude to the name which had wrought the miracle by which men had been redeemed from self-loathing and lifted into a plane where suffering and sacrifice were a joy,—a name which for the subsequent centuries has been the idolized symbol of divine goodness and compassion and an image to which a large portion of humanity has most tenderly clung, its ideal of self-sacrifice, its apotheosis of grief.

The power to forgive sin, the Christ—power of self pardon—this was to be the gift of the spirit, the comforter which was to come, and its mission is evermore the healing of diseased souls, the healing of the disease of separateness. He who has received this gift, through the regenerating power of his own faith may absolve his brother, awakening in him his own divine power of self-absolution. Everywhere in the gospels may be seen the power of vicarious faith. It was through the faith of the four who brought him that Jesus spoke the words of healing to the paralytic. Whose was the faith in no case affected the result. Jesus healed the centurion's servant, the daughter of the Syro-Phoenician woman, the nobleman's son, in response to the faith of those who applied to him in their behalf. And all down the centuries in ever-widening circles has the world been healed and uplifted by the vitalizing force which flowed from the Master through His chosen vehicles of the power of self-pardon by which man's redemption was finally to be wrought out. The calling of the disciples of Jesus was quite other than that of formulating a creed. Fishers of men it was theirs to be. The miracle of Christianity was its regenerating power over the souls of men. The miracle of all

time was the power by which the lowliest and most degraded were lifted into the lofty and sublime heights of self-sacrifice; and this miracle of mental healing will not cease to operate until there shall be a new humanity upon a transfigured earth. No theological supposition of a god giving himself to death in expiation for sin could thus have wiped out the sense of it, which is separateness, and wrought the crowning miracle of self-pardon. The only redeemer is the grace of the spirit revealing the divine power within through which is salvation, be the instrumentality by which it works the magic efficacy of sacraments, or priestly absolution, or ritual, or worship, or the reciting of texts of Scripture. It is by reason of this same gift of the spirit that in this generation of ours, this generation of plutocracy and militarism which Carlyle said cares not whether God exists so the price of stocks does not fall, we yet see men with a tender sensitiveness to the debasement of their fellows, realizing the truth perhaps dreamed of by but one subject of the Roman Empire, that the vice of one is the vice of all, the degradation of one the degradation of all. There are men who desire with longing to break down the barriers of ugliness joylessness and squalor which, no less than guilt, shut off from the sense of human fellowship and sympathy. The editor of *London Truth* says: "To better the lot of the 42,000,000 of the British Empire is my sole aim. I would exchange our whole empire for the knowledge that there will be fewer suffering from want in the British Isles, and that the toiling millions of which our population is mainly composed will find life better worth living. I would give up India for old-age pensions, Australia and Canada for a free breakfast table, and all our recent annexations in Africa for an adequate reduction in our present heavy taxation." Such men, who feel the responsibility that rests upon them of redeeming the soul of their debased and disinherited brother and awakening within him the power of self-pardon, which is the beginning of the Christ life, will eventually bring the answer to the prayer which for nineteen centuries has been uttered unceasingly in every language of Christendom: "Thy kingdom come."

VITAL RELIGION IS WITHIN.

BY J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

There is too much seeking in the old religions. These were vital in their day, but are superannuated now. The greatest soul of to-day is greater than any past soul, however god-like. We should stop looking backward for the inspiration of our religion and look within. This was what those great ancients, whom we worship, did. They cut themselves loose and free from the creeds behind them and found in the ideals of their own growing, advancing souls a new, purer and higher law.

The aggregate conscience of to-day is higher than anything of its kind in the past. Nobody, to-day, professes any past religion in its primitive and orthodox purity. It is recognized that we select the best and ignore the residue. This is as true of Christianity as of Judaism or Vedaism. All religions are being reformed by the silent and mostly unconscious evolution of the modern conscience. This is right and it points the true way which is for every man to be his own priest, build his own temple, write his own Bible, and find his own God. So shall he be a vital and growing part of the great life.

If you would believe in the best religion, turn fearlessly and honestly to your own highest imaginations of life, conduct, beauty and truth, to your own ideal of the god-like and great. Do this anew, every day, fearlessly, honestly changing and going on as new light comes to you. Do not be satisfied with anything that has been, or bind yourself to any past teacher's soul-expressions. Understand them, and appreciate them, and then find your own greatness beyond and above them.

Find a better way than that of Lao-Tsze, be wiser than Buddha, more Christ-filled than Jesus, braver than Socrates, more serene than Emerson, larger than Whitman.

Your salvation is in and through yourself, from and to your self, your ideal, God.

.....

"It is the soul that makes us rich or poor."—*Seneca*.

A SONG OF UNITY.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

Oh! where are the flowers that have faded;
Or the songs that were sung last year?
The hopes that have withered and perished
Or the dreams that we held so dear?

Where are the unwritten poems
That were kept in the heart alone?
The thoughts and the aspirations
That passed when the day was done.

The winter is brighter and better
For the flowers that bloomed but a day,
And the song that passed with the singer's breath
Shall live in the heart alway.

The hopes that we mourned as dying,
Live anew in a fairer form,
And shed on our glorified living
The peace that succeeds the storm.

The dream so fair and so fleeting,
Shall return to the soul some time—
When we wake to find this dream of life
But one note in the whole great chime.

Each thought in the unsung poem
Lives on in the realm unseen,
Where the real and the true their vigils keep,
In the grandeur of silence serene.

“The indicative principle of each age is the idea of God
prevalent among men.”

ORDER OF MANIFESTATION.

BY FRANCES E. ALLEN.

Life manifests according to its stage of development. Life may exist without organization, but when independent existence is begun, organization of elements takes place. This independent existence is necessary for the development of individual consciousness. Energy exists independently of matter, but matter is not found except vivified by energy; it exists potentially, but not actually until energy vivifies it.

The real man is spirit, but on the human plane this "spirit differentiated" functions through matter. Could man realize he is not body but spirit, he would develop more perfectly, for then would he yield allegiance to the true source of being. If spirit is the real being, should not spiritual development be first considered? But is this done? Our scheme of education—of life itself—places small importance on spiritual development. The eye, the hand, the mind—all are trained—and this training is essential; but the spiritual nature of man is not given due consideration; its development is not placed above all other development.

We would not disparage physical development, nor mental development, but we would urge upon all the pre-eminence of spiritual development and the necessity of spiritual enlightenment, for with spiritual enlightenment comes a control of energy which conduces to physical and mental well-being as well as to spiritual growth.

In the beginning spirit lies unmanifested—a condition outside mental comprehension—spirit differentiates; that which was one becomes many, each partaking of the nature of the one. Here occurs the great transformation, the incarnation of spirit.

Not as intelligence does manifestation first occur, but as life vivifying the etheric substance, transmuting it into a living substance capable of wielding an independent action—not an intelligent action, but an individual action. Now in long

ages this life passes through many stages—many transformations—becoming at each point more independent, gathering at each stage more of the cosmic forces, but not until life reaches a human development, is it ready to fully express all the attributes which belong to it potentially.

Slow is the process of individual development; slow the transformation of matter and energy into that form in which it may understand its true being and claim all that is its privilege and right. Man is the culmination of matter and energy, and he may exercise his god-like powers if he will open his whole being to the light of inward illumination.

The forms which are upon the earth belong to a stage of evolution co-existent with the formation of planetary substance. One of these, the human form, belongs also to another period of development, for in man is shown a form approaching "god-like-ness;" some of mankind are not expressing the full meaning which is symbolized in the human form, others are not able through the human form to express all within their being.

All men are not expressing the same development; when spirit first differentiated and individual life began, all were equal; but man, possessing free will, may determine his development, and all have not alike chosen good rather than evil.

Spirit has differentiated—has developed until the human form has been evolved, and man stands in all the glory of his triumph over the lower orders of creation; more than this, he has learned to control many secret forces of nature and is beginning to understand that within himself are powers surpassing all discovered powers of nature. This is a crucial period; shall he ignore these faculties of which he dimly guesses, or shall he by study, experiment and *will* come into full possession of these divine gifts? Would that man could understand his opportunity—his privilege—for in perfecting his own being he aids all orders of being!

Manifestation is not for man's development alone; other expressions of spirit await perfection of being. There is a

realm where spirit manifests without matter; into this realm passes the soul when the mortal body is cast off.

Spirit fills all the universe—seeking expression—seeking development, working out destiny. This is invisible to man manifestation unless a certain development has been reached, although it may be cognized by the spiritual sense. All manifestation is needed; the soul in order to become perfect requires many experiences which human earth life does not afford.

Beyond the understanding of man is this realm of spirit, beyond mental comprehension, the development there given; and yet to recognize its reality, and to work in harmony with the law of universal being, is to aid in perfecting all life.

Conceive the universe what it is in reality—a universe of spirit—a universe of love demanding expression. Now in order that this expression may result in perfect individual consciousness, development is necessary for each spark of divine flame—each atom of cosmic consciousness. This development is according to absolute law and includes mastery of energy by spirit and elimination of matter through control of spirit over all forces; and it is the fulfilment of this law which will bring about perfection of being—which will give to humanity, divinity.

Matter in itself is not capable of withstanding the cosmic transformation; matter vivified by energy is able to withstand cosmic transformation and work out a complete change of constitution according as spirit dictates.

Force works according to a law of expression which is action; force acts on matter, vivifying it; spirit incarnates in matter acting in conjunction with universal forces; matter may be transformed and express, through action, divine law.

First conceive spirit absolute; then spirit differentiating and working in conjunction with the eternal forces to transform matter into a higher "condition;" through this transformation man is evolved, but still perfection is far from being attained. Another law must also be fulfilled—the law of *consecration*. By this is meant the union of the differentiated. Now this is the order of manifestation; differentiation, action,

union. This union of all the differentiated is the work now before mankind and all the hosts of the realm of spirit. Stupendous is the work, but glorious; worthy of all who love; satisfying to all who demand full expression of being. There are many ways in which this work may be advanced, but first there must be the realization of the need of individual effort, and the willingness to serve in the way that will best promote the general good.

Earth will perish—earthly treasures pass away—but eternal and everlasting are spiritual riches. Work to further the coming of this kingdom! Realize the unity of all life; work harmoniously with all its myriad expressions, for the good of one is the good of all and each may serve. Be willing to be led by the divine spirit; be worthy to work with the divine messengers who are all about you; be able to withstand temptation; be ready to serve all. To the initiates other words are necessary; be willing, be worthy, be alive in all planes of being, be not easily led into other paths; remember the path of wisdom is not easy to follow and yet always light is given him that asks, believing.

Manifestation is not the end of existence; beyond perfection of individual being are heights not discernible while under the law of manifestation; but the work of the present time is the perfecting of man's entire being, and to that end bend all your energies. Waken powers now latent! Work with understanding and in faith believing! Invisible helpers are all about you—work with them, for all are needing all. God reigns but man is an instrument to further eternal purposes and when he works consciously more can be accomplished.

When manifestation has worked out perfection of being, all existence, as man can conceive it, will end, for manifestation is expression of being—a means, not an end.

Manifestation occurs, perfection is the ultimate issue—then above are heights—beyond are glories! Work, believing in ultimate triumph—in final victory.

"One who has suffered much is like a great linguist."

—*Swetchone.*

THE NATURE OF IDEAL SUGGESTION.

BY SALVARONA.

If there is such a thing as a law of spiritual evolution operating within my soul, my New Thought must be ever growing into a loftier and more universal newness. The ideal suggestions which contribute to my spiritual growth may come to me from many sources, not merely from one religious school. The suggestions which we are capable of receiving depend upon our own spiritual evolution, and the relativity of an ideal suggestion is governed solely by the past stages of our spiritual growth.

When we speak of "ideal suggestion," we assume that suggestions may come to us which are not ideal, and also that we have the power to attract to our minds the suggestions which *are* ideal, refusing to recognize others. Thus we can assimilate into our souls and bodies these ideal types, and so evolve ourselves into the more splendid spiritual image of the ideal suggestion. To show the power and practical effect of attracting ideal suggestions to the soul, and holding them until they take effect in the very tissues of the body, the ninety cases of stigmatization referred to in the Encyclopedia Britannica may be adduced as proof. Paul, by ideal auto-suggestion, branded on his body the stigmata of Jesus. (Gal. vi: 17). By the same psychological law, persons in the ancient temple of Hercules, caused the marks of the god to appear in their bodies.

The glory of the New Thought consists in the fact that it insists on the psychological law, operating through ideal suggestion, in all religions, and in all ages. Moreover, it proves the operation of this law, not merely in religious experiences, but in every phase of our evolution. By ideal suggestion, I lift myself into communion with the most god-like creatures I can conceive of; by the same power, I heal my body of physical ailments, or replenish my purse.

The fact that ideal suggestion is relative does not hinder

its activity. The soul is no fool. It does the best it can with the best it has. Whether the age and country call for the acceptance of Hercules, Jesus, or Buddha, it is all one. We can be transformed only by the renewing of our minds. Henry Wood says that mental renewing is thinking upon a higher plane. I had better renew my mind with Hercules as an ideal suggestion than with the idol of a cannibal, and I had better renew it with Jesus or Buddha as ideal suggestions, than with Hercules. The relativity of an ideal suggestion is governed entirely by the past stages of my individual spiritual growth.

The two primary laws of the soul are its spiritual gravity and its spiritual evolution. By the first law, the ideal suggestion which it is capable of entertaining, is attracted to the soul; by the second, the soul builds the ideal suggestion into its own being, and thereby becomes ideal. Hence, in the healing of the nations, the New Thought is a powerful influence, for it is only by "ideal suggestion through mental photography" considered in its universal aspect, that a loftier human evolution becomes possible.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"Life is the action of a dream,
To move amid the things that seem;
Death is the ceasing from false strife,
To find reality of life!"—*William Brunton*.

"But if I turn from every show of love lest it be feigned,
how will I ever find the real love that must be somewhere in
every world?"

"Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain,
Hath its own mission;
The very shadow of an insect's wing
For which the violet cared not where it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade."

COMPANIONED.

BY JULIA P. DABNEY.

The soul walks isolated
A down life's valleys wide,
Disconsolate, unmated,
And spirit-unallied.

Broadcast it searcheth, burning
For compeer or for kin,
Yet evermore returning
To refuges within.

Far in the deeps of being,
Set for a guiding sign,
Unseen but not unseeing,
There is a secret shrine,

Within which fire immortal—
A changeless star—doth gleam;
And who shall cross that portal
Shall know his soul supreme.

Thenceforth no power shall curb him
To worldly artifice,
Nor circumstance disturb him,
Nor mar his poised peace.

He knows all men his brothers,
All kindreds as his own,
Yet fares he with no others,
But walks with God alone.

“The suffering born of hatred is the only suffering for which
there is no balm.”

OF TRUE SUCCESS.

BY J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

The opportunity of evil cannot well be understood by a man whose views of life are all material.

For mistakes, failures and imperfect or unexpected successes are inevitable in material life, indeed more common than successes complete and planned. In fact no ability, foresight or power now possible can prevent them, because so many of them are the fruit of causes remote from us beginning ages ago, or of forces utterly beyond our ken or control.

The life of a wise, good, well equipped man may be a material failure from beginning to end without his having any folly or imprudence to reproach himself for. From the material side there is certainly such a thing as "bad luck," that is, the defeat of our little plans by the outworking of unforeseeable, eternal plans in which we are but factors. The entire material failure of one man's life, or of many men's lives, may be absolutely essential to the material or spiritual success of another life or lives, and it be so worked out, for "none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself,"

In the building of a house it is essential that one stone be buried in oblivion and earth as a foundation, that another stone be exalted to the battlements; that some pieces of metal be hidden as nails and bolts that another piece rise to heaven as a spire. Even so with the economy of a universe.

The important things of life are the spiritual courage, calmness, self-poise, peace, serenity, strength and sweetness; that sane, clear-eyed greatness of soul which can always hold the overlook and estimate the little frets and calamities of the moment at their proper insignificance. The important thing in life and the only thing worth living for or that gives real happiness or holds any lasting profit is to be a man, a philosopher, to live the serene life in the Lifted Land.

The true end of a man's life is to be spiritually great with greatness which is greater than the winning of fame or the mo-

nopoly of love or the piling up of wealth or the conquest of countries. And whenever a man makes a mistake or reveals a weakness or sins a sin or fails in grasp or loses a loved one, money, health or reputation, if he can rise serenely above the shame, disappointment, remorse, grief, fear, despair, or whatever form the evil may take to torment his weakness and be gentle, brave, poised and sweet-natured, in spite of it, he becomes truly great, is conscious of it, comforted by it and at peace within. And this is the true success alone worth having.

But to attain this true success and happiness you must ever forget not that it is first. If you face life with the agonizing cry "I must win this love!" or "I must attain this ambition!" or "I must save this dear one!" or "I must keep this possession! or all is lost," you have staked your happiness on a gambler's toss and the wager may be a hundred to one that the dice will turn up against you. Or even if you reach desperately and with nerve-tension for some small thing—to catch a train or to do so much in a given time—just in proportion as you concentrate your estimate of value on this thing, is your peace imperiled, or quite destroyed, if you fail.

For the power of any failure to hurt is not in proportion to its true relation to your life or the lives of others, but in exact proportion to the violence of the desire it foils. Therefore, the old philosophers, who above all things valued the serene life, preached ever against "desire," meaning thereby the violent craving for, and exaggerated estimate of, sensual and temporal things. That a man should be sublimely calm, like a peak above the clouds, under all fates, was their ideal.

But too often this beautiful truth has been degraded into the affirmation of mere indolence, apathy and pessimism as the true wisdom, and the posing of the lazy, cynical and spiritless as superior. On the contrary, the true greatness is with those who keenly desire yet serenely lose; who fight bravely and with their might, and yet endure defeat with dignity, victory without exultation or revenge; who work with all their skill and yet calmly see their products pass away or de-

cay; who join heart and hand, like true and loyal comrades, in all the toil and warfare of the world about them and yet have souls floating like angels, wide-eyed and calm, in a heaven above it all. These are they who know that the battle is more than the victory and the work more than the wage. These are they who hold the paradox and the reconciliation.

The material man fixes his eye with desperate longing on wealth or power or fame or even upon the doing of some worthy work, but the spiritual man continually says to his longings, when their efforts fail: "It does not matter! it does not matter!" for to him the great thing is not that he should win a certain regard or love, but that he should be worthy of great love, able to live above any particular or lesser appreciation, serene and happy in that larger love, which includes all with tender sympathy and blessing; it is not that he should possess coin but lay up treasure of character; not that he should get fame but be truly great; not that he should succeed in great works but have done his best and never given himself to unworthy ones; not that he should have power over others, but power to keep his own soul supreme, his centers sweet.

.....

'What is the harvest of thy saints,
O God! who dost abide?
Where grow the garlands of thy chiefs
In blood and sorrow dyed?
What have thy servants for their pains?
This, surely—to have tried.'—*Julia Ward Howe.*

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"Only eyes that have wept see clearly and far into the lives, the hopes and sufferings of their fellows: only eyes that have wept have this second sight."

.....

"Wiser it were to welcome and make ours,
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings,
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things."—*R. C. French.*

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS AND MYSTICS SAY.

A DAILY AFFIRMATION. "The Truth Seeker," Australian Monthly Magazine of Higher Thought. Sidney, N. S. W., Australia, February, 1905.

These Affirmations are spoken to the Real Self, the true Spiritual Being within each of us, not to the physical body alone—the flesh and blood—which is but the temple wherein He dwells, and is therefore not himself, but that which is at his service to transmute by the WORD into a Spiritual expression of his real God-being the perfect Likeness brought forth from the perfect Image.

The real Man and Woman of each of us is the Divine Being; and as we allow this true Self to rule our lives, we put on the "Mind of Christ," and so reveal God's Son within the Son of Man. As the God-Self thinks and acts through us, so will these true ideas—or Immaculate Conceptions—and good healthful thoughts be expressed in the outer self—the body—and we thus daily build that "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," built by the Power of Thought, which is the one Creative Power of the Universe."

"Speak the WORD only."

"According to Thy WORD be it unto thee."

AFFIRMATION.

JEHOVAH-ALMIGHTY, Great Father-Mother God: I, thy child, acknowledge Thee to be my Creator.

Thou hast endowed me with all Thine own glorious Creative Powers.

Thou hast given me richly of Thyself. There is nothing that I lack. All is mine.

I am created in Thy perfect Image, and as a pure spiritual being must reveal Thy perfect Likeness.

The Seed of the Christ is within me. I am Thine Only Begotten and well-beloved Son, full of Grace and Truth.

Thy Word is now made flesh and dwells in me, the Son of God within the Son of Man.

Thy Eternal LIFE is my Life.

Thy Infinite WISDOM guides me.

Thy Wondrous INTELLIGENCE illumines my mind.

Thy Glorious SUBSTANCE feeds me.

Thy Perfect HEALTH is revealed in me.

Thy Infinite POWER upholds me.

Thy Almighty STRENGTH is my support.

Thy Unchanging LOVE surrounds me.

Thy Eternal TRUTH has made me free.

Thy Perfect PEACE broods over me.

With glad recognition of my glorious birthright, I rejoice and give praise unto Thee, my Everlasting Father, who loveth, liveth, moveth and hath Thy Perfect Being, in me Thy Beloved Child.

GOD and MAN are inseparably ONE, *Now* and throughout Eternity.—AMEN.

PRAYER FOR HELP. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in "The Nautilus," November, 1905.

"Lean on thyself until thy strength is tried;
Then ask God's help; it will not be denied.
Use thine own sight to see the way to go;
When darkness falls ask God the path to show.
Think for thyself and reason out thy plan;
God has his work and thou hast thine, oh, man.
Exert thy will and use it for control;
God gave thee jurisdiction of thy soul.
All thine immortal powers bring into play;
Think, act, strive, reason, then look up and pray."

HARMONY AND ITS POWER. Thos. Tryon (†1683) in "Words of Faith," October, 1905.

"Unity, concord and intellectual harmony, have hardly anything in the hearts of men; for if they had, then there would be peace and love, not only among men, but to the whole creation; for that Paradisiacal state in this world, which many have hoped to see, and do expect shall come, *viz.*, that all mankind shall live in perfect love, concord, and harmony, can never be expected to come to pass, except men do take other measures than hitherto they have done. For before any can attain to such a blessed harmonious condition, he must first live in the observation of God's law in the outward nature; for the greater cannot be understood, if the lesser be not put into practice.

"Man cannot by his prayers move the Lord in his holy fountain of love, except he live in the power and operation of the same fountain; nor can attract the sweet influences of the elements and celestial bodies any other way, but by living and observing the simple innocent laws of nature.

"For this cause, those that live under the dominion of the spirit of discord, pride, envy and contention, their devotions cannot move the Lord in this principle of his love and mercy; but on the contrary, moves him in the stern wrath, and therefore is said to be an abomination unto him.

"For this reason there ought to be more care in every one to know what spirit reigns in the hidden ground of the heart, than about outward forms: 'Every one that feareth God, and worketh righteousness,' saith the apostle, 'is accepted of God,' who makes no difference of forms; for every form is either good or evil, as the people are either virtuous or the contrary. Therefore, it is highly necessary, for every one to study the knowledge of *himself*, that he may understand the differences of spirits, and from what fountain or property every thought, word, and work does proceed; and such self-study and heart-knowledge being once attained unto, a man may be able to correct himself, and tune his own instrument, whence will proceed concord, love, and harmony, without which there is no satisfaction either in this world, or that which is to come. For, to 'fear God, and keep his commandments,' is the true music which all mankind ought to be skilled in, and practice.

"This is both the glory and the happiness, the joy and solace of created being, the celebrated 'music of the spheres,' the echo of heaven, the business of seraphims, and the employment of eternity."

UNIVERSALITY AND FREEDOM. "The Higher Thought" for November, 1905.

"The statements I make are of no importance to any reader beyond what they awaken of the truth that they announce.

"If your own life does not tell you that the words I say are true, then the words are nothing to you. I am not a power over you, I must be a power in you; otherwise you will have deserted yourself by your acknowledgment of me.

"The absolute life has appeared.

"It is organizing itself.

"No creature mind has any choice in the organization that is going on.

"The 'people' will have naught to say ;

'People' will be washed away.

In this work of my Son

Which makes all one.

"I myself, individually and personally, have relationship not with one person only, but with all persons: with all men and with all women. I am not related to one woman only any more than I am related to one man only. The absolute life is not a prude; it is Truth. The absolute life does not deny the fact of its women, and it does not deny the fact of its men.

It acknowledges both its men and its women; and acknowledging its men and its women, it does not deny relationship between them; a relationship between each particular man and all women and a relationship between each particular woman and all men. This universal relationship has been so always, but the world has not known it because the world has not been able to see. The life of the world is too small; we need to grow large. Then we shall know what we are.

"But the relationship that any one man bears to any one woman, and the relationship that any one woman bears to any one man, is not the same as each bears to any other woman or man. The relationships are all different; it is this difference which makes up the universality, and which is the unity of the universality.

"In the absolute life each man has one wife and each woman has one husband. One may not come to know one's wife or one's husband within the period of life that we, as creatures on earth, know. All have not come up to the perfect adjustment in themselves that makes possible their perfect adjustment to what is outside of themselves. Some have, but others have not. These who have not come to the perfect adjustment, who have not ascended fully into BEING, must choose their husbands and wives if they are to have such companionship that they *call* husband and wife—must choose them in the relative mind.

"You may choose the person whom you will *call* husband, you may choose the person whom you will *call* wife, if you wish it; or you may not. Some may not choose that definite and fixed relationship. Every person has the right of choice, if he knows it. Only in that which is ordained does one not have choice; yet what is ordained is one's most devout choice, because of its infinite fitness.

"What one's relation is to any particular man or to any particular woman, other men and other women cannot know. That is, they cannot know as creatures. When they have become enlightened, the light of the Spirit reveals it in them. They can know it then, not before. But these relationships in Truth between men and women are not dependent upon what the world thinks. The absolute life ordains itself; it does not defer to the vote of the relative minds.

"I am universal and I know it. Others are as universal as I am and they will know it when they have come into their enlightenment.

"Those who come into my life must not expect to possess nor to be possessed. The relationship of the absolute life is an

association, not possession. This leaves every person free. His having and his being are one, and this can be only what is so.

"The absolute life cannot be lived in the relative mind. The relative mind asks, will this be so, will that be so, in the absolute life; but the relative mind never can be told. Its questions cannot be answered—cannot be answered to that mind. The questions are already answered in that mind which will be come into by the enlightenment. *This mind* knows, but what it knows can never be transferred to a mind that is below it. Try as we will, we never can convey an understanding of the genius of self-government through delegated representation, to the horses in Washington that draw our senators to and from the capital.

"The absolute life lives itself, and it lives itself without let or hindrance from the world.

"Each person to be true to every other person has only to be what the absolute life within himself ordains. He who is truly true to himself will, of necessity, be true to every person else. This statement is truth. Also Polonius' counsel to Leartes is good philosophy:

"To thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

"In the absolute life we escape undertaking to make things for ourselves as we would like to have them. We accept what is so, because we find that always that which is so is the most desirable.

"This is freedom and there is no freedom less."

ADULTERY. Alma Gillen in "Expression," October, 1905.

"The adultery of the soul does not only mean that she forsakes or forgets the supreme Deity outside of her, but the supreme Deity inside of her, the 'I am' of her, her maker, her father, and her husband. It is this desertion which brings about all confusion and strife.

" 'I am,' with its soul and body, is a trinity in unity, a complete Being, and when soul forgets or denies this great truth, she is the 'adulteress,' the 'temptress,' mentioned in all religions.

"As she must have a creator, she makes such out of everything around and about her, or that which is external to herself. She allows things which she has formed to have a forming power over her. Stars, planets, sun, moon, air, water,

fire, food, and people are all made creators, by her and are allowed to create states and conditions in her, around her, and for her, which are untrue of her.

"All these things which she makes for the time being her creator, are the false gods, that is, not the one true cause, not the one creator.

"As a sequence of such harlotry, comes all that we see and deplore, all these excrescences called crime, sin, misery, illness, sorrow, disease, and death.

"Soul and body are, and always must be, the result of spirit's work.

" 'Thy maker is thy husband,' spirit is the maker of its soul, the creator of its soul, the father of its soul, and the husband of its soul. Or, we would say, that soul is the child of spirit, and the wife of spirit, and, because everything which is born of spirit is spirit, the soul and body are spirit.

"When the soul awakens to this great, unchangeable, and fixed law of Being, of creation, and of the universe, she has then become consciously one with the 'I am' of herself as a part, and also one with the whole 'I am' everywhere expressed, visible and invisible.

"In fact, there is nothing invisible to her any more, because she has seen and felt the unity, which is, that the visible is one with the invisible, of the same substance and essence. She has become consciously one with the whole universe."

THE NATUROPATH. Edward Earle Purrington in "The Naturopath," September, 1905.

"To be sanitary is not necessarily to be sane."

"Nothing can cure disease that does not also enhance health."

"People must 'take something' so long as they imagine they can 'catch' something."

"Overeating is the commonest cause of starvation."

"Warning to deep thinkers: Your risibles need exercising as much as your plausibles."

"This is the secret of enjoyment; minimum of real, maximum of ideal."

"The only sense-pleasures that cause regret are those the soul failed to feel first."

"Happiness is the unsought crown bestowed on self-fidelity."

"He alone is free who is unconscious that fetters exist."

"Power is the dynamic perception of possibilities."

"Experiment writes essays; experience writes epigrams."

"God remembers Man when Man forgets the world."

"Impatience is the penalty for doing poor work."

"Spirit moves most when form moves least."

"Most men fail to see their larger possibilities while watching too closely their smaller possessions."

"To make soul less elusive, make body less obtrusive."

"The gods let many a man remain poor that they themselves may sustain him."

"We argue solely to convince ourselves."

"It is worse to be so good you can't be bad than to be so bad you won't be good."

"Many a pious man is good in spite of his religion."

"If the soul knew itself, it would not sin. If it trusted itself, it could not sin."

"The violation of instinct is the beginning of all vice."

"Impulses are the sinews of the soul."

"Most of the troubles that haunt men are ghosts of the truth lost from childhood."

"I believe in the kind of prayer that says nothing, feels everything—then acts."

"The finest lesson of life is to learn to balance soul and sense."

"All the woes of the world arise from either repression or perversion of Love."

"Only those wise enough to be loving are loving enough to be wise."

"He who frowns at sex never felt its ecstasy; he who jests at sex never felt its sanctity."

"The reason men's bodies fail to attract women is that men's bodies fail to fit men's souls."

"You won't love to live until you live to love."

HEALING. H. Louise Burpee in "The New Way," October, 1905.

"To heal is—

"To help get the weeds out of your neighbor's garden as well as your own.

"To see the wisdom of this world vanquished by the word of Truth.

"It is to turn the search-light of the real and the true upon that 'bear in the dark'—fear.

"It is Samaritanism in the twentieth century.

"It is to see the spiritual forces, wisdom and love, renewing the face of the earth.

"It is to make health catching instead of disease.

"It is to see Satan transformed into an angel of light, as Jesus did.

"It is the God in you seeing the God in your neighbor.

"It is to lift the veil of sense and see the perfect body in beauty and purity as from the hand of God."

The Editor of "The New Way" adds:

A STRENGTHENING TREATMENT.

We desire to call especial attention to the powerful treatment given herewith, for the realization of strength in its fulness, by one of the most virile and successful healers in the metaphysical world:

"The *Divine* of *You* will *not* be overcome. And the Eternal Energy will keep up Its ceaseless movement in *you* and through *you*.

"*You* move in Its perfect rhythm.

"*You* are attuned to Divine Harmonies—the Music of the Spheres.

"Born of *Spirit* *you* are *not* in bondage to *any* thoughts of weakness in the flesh mind.

"*You* are '*strong* in the Lord and in the *power* of *His* *Might*.'

"*Your strength* is as the strength of *ten*, because *your* heart is pure.

"*You* are *Life, Health, Strength, Force, Power*—GOD MANIFEST.

"This I declare of *You* because it is *Truth*. So may it be; so is it! Amen."

.....

"There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain,
But in Northland and in Southland
Is its meaning clear and plain;
Lock it up within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it,—
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it."

.....

"There is no harm in being afraid—in knowing fear; the only harm is in doing what fear tells you."—George McDonald.

.....

"Fate served me meanly, but I looked at her and laughed,
That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed;
Along came joy and paused beside me where I sat
And said: 'I've come to see what you were laughing at.'"

SURD, A ROMANCE OF JUPITER.

BY CONSTANCE M. ALLEN.

"He is a noble work of God,
Made perfect by much pain;
For with a man to lose his life,
With God is greatest gain."

It was purple twilight on Jupiter, a beautiful heliotrope haze enveloped the landscape like a gossamer veil. But, as the moon rose, one by one the color tints changed and the atmosphere quiveringly reflected soft opaline and misty mother-of-pearl tones,—a picture curiously variegated, and mysteriously appealing in effect.

Surd, alone before his cottage door, sat dreamily retrospective.

Surd's cottage, according to earth's standard, might seem somewhat inadequate. There were just three simple rooms, but on Jupiter there are no material needs to supply the demands of a gross body: there are but the mental requirements. The inhabitants of Jupiter know the deeper meaning of "home," while wholly free from the necessities of such a headquarters of supply or central commissary department as homes on earth frequently degenerate into.

The building itself was of a material closely resembling the marble of our earth, pure, almost sparkling in its whiteness. But in reality, as you perhaps know, on Jupiter, materials are not made of solid substances, but the resemblance is so striking that strangers when they first arrive there are only after much difficulty, convinced that such is the fact. Everything is of an etherealized substance on Jupiter.

There was a tiny lawn, sloping gently away from this cottage of Surd's to a white, glistening road beyond. The roadway of this peculiar, luminous quality, produced a wonderfully beautiful effect. Heliomas, this is called, a substance somewhat similar to that of earth, called sand, only heliomas is the more luminous.

A fair garden lay smilingly on either side, with heliotrope rambling in great fragrant masses and jessamine and violets, and jestany, meaning roses.

To the wonderful color tones of the atmosphere there on Jupiter every vibration of the air lends a different hue, combined with pervading perfume, which moves the senses with an intoxication of sweetness.

It is not generally known that our name of Jupiter for this planet interpreted in the Helioese language means "Sweet smelling," and the air does indeed vibrate in throbbing waves of color and sound and perfume, which, permeating the consciousness with a delicious sense of beauty and of harmony, keeps the whole being in tune, as it were.

Within Surd's cottage there was an artistic completeness, without one superfluous article to mar the effect. The interior reflected the different color tones of the planet, of which heliotrope is the predominant, the shades graduating from the deepest, richest purple to the palest mauve. Filmy purple draperies swayed gently in the delicately perfumed air; flowers of such beauty, as we of earth know nothing, were strewn about in prodigal masses of color. Everything breathed beauty and sweetness and charm, and yet Surd, the owner of this fair domain, was sad—sad and lonely beside, beyond words. He is thinking of the past, a past which represents many lives: aeons of time as we of earth would compute it. And alas! the suffering and heart agony. As the vividness of his thoughts project them objectively, whole lives of loneliness gleam like a band of onyx in the midst of the flitting lighter color tones.

These pictures of his past vibrate swiftly upon his inward vision, like one vast, continuous, moving panorama.

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The gay court life, with its glittering pomp; the haughty intriguing nobles, brilliant beauty and shallow, coquettish charm, made a moving picture in a background of wonderful thought colors, as varied as the rapidly moving shades of the kaleidoscope.

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After this brilliant pageant scene, comes the dark battlefield, like a blotch of blood, and oh the pity of it all! the sacrifice of lives and longings! of hopes and the hearts of men! But the blur of crimson was beautiful in the wide fabric of color.

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And his love for the young fair-haired prince! Even now, after these lapsing centuries, like a bright, single thread of silver, that love gleams through the sullen weave of past days.

He was a brave lad, this royal boy; it was his first battle; how he fought, with all the enthusiasm and faith and courage of the long line of brave warriors of past ancestry that stirred his blood. They were side by side on that one fearful day. A sable pall seems to shroud his brain, even now, as he recalls it. The agonizing groans of the dying, the cheers of triumph from the victorious, the dark, drenching blood. Angels might have wept over the wild waste of the picture. All eternity must be shadowed by these shapes.

Finally he fell, and gladly, for it was to save his prince.

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Not until ages of time had passed did it become clear to Surd that by that death he had earned a priceless privilege. How could he know? Then, he only knew his love for the youth, and what greater thing can a man do than give his life for his friend?

But when he threw himself between that friend and untimely death the great spiritual law compensated the act as an expiation for many of his past lives. He was also granted the happiness of being attached to that beloved friend, throughout some of his future lives, as his guardian angel.

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Then the ages of alternating hope and despair which followed, deferred hopes; sickening defeats, the weary, weary lives of which Surd was the witness, miseries and soul hurts, as well as heart-aches and happinesses! But though, through his unchanging love

he followed closely on, yet after all there was little he could do, save to stand by, in patient love, glad, unspeakably glad if able only ever so little to keep alive the gleam of the spirit through the density of his charge's immersion in matter.

He saw the soul tortured by temptation; the mind and body clogged by sodden want. Again he saw him in all the pride of successful manhood; again, through blasted ambitions; even prison walls, where the murky atmosphere reeked with the lurid vibrations of curses and crimes. He saw the soul so tried, so tempted, that he, his guardian, would willingly have given his own soul to have spared him, but only during some unusual chastening, when the bruised spirit lay helpless, and seemingly without hope, could he render a little aid, and be permitted to share with the sufferer, a little of his own insight or rally his strength with which to meet coming trials. But for the most part, all Surd was permitted to do during those first degrees of the loved soul's development, was to keep hope alive and cherish the heavenly spark of God within the dark life.

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Next shows a life where the soul is allowed a brief respite, as reward for some well resisted temptation.

Here it may be a woman's experiences, beautiful and pure as the glistening snow of mountains, with husband, children hope, happiness. Then there were other lives, alas, where the soul fell from its new-found heights. A veil like a crimson cloud flits past Surd at the recollection. How he has wept and yearned in pity and apparent impotence at these sights!

At rare intervals a great burst of happiness floods Surd's heart, as he sees the soul beginning to feebly, but gladly, grasp for better things; so weak at first, but yet the darkness riven at last, even by that fitful effort.

Then had Surd rejoiced and prayed and eagerly pressed home his own thought pictures, like wafted perfumes of purer places, upon the sensuous brain. He had given visions of peace, of fragrant meadow lands, to contrast with the turgid, stid-

fling fumes of the untoward surroundings. He had impressed pictures of home and childhood and memories of the mother-love upon the awakening soul. And when he had noted the unwonted tears at these memories, he praised God and himself wept, but with joy.

How he had then watched and guarded the fitful efforts! But the lapses now caused far less pain, for he knew the soul was claiming its own. He saw the consummation of his desires, and he accounted as nothing the tribulation of the moment, for the far more exceeding weight of glory that awaited him.

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Finally came one mighty sacrifice, where this faithful guardian earned the right of one lifetime to be lived with her, his soul mate, there on his beloved Jupiter. He reveled in the delights of awakening her mind to the rare beauties of the existence there, the fragrance, the melody, the heart's ease, the attainments of mind.

There on Jupiter the systems of learning are so incomparably simple compared to those of earth, that the most stupendous problems are solved with a facility hardly to be realized until experienced.

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At last, one dismal day during earth's winter, the watchful friend felt the vibrations from his beloved, which meant that the time for her release had now come. His soul leaped with joy at the summons. The ethereal particles of his entire being seemed to scintillate with the wonderful joy of it all. The longed-for and prayed-for time had come at last. Soon his beloved would join him. They would be consciously together. Swiftly, as the flight of thought, Surd reached the bedside on the earth, but it was the sight of earth's death that confronted him. Long years of mistaken living and sin have made death pitiful on earth, but in the beginning it was not so.

On a couch of cruel, torturing pain she lay. Surd's own being, as he looked, vibrated with sympathetic suffering. He would have freed her on the instant, if that could have

been. But they would soon be united now. The pain of earth's parting was ebbing to its final end. Soon the silver cord would be loosened and he rejoiced even in the midst of his sorrow.

Suddenly he heard the sufferer say "Oh Christ, let me live. Do not let me die. There is no one to meet me yet: the loneliness appals. Oh spare me Christ, just a little longer. I can not die yet!"

The darkest hour of the past seemed as nothing now to Surd, compared with this annihilation of all his hopes. Was there to be no meeting after all? no heavenly reunion on a sphere of radiant, soul-satisfying life? The objective consciousness was making its supremest effort to remain, and—it won.

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And Surd; desolation had fallen upon his soul. Wearily and sadly he returned to his beautiful home—alone. He was even unknown. This being over whom he had watched all these past ages, did not even realize his presence, much less his love. She could not see how close, how very close he had stood by her bedside, ready to receive and guide her to states of progress and of bliss. He glanced with dimmed eyes over the home which he had prepared with such exquisite care, the flowers, the marvelous beauty which had been arranged with such loving hands.

The purple draperies, as they moved in the scented air, seemed to breathe but sighs. The faint, sweet odors of the atmosphere wafted but sorrow and regret.

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After a time, a ray of hope gleamed across his darkened life. A thought flashed to Surd's consciousness like a shaft of gold. With that thought was born a new and mighty purpose, a purpose strong with the endurance of suffering and the power of love. He would make himself known to his beloved. He would make himself a conscious, individual presence. He would teach her to love him as he loved her. He would awaken

even her curiosity about his beautiful planet, with its wonderful realizations and potentialities. After that she would surely come. Many days followed this resolution; his course of action must be, of necessity, tedious and slow.

The people of earth meantime, were becoming enthusiastically interested in thought transference, telepathy, as it was termed. They considered the processes of their discovery as marvels of scientific delicacy, and though to Surd they seemed clumsy and unwieldy, he nevertheless hailed the innovation with delight, as it made possible an interplanetary communication, which had never before existed. It made possible the realization of an almost despairing hope. He could not have made his presence known to his cherished one, without certain preparations devious and difficult.

The planets, Earth and Jupiter, are governed by such different laws, that they seem almost to conflict. The established rate of vibration on Jupiter is much higher than that of earth. For an inhabitant of Jupiter to come in contact with one of earth, without a peculiar dechemicalizing process beforehand, there would be but one result, disaster. The heart action of the inhabitant of earth would be so suddenly stimulated and to such an excessive degree, through the effect of the higher vibrations, that the unexpected and unusual acceleration would not only be painful in the extreme but also dangerous to life. Surd, consequently, had need to be more than cautious, as the object of his care was still weak from the recent serious illness, and if Surd were to precipitate by even one hair's breadth, the end of that soul's life-journey, disaster, impossible to conceive, would be the consequence.

So Surd's first efforts to establish recognition began by creating a deep, crying need within his loved one's heart for companionship—soul companionship. He impressed a longing so unutterable, that the very star blossoms of the skies seemed to mock her needs. Oh friends of earth, if you but knew that when that great soul cry for companionship becomes manifest within the consciousness, that it is the yearning recognition

of the other soul's presence! But because it is not always tangible and visible to the mortal sight, it can only be realized by the subjective mind.

Earth's people are making great strides in this direction. It need not now be long before this mightier and more wonderful subjective sight will be a thing of common understanding which will clear of all dimness that glass which those of past ages have looked through so darkly.

After Surd had impressed the desire for soul companionship upon the heart of Haalis, he next awakened an eager thirst for knowledge, and for glimpses of the soul's experiences after its departure from the body. Step by step he led the questioning mind to these problems of future existence; of future states, and the conditions belonging to them.

His chief desire had now become to make himself visible to her. This was finally accomplished through a dream.

He conformed to the earth's material laws by appearing to her in the guise of an inhabitant of this planet. They were in a boat, floating gently upon a placid river. The water was in reality, however, condensed and materialized atmosphere; the boat, the material vehicle necessary to combine the two planetary laws. Surd dared not speak; the initiate was not yet advanced sufficiently for that, but by this plan he made his presence known and visible to the mortal sight, and at the same time established the harmonic vibrations of recognition, which would render imperishable the now tangible bond between them.

The bliss and happiness which now pervaded his whole being would be impossible to describe.

And she? Upon awakening from this rare dream a delight in and desire for earth's release became her one great absorbing longing.

She had met her heart's yearning, and peace, infinite, soul-filling peace filled her thoughts. From that time the joyful consciousness of a completed life never left her, and Surd eagerly furnished knowledge to the now perfectly receptive mind, of the planet which was to be her future abiding place. He gave her scenes from nature, which gleamed like jewels of

color upon the consciousness. He told her of her home, each detail of which was so vividly rendered as though she had seen it with actual sight. He gave her their language, with its curious phonetic characters and their interpretations—how Surd, in the language of Jupiter, meant Faithful Friend; how names were given to classify the soul-development stage of each person. He told of a near-by dweller whose quiet life entitled her to the name of Hellilly, meaning a lonely soul, and another, Heliolias, which meant a friend that is true.

He told her of the flowers he was watching with such care, for he knew her exceeding love for them; and when the overwhelming experiences of earth life bewildered and stung the sensitive, frail nature, Surd now being an actual, living evidence, could cheer and sustain and render assistance, when before, he could be at the best, but as an almost intangible suggestion.

Now the earth-life journey would soon be over, and this coming meeting could be looked forward to without fear or dread of disappointment, for his companion was as eager as himself for the reunion, and when he thought of all that moment would mean to him, the dark pictures of his past faded into one shining, golden scene.

And so his reverie at this point was no longer sad, but filled with exquisite anticipation.

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The twilight had deepened now to a richly purple hue; and the scented air came languidly as if heavily laden. The soft breeze caressed Surd's cheek with the touch of benediction, and as he retired within his fragrant home he was happy, because another day had drawn him so much the nearer his reunion with Haalis.

"He placeth lovely flowers there,
To beautify your home,
He loves you with a perfect love,
They bloom until you come."

"Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable."

A SUNRISE MEDITATION.

BY CHRISTIANA DUCKWORTH.

About half past two on one of those beautiful June mornings so freely proffered for the delectation of light sleepers during the past summer season, a gentle tap, tap, tap of quiet and regular persistency forced me to open my eyes and look toward the window from whence the sound seemed to proceed. So imperative did the little knocking become that I involuntarily arose—much as if a summons at the door were calling for attention—and approached the window. Now fairly awake, I soon saw that though the fluttering of the casement curtain with the rise and fall of the morning breeze did not account for the imperative little summons, the swinging to and fro of the pretty little acorn attached to the blind-cord very fully explained the situation.

Thinking, as I took the ornament in my hand “your importunity shall not be in vain,” I gently drew back the curtain from before the open window.....

“Life is full of contrasts!” broke from my lips, as I stood transfixed and quite overwhelmed with the difficulty of realizing that the mysterious scene before me was really only the garden, the neighboring park, and the horizon that my eyes had daily rested on for full fifteen years or more..... “Life is full of contrasts!” rang persistently in my ears, as opening my hand I looked again at the importunate little acorn, which had brought me from my slumbers to gaze upon the mystery and immensity now revealed to me through this familiar open window..... “What can it all mean; oh, what does it mean?” I cried out aloud, as my soul yearned to find a unifying principle which would bind all the impressive features of this strange panorama into one intelligible whole.

Down below in the garden at the far end of the long lawn, the banks of rhododendrons, the hollies and the sweet-briar hedges seemed gathered together in groups and masses, but weirdly veiled in a moving mist which warped them out of all

recognition. Shrouded in twilight gloom, they seemed to be mournfully awaiting the coming of the unborn day. Standing out in marked relief, and towering over the shrubs and the low-lying mist, stood the conifers and golden yews.

Now, as I watched and wondered, I instinctively felt that the masses of rhododendrons, the briars and the brushes, represented our humanity wrapped in the ever-changing mists of ignorance. The taller conifers and golden yews, rising up above the mist and less enveloped in gloom by reason of their greater height, seemed to stand forth in their power and brightness as teachers and prophets. Wondering again, I realized that this enveloping gloom portrayed all human misery and suffering, for surely twilight and darkness are nothing more than shadow—intercepted light—shortly to be dispelled by the sun's golden rays:—surely human misery and suffering are equally the result of intercepted spiritual light, and to be for ever dispelled when the sun of righteousness shall arise in men's hearts with healing in his wings.

Deeply grateful for this interpretation of the veiled picture in the foreground, I trusted that it would form a key to the mighty panorama spread out before my eyes on the horizon, and in the sky above.

In the more distant landscape, just where the fields and neighboring park melted into one another, a great belt of trees formed a continuous band of deep purple extending north and south to the full length of the horizon. Directly opposite my window, and exactly in the centre of my field of vision, this great band opened out into two close groups of trees; or rather, great mounds they appeared to be in the dim mysterious light. These two purple mounds, a little distance apart from one another, were united by a straight line of five trees, each overlapping the other a little but not more than to allow the number five to be plainly discernible. Directly above the great continuous band of trees with its two mounds, ran a faint streak of thin, gray-green light, forming the sky-line and also extending the full length of the horizon, but fading completely away in the very centre just above the short stretch occupied by the line of five separate trees.

And now I come to the most wonderful part of this most wonderful picture. Resting on this thin gray-green streak of light was an immense and ponderous bank of purple cloud, traversing the sky-line from north to south *and exactly repeating the outline and formation of the purple band of trees below.* Even a faithful presentation of the two great mounds united in the centre of the picture by the five purple trees, was plainly portrayed. But, owing to the fading away of the gray-green streak of light just above where the five trees actually grew, their five cloud imitations became actual continuations of the five realities, only of so much firmer and deeper coloring that the real trees themselves here appeared to be but shadowy representations of the purple cloud trees so richly portrayed in the heavens.

Spell-bound, I continued to watch and wonder. The minutes flew by, and still the perfect correspondence between the heavens and the earth was more than maintained. The only alteration that sight could discern was a distinct tendency on the part of the cloud formation to grow better defined, stronger and more massive, causing the actual belt and mounds of trees, also the shrubs in the foreground, to appear correspondingly shadowy and gradually less and less real, until it was hard for me to believe that what I knew to be trees were not merely evanescent presentations of the greater realities displayed in the heavens.

As this latter fact impressed itself upon my mind, the meaning of this graphic parable was suddenly declared to me; my fervent wish was granted. The wonderful scene, depicted so strangely in mist and shadow and revealed by tree and cloud on sky and land, was indeed an intelligent whole, for it was just the simple story of the coming of life, a veritable song of creation, too subtle for transmission by sound but reaching the vision by the infinitely swifter and more delicate waves of light. The greater strength, weight, and truer definition plainly to be seen in the cloud replica, was as it should be; for it set forth in clearness, power and beauty the plan of creation conceived *first* in the mind of the Creator, and afterwards taking shape on earth. By this time, my mind was

fully imbued with the conception that the great purple cloud-bank beginning as a narrow band in the farthest limits of the horizon, represented the tiny commencement of all living things, gradually gathering in strength and volume down through the ages, until the mighty scheme and sum total of life on this planet was finally represented by the two great purple mounds of human life forming the central features in the great sky picture.

Natural and easy as this interpretation of the parable seemed to be, a seal of reality was set upon it when I read the meaning of the five cloud trees uniting these central features. Obviously they portrayed the five senses, and all the more definitely because there was no dividing line between the mental picture in the sky and the material embodiment on terra firma. Here cloud and tree grew one into the other, forming a visible connection between the heavens and the earth. Thus the position that the five senses hold as open gateways between mind and matter was fully exemplified.

Satisfying and complete as this interpretation was up to a certain point, I still felt that there must be more to come. Human life is always a trinity in its completeness—body, soul, and spirit—and though I had seen human nature amply exhibited in its dual aspects of body and soul, no vehicle of manifestation for man's spiritual nature had as yet declared itself. The song was incomplete.....The shrouded and mournful humanity in the garden foreground was still waiting for something to lift it out of the mist and shadows; something that would impart to it a fuller dignity and power than even the representative prophets and teachers were able to express.

Suddenly the expectant twitter of a thrush abruptly interrupted the tenor of my thoughts; then another replied, and a third sang a veritable trumpet-call. Soon a whole chorus of song-birds broke exultantly on my ear. Simultaneously with their joyous music the gloom began to melt rapidly away, the mist in the garden and fields grew whiter and more transparent, and—oh, wonderful, inspiring sight!—five golden rays broke through the line of five trees and passing over the

intervening landscape rested upon the taller conifers and yews, lighting them up with a perfect flood of glory. Up in the sky the same change was proceeding on a grander and more complete scale. The golden sunbeams passing up behind the purple bank of cloud illuminated the blue-gray vault above, gilding with untold splendor all the fragments of cloud both great and small, which were massed together or scattered over its surface, suggesting the beauty, glory, and power of the ideal man as conceived in the cosmic mind, and awaiting the fulness of time to be manifested on earth.

And now the great purple cloud bank itself, and the two mighty mounds changed swiftly from their deep heavy purple to a wonderful golden mauve. At the same time, the five cloud trees in the actual centre became a gauzy film, partially veiling the brightness of the sun itself. Here verily was the completion of the song. The trinity of man was now fully portrayed in the scenic parable. Man's spiritual nature had come to the birth, and straightway the mists of ignorance and the gloom of suffering and misery were to be dispersed as if they had never been: indeed, as if to confirm the thought, the breeze gathering strength and vigor from the sun's new-born glory now drove away the last remnants of the cruel, disfiguring mist.

And ever the joyous songs of the birds grew more and more triumphant, and always the light grew brighter and more effulgent, until at last the sun passing up from behind the great bank of illuminated cloud broke full and brilliant upon the view, flooding sky and land, tree and shrub, with a radiant splendor indescribably beautiful. Once more the trees and bushes were just their own happy selves, the sweet-briar hedge and the rhododendrons proudly exhibited their wealth of pink and white and rosy-red blooms. Then their sweet perfumes, freely liberated by the warm glowing sunshine, were gently wafted up to me; and now, fairly carried away with the beauty and glamour of the scene rendered still more enthralling by the joyous caroling of the birds, I bowed my head in unutterable thankfulness that such a revelation of harmony had been so wonderfully declared to me.

Losing myself in an enchanting reverie, a grand and lovely picture arose in my imagination, portraying the transformation that would take place in this beautiful world of ours when the Son of righteousness should actually have arisen in the hearts of men, on the same magnificent scale of power and beauty as my eyes had that morning been privileged to behold. In my mind's eye I saw all humanity freed from the mists and shadows of ignorance and sin, transformed from sons of men into sons of God, becoming that "pure river of the water of life" described by St. John, "clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

I saw also that the pure river of the water of life, by reason of its very nature, was made up of myriads of drops and particles; that one impure or sullied drop would affect the clearness of the whole crystal river: therefore I knew it behooved me to remember and obey that perfect law of life delivered long ago on a mountain top to a great multitude of people, and summed up in the Teacher's own words:—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

.....

"All that springeth from the sod, tendeth upward unto God,
All that cometh from the skies, urging it anon to rise.
Winter's life-delaying breath, leaveneth the lump of death,
Till the frailest fettered bloom moves the earth and bursts
the tomb."

.....

"There is no safer test of greatness than the faculty to let mortifying and insulting expressions pass unheeded, and to ascribe them, like many mistakes, to the weakness and ignorance of the speaker, merely, as it were, perceiving without feeling them.—*Schopenhauer*."

.....

"He is not dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

BUILDING A POWERFUL MIND.

PART I.

BY MAUD SIMMONS BRUNTON.

"Oh!" she exclaimed tearfully, "What *can* you mean?"

"I mean," he replied, "that I understand you at last; that a marvelous life opens before you of which I know practically nothing—of which I am hopelessly, wilfully ignorant because I hate drudgery. I am not a student; I dislike lessons; men and women of intellect bore me; philosophies, sciences, literature of all sorts, which you say mean everything of importance to evolving humanity, I purposely ignore. They are your life; they are your world; you have trained yourself to live in that world, to work in it; to you 'there is no conquest worth while but the conquest of ideas.' To me, to possess the woman I love is the one absorbing passion of my life. You have cared for me, you say, as a true woman cannot help caring for the only man she has met who truly knows how to love, but sometimes, you say, I have seemed to you like a sort of elegant tiger in a menagerie—that you would like to stroke but dare not. It is the thought-world which you live in, not this whirling, seething world of passion and desire. To give yourself up to this might mean the sacrifice of your intellect. I would dominate your thought and crush out your thirst for knowledge. Yes, I think you are right. You would then stop growing. You would be useless in the world, as I am. Then you would despise yourself—and me!"

He stopped a moment short of breath.

"I love you," said the girl with intense feeling; "a woman ought to willingly endure any sacrifice for the man she loves—but—no, no—I am *not* willing—the thought almost suffocates me!"

"It sounds selfish, I know," she continued, "egotistical too, but it is neither—it is my higher self that is speaking; and *your* higher self, could it find speech, would uphold me;

it is the voice of humanity calling within me, demanding my strength and my life for the world's service."

There was a strange calm in her voice now, as she looked up clear-eyed and confident that she was right.

Not so the man by her side.

He sank wretchedly upon the garden wall, stunned and hopeless. He had no arguments to offer to such a woman. In fact, he could at first think of nothing but the blow to his pride; he, the petted society favorite, whom fortune had favored with vast wealth, with the face and form of a Greek god—he, who loved as only a man can love to whom love is everything—he was nothing to "a woman of brains!"

Why had he always refused to study? Why did he detest books? Why had he continually ignored the world's problems, content in his own supremely good fortune to possess all that the world holds most dear? Why were the sunshine and the forest his only teachers? Why had he thoughtlessly rushed away from the world's intellects, only to fall hopelessly, desperately in love with "a woman of brains?"

She had gone to the house now. He sorrowfully wended his way down the lane, through the meadows, even to the edge of the woods. He presently came upon an empty hut, threw himself down within it, and slept through the night, unmindful of the fact that disease lurked in the damp, moss-covered floor. On the morrow he awoke in a raging fever.

A lad happened along. "Did you hear the news?" he asked.

"What news?" queried the man indifferently.

"Of her, the lady I saw you with yesterday."

"The lady!" He was all attention now.

"Yes. She was drowned in the river. She was crossing on a narrow plank and fell in."

"It could not have been she," exclaimed the man, but the words choked in his throat.

"Have it your own way," quoth the lad, and, without more ado, he was off, whistling a merry tune, in the careless fashion of youth.

In the meantime the man in the hut lay at the point of

death for days. His wealth, his large estates near by, with an army of workmen upon them, availed him nothing. He lay here day after day starving, dying—for want of a helping hand. The careless lad who had brought such sad news to him had by this time no doubt almost forgotten the man's very existence, and no one else had any idea where to find him. He was now becoming emaciated, but as the body wasted, the mind grew wonderfully keen, and a strange thirst for knowledge was born in him, an ardent longing for light that would brook no denial. He knew now that it was for this he was destined to live—this, in spite of the intense desire to die which had for many days had complete possession of him. Desire, for the first time in his life, had been transmuted into aspiration, into determination.

He crawled on his hands and knees to the door of the hut and emerged into the sunshine, so wrapped in thought that he was scarcely conscious of what he had done. But the glare of the sun at once both blinded him and thrilled him with a vague sense of a new world now opening before him.

He fainted.

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With the return of consciousness, he was surprised to see myriads of many hued little beings soaring in the air above him. They began to alight upon his shoulders. He tried to sweep them off but to no avail, and he finally crept into the hut to escape them, but they swarmed in after him—and he soon began to realize that he would have to face his strange visitors. The hut was fast filling with them, and he———was smothering! With a mighty effort, he aroused himself, and gazed at them fearlessly. "Stand back!" he exclaimed, and a space cleared before him.

He then noticed that they seemed to be diminutive *men*, but that a large majority of them had wings, others being carried on their backs.

"Why are you here?" the man inquired.

"To build you a new house; you are sick because you live in this wretched hut."

Then why did you try to kill me?

"We did not seek to kill you," replied one—"but to arouse your strength, for you are the master mechanic who must direct our work."

"What *are* you?" burst from the pale lips of the sick man.

"We are thoughts," promptly answered another, "and the new house we come to build for you is a new mind."

The sick man began to feel better. "Surely with such an army of willing workers, no man need despair!" he cried. "I will certainly set you all to work as soon as we can plan the new edifice."

He presently discovered among his men a specially dignified clan whom all the others regarded with great deference.

"Who are you?" he inquired, in not a little curiosity.

"We are men of will."

"You are the men I most need," replied the master mechanic. "I will set you over the others. And have we any men of discretion to unite their efforts with these men of will?"

"A few," feebly answered some forlorn-looking specimens in the background.

"You seem to have lost heart," said the man.

"We have," they replied, "for our brothers and sisters are dead. The floor of your hut is strewn with their decaying bodies. No wonder you are ill!"

Just then three gay little people lit upon the man's knee and began to dance merrily.

"You are very bold!" he ejaculated. "Who are you?"

"We belong to the aristocracy," was the reply. "Unless you can give us a very important place in your kingdom, the beautiful mansion you are planning will never be built."

"Whew! I thought I was to be the master mechanic here!" exclaimed the man.

"You are. But without us, you can accomplish nothing," came the answer.

"I will make you one concession," said the man. "You are certainly very beautiful, the loveliest of all the workers—to look at, but, I am afraid, very conceited. I am curious to know your names."

"Love, Hope and Joy" was the answer, and the man gazed at them with mixed emotions.

Finally he exclaimed.

"Love I cannot endure; I have blotted it out of my life; it is the cause of all my misfortune. Love is a delusion—a snare!"

Upon this he noticed that Love was weeping, but Joy caught him in his arms and was drying his tears, while Hope, bent on one knee, pleaded with the man.

"There are many kinds of love," he said. "*You* have only known the *selfish* kind; *our* love is pure and compassionate; it seeks only to give without hope of reward. But reward comes just the same; our men of justice take good care of that."

"There *is* justice in nature," quoth the man meditatively. "He has wreaked terrible vengeance on me."

"I am glad you acknowledge your mistakes," replied Hope. "Therein lies great promise for the future. But you *must* get rid of selfishness. You need love, real love. Come, Love, and speak for yourself."

So Love flew into the outstretched hand of the man, and said earnestly, "True Love is the very essence of wisdom. You can never attain to true knowledge without it. What most people call love is simply selfish desire, and when the lovely object of desire is not attained, men suffer. On the other hand, where desire is intense and its objects always attained, satiety often sets in. It is not the love we seek, nor the love we receive, least of all the possession of the thing beloved, which insures happiness. It is the love we *give*; it is the giving of ourselves in whole-hearted devotion to the highest good of the one beloved, and gradually expanding this love to include all humanity; it is this rising above the sordid things of earth, this mastering of ourselves, this directing of all our energies to useful and beneficent ends that imparts the highest knowledge and insures happiness."

Then Joy flew into the man's hand and made obeisance to Love, for these were his sentiments too. And as the man gazed tenderly upon them, they both flew into his bosom and nestled there contentedly, while Hope waited patiently upon his knee, as though the man himself must needs dispose of

him. So the man took Hope, and put him among the rank and file of the builders, saying,

"You have taught me unselfishness. I can no longer hope for anything for myself—I am tired of self. But to the world—to humanity—I give all. Help these hosts to build me a mind that will enable me to serve the world and lift a little of the burden of darkness under which the mass of men struggle."

So Hope spoke to the toilers and told them that Love and Joy guided the man, and that the mind-house which they were to build was not for the man except as an instrument in his hands for the world's helping. And a glad shout went up from the builders.

Love whispered to the man, "Let us go out into the sunshine," and Joy gave a spring to his legs which caused him to step lightly and briskly out of the damp hut into the fragrant meadows, while the builders swept merrily after him like a great cloud of light.

Then the men of will descended to earth and marched in long lines before him, and the men of discretion filed in between them, and the man said,

"You shall now build the foundation for the new house."

"It must be built upon a rock," said the men of discretion.

So, with Love's help, the man hunted up a great rock, and they built the house upon the solid rock of virtue.

The men of will and the men of discretion laid the stones for the foundation. The men of courage and endurance made the mortar which cemented the stones together.

The same sort of men took part in building the whole house, but men of imagination and men of practical ingenuity also rendered great assistance in the first story. Men of strength built the pillars of the house, and men of purification made the window glass, which was put in place by men of aspiration. In the second story, men of equilibrium became quite conspicuous, for the men of discretion perceived that as the house grew, special pains must be taken so that it would keep its balance, especially when the men of concentration began to build the third story. In the fourth story some who called

themselves "men of indifference to transitory things" took a prominent part, and in the fifth story, had it not been for certain men of humility and men of discrimination, the structure certainly would have grown top-heavy. In the sixth story men of right conduct held sway, also men of right speech, and in the seventh story men of illumination were the most numerous. So the building rose in majesty and beauty, and the master mechanic saw that it was destined to become a mighty power for good in the world.

But all this was not accomplished in a day. It required a very long time, and many mistakes were made, in spite of all the pains taken.

The man was so very much in earnest that for some incomprehensible reason he paid a great deal more attention to the inside of the house than to the outside, supposing that of course the outer would be the natural expression of the inner. When the lowest story was nearing completion, the man drew his first long breath and went outside to enjoy the result of his labors, expecting to meet the admiring glances of all his acquaintances, but to his chagrin he found himself face to face with an idle, mocking crowd, and when his eyes followed theirs to the building, behold the outside was covered with silly, grinning caricatures of the man himself! All his faults (he thought he had long outgrown most of them) seemed to have come to the surface. Men of pride and envy and bitterness, aggressiveness, discourtesy and anger, hissed from all sides of his building, so that the benignant purpose for which it was being built was so far wholly frustrated. And as the people threw mud and stones on the building, the man flew into such a passion of anger that a great earthquake seemed to shake the country for miles around, and many buildings in the neighborhood, with a great many of the people, were swallowed up by the earth, but the great rock of virtue, on which the new mind-house was built, stood the strain. The master mechanic rushed into the house, calling loudly for his men of equilibrium and his men of discretion, but they were all in a dreadful panic, for the shock of the earthquake had rent the building in twain. Then the master mechanic

was exceeding sorrowful. Some of his men of compassion came and strove to heal his wounds. Love, who all this time had nestled serenely in his bosom, spoke soothing words to him and begged him to try again for suffering humanity's sake. Joy cheered him, and Hope gathered together his men of will. Some men of reason, whom hitherto he had quite ignored, told him that the reason his faults came to the surface was that he might see them, and, profiting by the knowledge, gradually eliminate them. His men of self-control made some speeches. And, after a great waste of time, the work was begun all over again—but from this time on, each evening he reviewed the day's work, and, when his neighbors could see no beauty in it, he was simply thankful that the evil was on the outside and could therefore be easily driven away, and he went to bed happy, first instructing his men of purity and devotion as to what part of the work might remain and what must be torn out again, and, while he slept, the hideous men of pride and aggressiveness, envy and bitterness, discourtesy and anger were driven away by his men of purity and devotion, and better men substituted in their places, so that the sun rose on a certain morrow on a building of which any master mechanic might justly be proud, and although these undesirable entities daily thrust themselves upon his consciousness for a long time thereafter, when the building was finally finished they had forsaken him altogether, for they could find no lodgement in his mind.

In the meantime, the health of the master mechanic, through overwork, and through neglect of proper nourishment, sleep and bathing, had come to be in wretched condition. This reacted upon his mind and induced finally a lethargic state. The neighbors advised all sorts of tonics and stimulants, and for the sake of the work, he dosed himself, and his men of strength, with alcoholic drinks, which seemed for a time to fire them with new zeal. But no sooner were things well on their way once more than some specially tipsy fellows by accident set fire to the house, and all hands were required to quench the flames. Of course they were completely exhausted when this was over, and most of his men of will, his

most important men, who had stood at the hottest places guiding the others, had been killed in the contest, while a lot of men of indolence rushed in to take their places, and the master mechanic was too overcome to realize what was happening. These men of indolence increased in number each day, demanding more drink and doing poorer work and less of it as time grew apace. The men of discretion had once more fallen into the background, and the men of indolence had some cousins, men of sensuality, whom they introduced into the household, but the master mechanic's mind refused to give them welcome. In fact, their very presence aroused all his latent manhood, and he set his few remaining men of will upon the unfortunate intruders, so that in a very short space of time their clothes were torn into shreds, and these dilapidated-looking objects rushed from the building and made for the open country under the cover of night.

Meantime Love and Joy were busy. With Hope's help, they got together some men of common sense, and these latter succeeded in making quite an impression upon the master mechanic's mind. This is the way they talked:

"You cannot build a powerful mind in a weak, sickly body. The body must have proper care. Many cases of insanity are due to the attempt to develop the mind at the expense of the body. That genius which is akin to insanity is usually accompanied with an inefficient or abused body. One or two men of healthy genius have lived, however, who were physical weaklings, but they did not attempt to build a powerful mind; this was inborn. As you have to build your mind, at the same time build a sound body, for you cannot afford to unnecessarily hamper your mind with an inefficient brain.

"Confine your diet mostly to fruits, vegetables, cereals, nuts, honey, milk, butter and water. The greatest sages of the ages have been vegetarians. The animal passions grow by the use of animal flesh. Perfect self-mastery is never attained by one who uses alcoholic liquors. Avoid, therefore, animal flesh, alcohol, and strong drugs. Never eat a thing simply because you like it. You may have some very depraved tastes, which you cannot afford to encourage. Never

act on impulse; do things because they are wise; they will become pleasant when conscience approves.

"Bathe daily. Take regular and sufficient exercise. Make your body a fit vehicle for your mental and spiritual growth. With a pure, strong body, a clear, tranquil mind, a powerful will, and a noble purpose, you will vanquish all your foes, and conquer realms of whose existence you have as yet never even dreamed."

The master mechanic gave these men of common sense front seats in his council, and from that time on things went much better, for he called on them regularly as difficulties arose.

(To be continued.)

"All round the year the sun shines bright,
The pale moon sheds her softer light,
The day a brilliant beauty shows,
The night in drowsy stillness goes:
The massive links of mountain chains,
The dimple swells of fertile plains,
The boughs of trees, the roots of flowers,
At least are always here;
And Nature keeps her sacred powers,
All round the year.

"All round the year the brave hearts beat,
The ruddy limbs are strong and fleet;
With youth and health the tokens lie,
Of glowing cheek and flashing eye;
No chilling influence need we know,
'Mid summer shine or winter snow;
Warm hands to clasp, warm lips to press,
Warm friends, forever dear,
Warm life, and love and happiness
All round the year."

"Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven."

IDEALS.

BY TERESA STRICKLAND.

“‘Thanks be unto God, for this unspeakable gift.’ *i.e.*, The gift of the Spirit that is the Ideal to glorify and beautify the Real.”

God's ideals are expressed in the glowing rose, the golden heart of the lily—in the songs of the birds and the blue of the sky. To comprehend these ideals one must dwell on the higher plane—one must be in tune with the infinite—and realize that all life is one eternal harmony, one verse in God's celestial song of love.

There is that within us that we have but to find to be as “a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day star arise in our hearts.” *It is the unspeakable gift!* “Whosoever shall not receive the *Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein*”—into the kingdom of vision—the ideal expressed in the beautiful. A little child has implicit faith, trust and love.

Tell it the most idealistic fairy tale ever woven by a Hans Christian Anderson, and it will believe it. For the child, every flower is inhabited by a fairy—every precious stone is found in the dark earth by the gnomes and pixies; every tree is the home of a dryad; every stream bright with the nymphs within. Without belief it is impossible to have faith; without faith one cannot enter into the kingdom, where every one will be the child of the King and inherit this wealth, wisdom, and peace. The mystic says, there are four doors to the Kingdom Beautiful; Light, Life, Law and Love, are the superscriptions over these gates. Every molecule that floats in the blue ether, the fluid that flashes in the lightning, every drop in Niagara Falls, every globule in the vasty deeps; every flower, stone, tree and bird is animated by the supreme power of God and expresses divine law, divine ideals and infinite life.

One may listen to Beethoven's sonatas for years, yet not comprehend them, unless he has found the ideal within, and is thus enabled to enter the realm of music.

One might gaze forever upon Corot's mystic pictures, woven of the grays of the dawn and dews of the hills, and never realize their beauty, unless the veil had been lifted from his inner sanctuary that the spirit of the beholder might gaze into the soul of the artist.

Millet's "angelus" is great only to those who comprehend the ideal expressed in the atmosphere, in the spirit of the small canvas. The pictures, music, poems and sculptures of the masters are their ideals made manifest—their God-given escutcheon to prove their kinship to the King. "By their works shall ye know them."

To comprehend the ideal, is to see with the eyes of the spirit, to hear the voice of the divine Ego. In the yellow primrose by the river's brink the poet sees a smile of God—a captured sunbeam; those who have not gained an entrance to the realm of ideals, see only a yellow flower.

Wordsworth found even in the poorest little rag-weed, thoughts too beautiful and deep for tears. For the poet, "all earth is crammed with heaven. And every common bush aflame with God," the maple that burns its sacred fires in the springtime; the sumach that lights its altars in the autumn—all "aflame with God!"

One can sing with the understanding and one can sing with the spirit also, says a great psychic. One who had the voice of even a Jenny Lind could not thrill the heart of the world except the spirit of the singer entered into the understanding of the inspiration. It is not the art of the singer but the feeling back of all sound that touches the soul. The ideal must be expressed in the tones to make these rhythm in harmony.

"Though perfect the player's touch, little, if any, bewrays us,
Unless we feel his heart throb, through all the music he plays us."

"And it is not the poet's song though sweeter than sweet bells chiming,
Which thrills us through and through, but the heart which beats under
the rhyming."

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." A child's toy in the hands of a Franklin taught him that the lightning could be captured from the

clouds and brought to earth for man's needs. It was not Franklin's brain that begot the thought; but the ideal within him that conceived and came forth.

"And the base things of the world hath God chosen, and things which are despised," also to confound the wise. The cat-gut was the lowly medium that enabled a Paganini to interpret the harmonies of heaven. Without this despised medium the violin would be without means of producing the soft, mellow tones that lift one's soul out of the real into the ideal. So there is nothing mean, nothing low, nothing rejected that God has created.

The law of evolution turns the worm into a butterfly—the dung-heap into a mound of lilies—the ideal springing from the real!

We idealize the carbon and it crystallizes into the diamond; from the diseased mollusk grows the pearl. Walking beside a ditch in the sunlight, we notice an unsightly creeping worm; idealized by the night, a glow emanates from the tiny creature making it gleam like a jewel. It rains, and the sun bursts forth to shine upon the gray clouds, and the glorious rainbow spans the heavens with its triumphal arch!

Gaze above at the manifold stars of night; they are all great, circling worlds like unto ours—that is the real; but we idealize them, and they appear as "jewels sewn with threads of gold on the dark blue vestment of night"—or, as angels' eyes watching, from behind the veil of God's Holy of holies, the poor children of earth. The psalmist thrilled with this appearing, when he cried, "The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

The silver shrines of Demetrius; the cunning artificers of the Ephesian temple; the gold workers of Etruria, the filigree makers of Tuscany; the mosaic builders of the Vatican, expressed the ideals of the *Holy Spirit* working within, as much as does the scroll of Heaven, written o'er in notes of gold.

"For the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body being many, *are* one body as also is the Christ."

"For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether

we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have been all made to drink into one spirit. For the body is not one member but many."

"If the foot shall say, because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; *is it therefore not of the body?*"

"And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." So, are we all one divine brotherhood. *God is the body*—we are the members, and, if a single one of us could be cut off to everlasting damnation, then would the *body* be maimed, crippled and incomplete. With God there can be no incompleteness. "Be ye therefor perfect, even as the Father in Heaven is perfect."—When we realize the *oneness*, we will realize God's ideal.

Let us then cherish the ideal—it is, at the last, the *only* real. Let us walk hand in hand with our ideals and as one is realized for us, catch the gleam of another rising above our forward horizon. Let us foster the ideals of others. They can never antagonize or thwart our own. In the realm of the ideal there is always harmony, for the ideal is God and God is love.

PRAYER.

BY HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY.

One day, dear Lord,
Oh let me sing my triumph song!
For after struggle and wild tears
Through days and nights for weary years,
I now have learned that grief is wrong,
And at thy glorious feet had dreams
Of what life is, not what it seems.

But one day, God,
I want to get beyond the place
Where I resign, but have no joy,
Where I renounce, but can destroy
Not my regret. I crave thy grace
To lift me higher, so I bring
The triumph song the angels sing.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

RESISTANCE AND NON-RESISTANCE.

Nothing in God's universe can transcend or evade law. But the operation of the law on one plane may be quite different from its operation on another. We should strive always to keep an open and receptive attitude of mind toward all. In regard to non-resistance—people say, if non-resistance is right then resistance is wrong. Now, everything is right in its proper place. The evil of a thing lies in its misplacement. Resistance has its place in the wide scheme of things—until we come to know a higher application of the law. From the mineral and vegetable world up, we find the régime of competition and resistance—we see a tree or a plant struggling to push its way up to the light and air, crushing and choking out of its way all that would thwart it. Now, the tree's motive is not evil—if it can be said to have a motive—it is simply self-preservation, self-expression, as it sees it—according to the law of its existence. This may just as truly be said of most of the people who work in accordance with the law of resistance. They honestly think they must compete with and resist and overcome another in order to maintain themselves. The first impulse of everything born into this world is that of self-preservation. It is instinctive and it is right. We must be careful, however, to distinguish between the partial and seeming, and the real and complete. We seem detached and separate beings, we really are all one—we are members one of another, there is but one life in all, through all, around and above all. If one could be overcome and put out of existence, then all could. We shape our outward actions to agree with

this conception of the seeming. Our present-day life is almost wholly fashioned after the idea of self-preservation. All that we think will benefit us, we seek to gather about us and all that would appear to be detrimental we shrink from, and as far as possible exclude from our world. Now, all the different planes, degrees, of development in the outer life have their correspondences in the inner. But the outer is only partial, we must keep that firmly fixed in mind. It is only when we see with the inner vision that we realize the wholeness, the unity, of the outer. Desire belongs almost wholly to the outer plane. It is closely related to the thing we call touch. Notice a child's actions when he perceives the existence of any new thing. He immediately wants to touch it. If the new thing is a material object he will instinctively try to make it appeal to the entire gamut of his sense nature. He will smell it and try to bite it and throw it on the floor to hear the sort of sound it makes. As a matter of fact, in the last analysis, all the senses resolve themselves into the sense of touch. The waves of light and sound must impinge upon the nerves of sight and hearing. The atoms of volatile oils and essences must come into actual contact with the sensitive olfactories. If we lost every sense but that of touch we would still be able to interpret in some measure the world about us but bereft of the sense of touch in any degree we would be in so far dead—apart from the world. Every desire is a prayer and all prayers pertain to the outer plane of existence and are answered in one way or another through the sense nature. Now all this is just as necessary at one stage of existence as it is superfluous at another. Greenness is a natural and necessary stage in the development of an apple, but the apple at that stage is none the less sour and innutritious. None of these are evil; they are only partial and immature. When once we come to realize clearly and unreservedly that each thing or each phase

is a necessary part of the whole and therefore good in its place, the conception of evil as an entity will fade from our consciousness. Now, it only restricts our horizon and retards our growth. The fear of punishment or consequences is always uppermost in the mind. There is little action that is truly free. If we could only get firmly implanted in our minds first of all that everything is right in the right place we would at once be on the way to truly harmonious living. When there is any discord we may be sure we are getting away from the right path. Life should be as full and complete on the lower as on the higher planes. The free and fearless, even if the mistaken, life is better than the narrow, timid life of conformity to other people's dictates and arbitrary laws. We are all living a good deal on the surface of things; we haven't gone down into the underlying realities as deeply, perhaps, as we may think we have. We have not truly adjusted ourselves even to the outermost. We must remember, too, that there are different degrees of development and a person at one stage may be altogether incapable of understanding or judging some one on another. You may be able to understand, if you have thoroughly learned the lessons of your own life as you went along, the actions and motives of those on planes below you—but you are not yet able to pass any just criticism upon the lives of those whose plane of development you have not yet reached. You know all the world's great reformers and seers and benefactors have been stoned to death, crucified, ostracized. They were ahead of their time. When the world, the rank and file, reached their plane of perception, they built monuments to them. Because Jesus went about with the common people of his time, ate with them and made their customs his own, he was called gluttonous and a wine-bibber by the respectable and fastidious, and they held aloof and would have nothing to do with him. Because

John's inspiration led him along the way of asceticism and he separated himself from his fellows and lived in the wilderness on the simplest fare, he, also, was misunderstood and was said to have a devil. It is almost impossible for those at one stage of development to understand and appreciate those at another. There are many things that are perfectly right and wholesome at one point in our growth, that fetter and retard us at another and later become objects of indifference and lose all hold over us. On the other hand, the fact that we have fully developed on one plane does not mean that we are to completely put that plane and all that belongs to it, out of our consideration. The more truly spiritual we become the more true and deep becomes our consciousness on all lower planes. The truth is that all are spiritual from the beginning to the end of life, but we use these different terms to distinguish the different degrees of progress. There could not be a material life separate from the spiritual, but there is a very distinct phase when the spiritual expresses itself chiefly or wholly through the physical.

It is on this plane that the law of non-resistance seems to be the law of resistance. In reality there is only one law. It works differently on different planes. At first the man sees himself only as an individual and separate, and feels he must work for his own maintenance and get all he can. His one effort is to gather to himself. But presently he sees that every one else is himself and he is every one else, that it is in giving that he most surely keeps for himself and only by helping others can he ever permanently help himself. It is the same law—of love and of service—but in the first instance it worked in a very partial and circumscribed way and in the second it is in all fulness and harmony. Every action under the impulse of self-preservation is good if it does not infringe on the rights of others—does not injure or take from others.

If we gather to ourselves either by greed or force, the law, even on this lowest plane, will assert itself—there will be a reaction and what measure we meted out to another will be meted to us again. We thought to gather some benefit to ourselves but the method we made use of turned this to an evil. Here is a man who thinks he is going to secure happiness for himself by stealing, but he finds that the fear of discovery or punishment or the inevitable appeal of his conscience eventually saps the last vestige of satisfaction in his mistakenly gotten possessions. Another man who wants the same thing goes about the getting of it in another way. He works for it—gives a just equivalent—he obeys the law and consequently he gets the full satisfaction of his possessions. Even on the lowest plane, the law of reciprocity can not be violated with impunity. Self-preservation and selfish aggression are two different things. Here is a man whose greed keeps others hungry. We must remember that we ourselves are society. We speak of the restrictions that society imposes, its limitations and burdens. We also are responsible for all of these and for their product—even for the thief and the beggar of the streets. We will never understand the law of non-resistance until we realize that all are one—our neighbor is ourself—that which works for the good of the many must, of necessity, work for the good of the one. Then you will see that whenever you deal with life in a partial way there is really no resultant good for either the one or the many. Your whole good is bound up in the good of the whole. Some one may say that this savors of selfishness. Very well, the self must be considered—it is only right to consider the particular self as well as every other self. It is a matter of relation—adjustment. We must love our neighbor as ourself—not less, not more; you and he equally are parts of the great whole. We often see unselfishness begetting selfishness. This is perfectly natural.

Any extreme begets an opposite extreme. We are apt to think it is commendable to go to an extreme in our self-abnegation and unselfishness. But this is really no more commendable than extreme selfishness—any extreme destroys the poise of life. The attitude toward oneself is the pivotal point in the golden rule. It is made the criterion and standard. Self should play an important part in all the relationships and activities of life. If people do us an injury it is foolish to resent it or try to return it in kind. "If a man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain"—meet his selfishness with unselfishness and it dies in its own expression. An intended injury can hurt us only as we relate ourselves to it. If the criticism or condemnation of another is true, why resent it? And again, if it is false, of what purpose is resentment? Do you for a moment suppose that Jesus went about among his friends assuring them that he was not a glutton or a wine-bibber? Can you imagine him defending himself against these or any other charges—saying to this one and that—"you have known me for years—you know these things are not true." I can not think that any such things ever caused Jesus a moment's concern. When we reach the higher planes of life we will not concern ourselves with the "evil" in others nor even in ourselves. There is a certain development—a leaving behind of the ways and conceptions no longer needed—the overcoming of evil with good, until in the great light of the realization of the oneness of all life we no longer see anything but good. Don't you see that when we work in opposition to the life—any expression of life—in another, we are really working against ourselves—we produce friction and opposition? If I strike my hand on the wall, I may injure the wall but I will surely hurt my hand. All life is one; we are working together with all life, together with God and our fellow men. So long as we believe in competition and resistance, then these

are the methods through which we should work. To preserve harmony throughout the life, to be at peace with ourselves, we must work in accordance with our convictions. We cannot serve two masters. No matter where we stand in our development we can only act for ourselves, according to the best we know; we never reach a point where we can say with authority what another shall think or do. Now in saying all of this, I am only saying what I see as true for myself. I would not raise my hand to influence any soul against its own views—its own convictions. If to any one who reads this, there comes, through what I have said, a conviction of the truth of it, then for him it is truth. I have said nothing new—it has all, in substance, been said many times before. It only becomes ours when we realize its truth and incorporate it in our lives. And we do not need to quote another for our authority—never mind what the apostle Paul said or Abraham said. If a thing is true, it is true, that is all. When we speak to another from the depths of our own lives we speak with authority.

NEW THOUGHT CONFERENCE.

During the 14th and 15th of January a New Thought Conference will be held in Alliance Metaphysical Hall, at Hartford, Conn., at which time numerous representative speakers and thinkers will be present. This precedes a similar gathering proposed for Boston about the middle of February.

“We see not half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit world
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.”

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE JOY THAT NO MAN TAKETH FROM YOU. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1905. Price, 50 cents.

Lilian Whiting shows no signs of weakening in mental vigor nor in her ability to turn out books. She has now a long list to her name besides innumerable "correspondences" to out-of-town papers. This last book of hers is overflowing with that kind of vitality which is contagious, and to her, neither death nor any kind of adversity has any dark or discouraging side. The joy that beams upon her pages is that which the authoress has become conversant with in "the world beautiful"—a world into which she wishes to take the whole world. This is the "glad tidings" of the book:

"Do you not see, O my brothers and sisters, it is not chaos or death ;
It is form, union, plan—it is Eternal Life—it is Happiness!"

TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS. Essays by Aylmer Maude. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Co. 1905.

Tolstoy himself has set the stamp of approval upon most of the essays here collected by the author. That, of course, gives the book a special value. It ought therefore be a welcome gift to all who consider Tolstoy as an evangelist of freedom and progress. The essays are (1) a biography of T.; (2) a general resumé of T's teachings; (3) an introduction to T's "What is Art?"; (4) a review of "What is Art?"; (5) "How Resurrection was Written"; (6) an Introduction to "The Slavery of Our Times"; (7) the "Tzar's Coronation"; (8) "Right and Wrong"; (9) "War and Patriotism"; (10) "Talks with Tolstoy." The author's object is not to praise Tolstoy's views, but to explain them, and he is well fitted to do so, because he has had the advantage of intimate, personal intercourse with Tolstoy.

MODERN MYSTICISM; or the covenants of the Spirit, their scope and limitations. By Rev. J. B. Shearer, Professor

of Biblical Instruction, Davidson College, N. C. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publications. 1905.

The reader who turns to this publication in the hope of learning what mysticism is, will be disappointed. The book gives no exposition of mysticism, either old or modern. It is a question whether the author knows what it is. The book in the main is an exposition of Presbyterian doctrines and from that point of view he is disposed to consider all the modern experiences of the graces of the Spirit as disorderly and irregular.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE (atma-jnana). By Swami Abhedananda. Published by the Vedanta Society, New York, 1905.

The Vedanta Society in a handsomely gotten up book and in Swami Abhedananda's words, here gives the Vedanta's theory of Self-knowledge. It is *jnana* yoga we are taught, not *karma* nor *bhakti* yoga. It is philosophy, not ethics nor religion as these are taught in the West. The spirit which possesses the author in this case is "the spirit of knowledge"—but in what sense? Is it in any way like that of St. Paul's?

It has been claimed for the Hindus that they have studied the science of the soul like the sciences of physics and chemistry. It is clear that such empirical methods must have produced results entirely different from those attained by the West by means of metaphysical methods. It is an open question whether or not such objective results and methods are suitable for and wanted in the West. Whatever the answer may be, certain it is, that the Swami in this book shows the West what Self-knowledge is from the standpoint of a Hindu and a Vedantist.

TWO CALENDARS. A Radiance Calendar of daily sunshine for 1906. Compiled by Helen Chauncey. Copyrighted by J. L. Doyle, Publisher. n. pl.

This calendar is sunshine indeed. Its refrain is

"Light your fire and never fear,
Life was made for love and cheer."

How I wish the compiler might earn gold enough for her labor, that she might feel in her life something equivalent to the beautiful gold trimmings of this calendar and its make-up. But I fear the world is too indifferent to appreciate the toil that such a calendar involves in the making. Think of all the searching for proper poetry to express the day's sentiment! The book is as elegant as any lady might wish and its Cheer is just that which a New Thought adherent wants for daily mottoes.

THE WALT WHITMAN NEW THOUGHT CALENDAR.

Compiled and published by William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Price, 25 cents.

The motto on this Calendar reads truly like a New Thought optimism and creed:

"My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution, and I know the amplitude of time."

The Calendar is "clear and sweet" and its paper and print is most elegant. In every way it is "as living impulses."

THREE PATHWAYS TO KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR FELLOW MEN AND TO POWER.

The Art of Fascination. By Geo. H. Bratley. Second and revised edition. Talisman's Office, Harrogate, n. d.

This book claims to be a popular exposition of the sun's etheric force, which, when transmuted, is personal magnetism. It teaches how to use this subtle essence by which one can control his destiny and make himself a potentate in whatever sphere his life is cast. And who does not wish to possess such a talisman?

Vibration. A system of numbers as taught by Pythagoras. By Mrs. L. Dow Balliott. Atlantic City, N. J.

The authoress calls her book "unfinished," but need not do so. It contains a finished system for the attainment of "success through the strength of vibration." What she can do with 8, 9, 11 is most marvelous. As an example look upon this:

To find your own numbers divide the alphabet into nine parts thus:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	

The system is founded upon the ten fundamental laws of opposites. Take the name John Ellicott. John is 1, 6, 8, 5, added = 20 of which the digit is 2. Ellicott is 5, 3, 3, 9, 3, 6, 2, 2 = 33, of which the digit is 6. So the numbers of John Ellicott are 2 + 6 = 8. Our authoress next in a similar way reads his character and capabilities and finds his musical key according to the power of these numbers.

Psychology and Pathology of Handwriting. By Magdalene Kintzel-Thumm. Fowler and Wells Co., N. Y. L. N. Fowler and Co., London and Melbourne.

It is nothing new to compile a book on handwriting and group the various graphological observations in some system, but it is something very new indeed which this authoress has done. Not being able to give her observations a correct psychological basis by using "the existing systems," she constructs one herself. She is not only a handwriting expert, but also a psychologist and one of no mean order. That her psychology tallies with the handwriting observations and *vice versa* is to be taken for granted beforehand. She certainly gives some most astonishing examples. Hereafter many a man will be glad that writing machines have been invented and that he need not reveal his character by writing business letters. But how about love letters?

"And whether I come to my own to-day or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait."—*Walt Whitman.*

"Certainly the mistakes that we male and female mortals make when we have our own way might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it."—*George Eliot.*

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

There is not a student in New Thought or Psychology that has not heard of the Mighty Atom. Marie Corelli, the most admired English writer on this subject, whose books have a larger circulation than any others, whose ideas are so great that few can comprehend how a human mind may be so endowed, has described the Mighty Atom in one of her works. Her description, however, is somewhat sarcastic, as she intended to show the worthlessness of the atomic theory. Is there no such thing as a "Mighty Atom"? There must be, for we know that within us is a "cause" that keeps us alive. Supposing then that the theory of a material atom be false, is it not plausible that the theory of the spiritual atom must be true? This is where the Mighty Atom comes in. Do you not wish to be acquainted with this Mighty Atom? Your past studies, your present efforts and researches are a plain and clear indication that you will not be satisfied until you have grasped the truth of this important question.

In order to give a new and thorough explanation of the might of the spiritual atom, the great European adepts in occult science have been approached, the efforts made in the United States by the students in New Thought have aroused considerable interest with them, and as a result contributions from the highest French, German and Italian authors have been received. Furthermore, great students living in the United States, who heretofore have kept silent on this subject, have come forth and given us such new theories that a surprise and a great satisfaction have been expressed by the readers.

In order to promulgate the truth and present it to the millions of their fellow men, who seek and long for it, these articles have been published in the form of a magazine entitled the "Mighty Atom," a sample of which will be sent free upon application to every student of New Thought.

The expenses attached to this publication have been carefully figured out, and the subscription price made as low as these expenses will permit; it costs only fifty cents per year. You are herewith invited either to become a subscriber, or send for a sample copy.

Address all applications to the Mighty Atom, A Building No. 2, Rochester, N. Y. We have a few hundred copies on hand and the first requests will be supplied first.

A MESSAGE FROM "MIND" TO THE MINDS OF THE MANY.

THIS is pre-eminently the day of good things for the many. That means easily accessible things—cheap things, if you will. It is not at all impossible that goodness and cheapness may one day prove synonymous. A really good thing is not afraid to be cheap.

It is in step with this particular line of progress that MIND, "the leading exponent of New Thought," is now making a two-fifths reduction in its subscription price since November 1st, 1905. It has been a \$2.50 periodical. It is going to remain a \$2.50 periodical, but hereafter the cost, per year, will be only \$1.50. When it consisted of but eighty-four pages of reading matter it made a place and a name for itself at \$2.00. Now it has ninety-six pages and intends to make a still better record at \$1.50.

Many of our ablest thinkers—the mental dynamos of the world—are not financial magnates. To the majority of these a dollar often means the difference between having a thing and going without it. Over and again letters come to us—"I want your magazine but I do not quite see my way to paying the subscription price." Now it is just these people that we want as subscribers—those who want us.

We would like to have a general re-union of our old subscribers, all of those who know us and know what the coming of such a magazine into the home, month after month, means.

Now, we probably cannot come into immediate touch with a tenth of those whom we really ought to reach, and we would therefore be glad to have every subscriber—and every prospective subscriber and every ex-subscriber,—speak of the magazine to at least two or three friends. If three new subscriptions are sent in with a renewal, the four yearly subscriptions may be secured for the very small sum of \$4.50—the renewal at \$1.50 and the three new subscriptions at \$1 each.

THE term New Thought is in a way a misnomer. There is nothing intrinsically new about the view of life so designated, though it is new to many people. As a matter of fact its philosophy is as old as the world, one might say, and at the same time it is applicable to every phase of activity and need that confronts the world to-day. If this latter were not true it would be of but

transient, if any, service. It is the conviction of its adherents that New Thought has a vital message to the world and a lasting contribution to its progress. Its basic principles, though called by other names, perhaps, underlie the bulk of the reformation and progress of the day.

New Thought is not a cult. It draws no lines of demarkation; it separates itself from no good thing. It stands for the impartial investigation of all systems of thought, and all human experience, and the acceptance of all the truth which can thus be discovered. It antagonizes, excludes nothing that the sun shines upon, or the mind of God in creating called "very good." Philosophically, it might be called the fourth dimension, for it interprets and interpenetrates all philosophies; it underlies and enfolds all good things. It stands for the overcoming of evil, not by antagonism, but with good, the good that is irresistible, because of its courage and verity. Although it is not necessary to fight, it requires courage of soul to face the problems of life unflinchingly; and verity—the spirit of truth which is sharper than a two-edged sword—to stand fearlessly, unflinchingly, on the side of right. So only is evil, any or all the evil of the world, overcome with good.

It is this attitude that MIND desires to take. It can be a power for good only as it comes into touch with and is upheld by the many. It is to all those who believe in this platform laid down as the foundation of all individual growth and healthfulness, all public progress and reform, whether avowedly in sympathy with "New Thought" as they at present know it, or not, that MIND now makes its appeal. It wants the comradeship, the fellowship, of all on the side of right.

There is work to be done in this world—this world of thought as well as this world material. Much good work can be done by individuals, as such; infinitely more can be done by individuals in unison. The forces that make for separateness accomplish their own destruction; the force that makes for unity—under whatever name—is everlasting. There is no limit to the achievements of many minds in unison. Join forces with us and watch the result.

We would be glad if every reader of MIND would give us his or her opinion as to the problem, the solution of which is of most vital importance. In what specific way can MIND be of real service to the world? We want your advice as well as your cooperation.

New departments will be included in the magazine and authorities on the various subjects treated will contribute to its pages during the coming months. Several of the best known writers on philosophical and metaphysical themes, both of the Orient and Occident, will give of their best, and every effort will be made to render MIND of real service in the cause of the right and the work of the world to-day.

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FEBRUARY, 1906

NO. 2

BIBLE MYSTERY AND BIBLE MEANING.*

BY T. TROWARD.

(LATE DIVISIONAL JUDGE, PUNJAB, AUTHOR OF "EDINBURG LECTURES ON MENTAL SCIENCE.")

It is impossible to read the Bible and ignore the important part which it assigns to the Devil. The Devil first appears as the Serpent in the story of "the Fall," and figures throughout Scripture till the final scene in Revelations, where "the old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan," is cast into the lake of fire. What, then, is meant by the Devil? We may start with the self-obvious proposition that "God" and the "Devil" must be the exact opposites of each other. Whatever God is, the Devil is not. Then, since God alone *is*, the Devil is *not*. Since God is Being, the Devil is Not-Being. And so we are met by the paradox that though the Bible says so much about the Devil, yet the Devil does not exist. It is precisely this fact of non-existence that makes up the Devil; it is that power which in appearance is, and in reality is not; in a word, it is the Power of the Negative. We are put upon this track by the statement in II. Corinthians i. 20, that in Christ all the promises of God are Yea and Amen, that is, *essentially Affirmative*; in other words, that all our growth towards Perfected Humanity must be by recognition of the

*Judge Troward is about to issue a volume under this title (Sead, Dauby & Co., 4 Kensington High St., London, England), of which this article, here printed by special arrangement with the author, forms the eighth chapter. A review of the book will appear in an early issue of *Mind*.

Positive and not by recognition of the Negative. The prime fact of Negation is its Nothingness; but owing to the impossibility of ever divesting our Thought of its Creative Power, our *conception* of the Negative as something having a substantiate existence of its own becomes a very real power indeed, and it is this power that the Bible calls "the Devil and Satan," the same old serpent which we find beguiling Eve in the Book of Genesis. It is equally a mistake to say that there is an Evil Power or that there is not. Let us examine this paradox.

A little consideration will show us that it is impossible for there to be an Infinite and Universal Power of Evil, for unless the Infinite and Universal Power were *Creative* nothing could exist. If it be creative then it is the Life-principle working always for self-expression, and to suppose the undifferentiated principle of Life acting otherwise than life-givingly, would contradict the very idea of its livingness. Whatever tends to expand and improve life is the Good, and therefore it is a primary intuition from which we cannot get away, that the Infinite, Originating, and Maintaining Power can only be Good. But to find this absolute and unchangeable "Good," we require to get to the very bed-rock of Being, to that as yet undifferentiated Life-in-itself inherent in, and forming one with, universal primordial Substance, of which I have spoken in a former chapter. This all-underlying Life is for ever expressing itself through Form; but the Form is not the Life, and it is from not seeing this that so much confusion arises. The Universal Life-principle, simply as such, finds expression as much in one form as another, and is just as active in the scattered particles which once made a human body as it was in those particles when they cohered together in the living man; this is merely the well-recognized scientific truth of the Conservation of Energy. On the other hand, we cannot help perceiving that there is something in the individual which exercises a greater power than the perpetual energy residing in the ultimate atoms; for, otherwise, what is it that maintains in our bodies for perhaps a century the unstable equilibrium of atomic forces which, when that something is withdrawn, cannot continue for twenty-four hours? Is this

something another something than that which is at work as the perpetual energy within the atoms? No, for otherwise there would be two originating powers in the universe, and if our study of the Bible teaches us anything, it is that the Originating Power is only ONE; and we must therefore conceive of the Power we are examining as the same Power that resides in the ultimate atoms, only now working at a higher level. It has welded the atoms into a distinct organism, however lowly, and so to distinguish this mode of power from the mere atomic energies, we may call it the Integrating Power, or the Power which Builds-up. Now, evolution is a continuous process of building-up, and what makes the world of to-day a different world from that of the ichthyosaurus and the pterodactyl, is the successive building up of more and more complex organisms culminating at last in the production of Man as an organism, both physically and mentally, capable of expressing the Life of the Supreme Intelligence by means of Individual Consciousness. Why, then, should not the Power which is able to carry on the race as a perpetually improving expression of itself do the same thing *in the individual*? That is the question with which we have to deal; in other words, Why need the individual die? Why should he not go on in a perpetual expansion? This question may seem absurd in the light of past experience. Those who believe only in blind forces, answer that death is the law of Nature, and those who believe in the Divine Wisdom answer that it is the appointment of God. But, strange as it may seem, both these answers are wrong. That death should be the ultimate law of Nature contradicts the principle of continuity as exemplified in the Lifeward tendency of evolution; and that it is the will of God is most emphatically denied by the Bible, for that tells us that he that has the power of death is the Devil (Hebrews ii. 14). There is no beating about the bush; not God but the Devil sends death. There is no getting out of the plain words. Let us examine this statement.

We have seen that whatever God is the Devil must be the opposite, and, therefore, if God is the Power that builds up, the Integrating Power, the Devil must be the power that pulls

down, or the Disintegrating Power. Now, what is Disintegration? It is the breaking up of what was previously an "integer" or perfect Whole, the separation of its component parts. But what is it that causes the separation? It is still the Building-up Power, only the Law of Affinity by which it works is now acting from other centres so as to build up other organisms. The Universal Power is still at its building work, only it seems to have lost sight of its original motive in the organism which is falling to pieces, and to have taken up fresh motives in other directions. And this is precisely the state of the case; it is just the want of continuous motive that causes disintegration. The only possible motive of the All-originating Life-principle must be the expression of *Life*, and, therefore, we may almost picture it as continually seeking to embody itself in intelligences which shall be able to grasp its motive and co-operate with it by keeping that motive constantly in mind. Granted that this *individualization of motive* could take place, there appears no reason why it should not continue to work on indefinitely. A tree is an organized centre of life, but without the intelligence which would enable it to individualize the *motive* of the Universal Life-principle. It individualizes a certain measure of the Universal Vital Energy, but it does not individualize the Universal Intelligence, and, therefore, when the measure of energy which it has individualized is exhausted, it dies; and the same thing happens with animals and men. But as the particular intelligence advances in the recognition of itself as the individualization of the Universal Intelligence, it becomes more and more capable of seizing upon the *initial motive* of the Universal Mind and giving it permanence; and supposing this recognition to be complete, the logical result would be never-ceasing and perpetually-expanding individual life, thus bringing us back to those promises which I have quoted in the opening pages of this book, and reminding us of the Master's statement to the woman of Samaria that "the Father" is always "seeking" those who will worship Him in spirit and in truth; that is, those who can enter into the spirit of what "the Father" is aiming at.

But what happens in the absence of a perfect recognition

of the Universal Motive is that sooner or later the machinery runs down, and the "motive" is transferred to other centres where the same process is repeated, and so Life and Death alternate with each other in a ceaseless round. The disintegrating process is the Universal Builder taking the materials for fresh constructions from a tenement without a tenant; that is, from an organism which has not reached the measure of intelligence necessary to perpetuate the Universal Motive in itself, or, as the Master put it in the parable of the ten virgins, such as have not a supply of oil to keep their lamps burning. This Negative disintegrating force is the Integrating Power working, so to say, at a lower level relatively to that at which it had been working in the organism that is being dissolved. It is not another power. Both the Bible and common-sense tell us that ultimately there can be only ONE power in the universe, which must, therefore, be the Building-power, so that there can be no such thing as a power which is negative *in itself*; but it shows itself negatively *in relation to the particular individual*, if through want of recognition he fails to provide the requisite conditions for it to work positively. Work it always will, for its very being is ceaseless activity; but whether it will act positively or negatively towards any particular individual depends entirely on whether he provides positive or negative conditions for its manifestation, just as we may produce a positive or a negative current according to the electrical conditions which we supply.

We see, then, that what gives the Positive Power a negative action is the failure to intelligently recognize our own individualization of it. In the lower forms of life this failure is inevitable, because they are not provided with an organism capable of such a recognition. In Man the suitable organism is present, but he seeks knowledge only from past experiences which have necessarily been of the negative order, and does not by the combined action of reason and faith look into the Infinite for the unfoldment of limitless possibilities; and so he employs his intelligence to deny that which, if he affirmed it, would be in him the spring of perpetual renovation. The Power of the Negative, therefore, has its

root in our denial of the Affirmative; and so we die because we have not yet learnt to understand the Principle of Life; we have yet to learn the great Law, that "the higher mode of intelligence controls the lower." In consequence of our ignorance we attribute an affirmative power to the Negative; that is to say, the power of taking an initiative on its own account, not seeing that it is a *condition* resulting from the absence of something more positive; and so the power of the negative consists in affirming that to be true which is not true, and for this reason it is called in Scripture the father of lies, or that principle from which all false statements are generated. The word "Devil" means "false accuser" or "false affirmer," and this name is, therefore, in itself sufficient to show us that what is meant is the creative principle of Affirmation used in the wrong direction, a truth which has been handed down to us from old times in the saying "*Diabolus est Deus inversus*." This is how it is that "the Devil" can be a vast impersonal power while at the same time having no existence, and so the paradox with which we started is solved. And now also it becomes clear why we are told that "the Devil" has the power of death. It is not held by a personal individual, but results quite naturally from that ignorant and inverted Thought which is "the Spirit that denies." This is the exact opposite to "the Son of God," in whom all things are only "Yea and Amen." That is the Spirit of the Affirmative; and, therefore, the Spirit of Life; and so it is that the Son of God was manifested that "He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the Devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage" (Hebrews ii. 14).

Again, we are told that the Devil is Satan. This name appears to be another form of "Saturn," and may also be connected with the root "sat" or "seven," Saturn being in the old symbolical astronomy the outermost or seventh planet. In that system the centre is occupied by Sol or the Sun, which represents the Life-giving principle, and Saturn represents the opposite extreme, or Matter at the point furthest removed from Pure Spirit. Now, taken in due order, Matter or Concrete Form is as necessary as Spirit itself, for without it

there could be no manifestation of Spirit, in other words, there could be no *existence* at all. Seen from this point of view, there is nothing evil in it, but on the contrary, it may be compared to the lamp which concentrates the light, and gives it a particular direction, and in this aspect Matter is called "Lucifer" or the Light-bearer. This is Matter taking its proper place in the order of the Kingdom of Heaven. But if "Lucifer" falls from heaven, becomes rebellious, and endeavours to usurp the place of "Sol," then it is the fallen Archangel, and becomes "Satan," or that outermost planet which moves in an orbit whose remoteness from the warmth and light of the Sun renders all human life and joy impossible, a symbolism which we retain in our common speech when we say that a man has a saturnine aspect. Thus "Satan" is the same old serpent that deceived Eve; it is the wrong belief that sets merely secondary causes, which are only *conditions*, in the place of First Cause or that originating power of Thought which makes enlightened Man the image of his Maker and the Son of God.*

But we must not make the mistake of supposing that because there is no Universal Devil in the same sense as there is Universal God, therefore there are no individual devils. The Bible frequently speaks of them, and one of the commissions given by the Master to His followers was to cast out devils. The words used for *the* Devil are in the Greek, "Diabolos," and in the Hebrew, "Satan," both having the same general meaning of the Principle of Negation; but individual devils are called in the Hebrew, "sair," a hairy one, and in the Greek, "daimon," a spirit or shade, and these terms indicate evil spirits having personal identity. Now, without stopping to discuss the question whether there are orders of spiritual individualities which have never been human, let us confine our attention to the immense multitudes of disembodied human spirits which, under any hypothesis, must crowd the realms of the unseen. Can we suppose them all to be good? Certainly not, for we have no reason to suppose that mere severance from its physical instrument either changes the moral quality or expands the intelligence of the mind, and therefore; if there is such a thing as survival after

*For the all-important distinction between Causes and Conditions, see chapter ix of my *Edinburg Lectures on Mental Science*.

death at all, we cannot conceive of the other world otherwise than as containing millions upon millions of spirits in various stages of ignorance and ill-will, and consequently ready to make the most unscrupulous use of their powers where opportunity offers. The time is fast passing away when it will be possible to regard such a conception as fantastic, and taking our stand simply upon the well-ascertained ground of thought-transference and telepathy, we may well ask, if such powers as these can be exercised by the spiritual entity while still clothed in flesh, why should they not be equally, or even more powerfully, employed by spirits out of the flesh? This opens an immense field of enquiry which we cannot stop to investigate; but setting aside all other classes of evidence on this subject, the experimentally ascertained facts of telepathy bring to light possibilities which would explain all that the Bible says regarding the malific influence of evil spirits. But the inference to be drawn from this is not that we should go in continual terror of obsession or other injury, but that we should realize that our position as "sons and daughters of the Almighty," places us beyond the reach of such malignant entities. Our familiar principle, the Law of Attraction, is at work here also. Like attracts like; and if we would keep these undesirable entities at a distance, we can do so most effectually by centering our thoughts on those things which we *know* from their nature cannot invite evil influences. Let us follow the apostolic advice, and "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things" (Philippians vi. 8). Then, however far the Law of Attraction may extend from us into the other world, we may rest assured that it will only act to bring us in touch with that innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect, of whom we are told in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, and who, because they are joined in the same worship of the ONE Divine Spirit as ourselves, can only act in accordance with the principles of harmony and love. I will not attempt the analysis of so important a subject in the short

space at my disposal, but I would caution all students against tampering with anything that savours of ceremonial magic. However little acknowledged in public, it is by no means unfrequently practiced at the present day, and, if on no other grounds, it should be resolutely shunned as a powerful system of auto-suggestion capable of producing the most disastrous effects on those who employ it. No New Thought reader can be ignorant of the power of auto-suggestion, and I would therefore ask each one to think out for himself what the tendency of auto-suggestion conducted on such lines as these must be. "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say."

The Bible is by no means silent on this subject; but I may sum up its teaching in a few lines. It assumes throughout the possibility of intercourse between men and spirits, but with the exception of the Master's temptation, where I understand a symbolic representation of the general principle of evil, the Power of the Negative which we have already considered, it should be remarked that all its record is of appearances of good angels as ministering spirits to heirs of salvation. Nor were these visitants sought after by those who received them, their appearance was always spontaneous; and the solitary instance which the Bible records of a spirit appearing whom it was sought to raise by incantation, is that of the appearance of Samuel to Saul announcing that his rebellion had culminated in this act of withcraft, and this was followed by the suicide of Saul on the next day. If, then, our study of the Bible has led us to the conclusion that it is the statement of the Law of the inevitable sequences of cause and effect, this uniform direction of its teachings must indicate the presence of certain sequences in this connection also, which follow definite laws, although we may not yet understand them. This knowledge will come to us by degrees with the natural expansion of our powers, and when it arrives in its proper order we shall be qualified to use it; and if we realize that there is a Universal Mind capable of guiding us at all, we may trust it not to keep back from us anything it is necessary we should know at each stage of our onward journey. Do we want knowledge? The Master has promised that the Spirit of Truth shall guide us into all truth-

"Should not a people seek unto their God instead of unto them that have familiar spirits?" (Isaiah viii. 19). There is a *reason* at the back of all these things.

We thus see that the whole question of the power of evil turns on the two fundamental Laws which I spoke of in the opening pages of this book as forming the basis of Bible teaching, the Law of Suggestion and the Law of the Creative Power of Thought. The conception of an abstract principle of evil, the Devil, receives its power from our own auto-suggestion of its existence; and the power of evil spirits results from a mental attitude which allows us to receive their suggestions. Then, in both cases, the suggestion having been accepted, our own creative power of Thought does the rest, and so prepares the way for receiving still further suggestions of the same sort. Now, the antidote to all this is a right conception of God or the Universal Spirit of Life as the ONE and only *originating* Power. If we realize that relatively to us this Power manifests itself through the medium of our own Thought, and that in so doing it in no way changes its inherent quality of Life-givingness, this recognition must constitute such a supremely powerful and all-embracing Suggestion as must necessarily eradicate all suggestions of a contrary description; and so our Thought being based on this Supreme Suggestion of Good is certain to have a correspondingly life-giving character. To recognize the essential One-ness of this Power is to recognize it as God, and to recognize its essential Life-givingness is to recognize it as Love, and so we shall realize in ourselves the truth that "God is Love." Then, "if God be for us who can be against us?" and so we realize the further truth that "perfect love casteth out fear," with the result that in our own world there can be no devil.

"Anger and worry are like echoes; they do not exist until we call for them, and the louder we call, the louder is their response. We can never drown them; yet, if let alone, they will drown themselves."—*Horace Fletcher*.

THE OUTCOME OF THE THEOLOGICAL MOVEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. E. HEBER NEWTON, D. D.

(Read before the Congress of Religions during the 1905 session of the Summer School at Oscawana and reprinted from the report of the American Church Congress, for which it was originally written).

The dominant theological movement of the nineteenth century was gendered by the dominant intellectual and moral forces of that century. Chief among these unquestionably have been physical science, biblical criticism, the comparative study of religion, commerce and travel and democracy.

The direction of the movement engendered by the interaction of these forces is not hard to determine.

All alike are working toward the ideas of unity, universality, naturalness (the reign of law) and progressiveness.

Physical science is disclosing the nature of the universe as a system which is at unity within itself, a cosmos which is one throughout all its parts. It multiplies vastly the varieties of life, but connects them all one with another, binding the most widely separated spheres together in one vital unity, making all "parts of one stupendous whole." Thus we now recognize one and the same body of elements in all the worlds of space, one and the same system of laws throughout all the stellar systems, one and the same forces working everywhere in the universe, in all forms of life.

Physical science is eliminating the realm of chaos and introducing a realm of order everywhere. We know, now, that in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth, law reigns. "Wild facts," which seem to happen, serve to make us aware of reaches of law which have been as yet unsuspected.

Physical science reveals to us as its most magnificent generalization, the doctrine of evolution, the belief that all things are in a perpetual flux of motion, that nothing is fixed or final, that there is a veritable organic ascent of life, that,

from the bioplasmic cell upward to the archangel, life is ever in continual unfoldment toward higher forms.

The direction which these tendencies of physical science are forcing upon the traditional theology of Christendom is obvious. They are leading our thought away from the differences of mankind toward its essential unity. They are teaching us to regard men as verily of one blood. We are discerning a common nature beneath the variant types of humanity; are recognizing one mind acting in men of all races; creating the same convictions in the souls of Hindoos and Egyptians, Englishmen and Frenchmen; stirring the same aspirations in Persian and Greek, German and American; waking the same reverences in the spirit of man of all lands and of all ages.

All life being under the universal reign of law, religious life must fit into the general scheme. Religion is now seen to be the impression made upon the spiritual nature of man by the universe which, as it impresses itself upon his reason and imagination, calls into being philosophy and poetry and art and music and science. Religion is not a realm beyond law—it is the highest form of the universal law. Miracles recede into the background of our modern religious outlook. They can only be unusual manifestations of the usual order, glimpses into higher realms of law, operations of forces hitherto undreamed of, but which have been always at work and which have worked harmoniously with other and known forces. Whatever the wonders of the New Testament may be, they are one and the same with the wonder of the blush of the rose and of the poise of the planets “singing on their heavenly way.” Religion is taking on, therefore, a naturalistic aspect; not as denying supernatural forces, but as denying simply any extra-natural means and methods in the action of the soul of the universe.

In an age of science, the one thing which can surely be affirmed of theology is that it is not fixed and final. Theology, like every other product of man's being, must be an expression of that universe, the highest generalization of which yet reached is known to us as Evolution. Creeds that do not change can be no true creeds. The deposit of faith is the

mud of the bottom of the river of life, not the clear flowing waters of the stream.

The tendency of Biblical criticism, as a special form of literary and historical criticism, lies in the same general direction with that taken by science. It assumes, in its very existence, that the Bible is a book like other books; that, whatever else it may be, it is a genuine fragment of human literature; that it is subject to the same general conditions as all forms of literature; that it has been evolved under the same laws as other forms of letters. The progress of Biblical criticism sets steadily towards conclusions which confirm this conception out of which it grew. The Bible takes its place among other books, more and more indisputably. It ceases to be an exception and becomes a member of a class in literature—one, though the highest, among the sacred books of the world.

It is no longer a miracle—it is a part of the natural order of the world of letters, whatever supernatural influences flowed into it and still flow from it. Its authority, therefore, is not anything oracular, inerrant, final—it is the authority of the truth which it utters. That authority, therefore, is necessarily open to the challenge of criticism, liable to a subpoena before the higher bar of reason. The powers of the human mind are thrown open to all new knowledge. The soul of man receives the freedom of the city of God—the universe.

The tendency of the Comparative Study of Religion is in the same general direction. This really brand-new study of our age is revealing, beyond peradventure, the fact that the principles disclosed by science in its study of the physical world are those which disclose themselves to the scientific study of religion as governing the soul. The great forms of Unity, Law, Progress, rise regnant in the realm of religion.

Religions are many—religion proves to be one. Human nature being one and the same, and the universe confronted by man being one and the same, human thought of the problem of the Universe tends to develop toward one and the same forms. Given the same stage of evolution, the same environment, and the same ideas, institutions, ideals, beliefs,

aspirations, cults and worships will appear. The astonishing parallelisms between the great religions of the earth prove to be no more accidents, no cribbings from Moses by Plato, no benevolent assimilations of the ideas of Buddhism by Christianity.

There is, as we are now beginning to see, no reality in the distinction between the true religion and false religions, save as a matter of degrees in development. All religions are false as they are imperfect, or as they become corrupt. All religions are true as they develop out of their rude, primitive beginnings, toward ethical and spiritual ideals. That in each which is vital, is true—the truth of the one Light “which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

Religion itself is thus coming to be seen as a natural evolution from a supernatural source. The institutions and beliefs of Christianity form no mere exception in a universal order—they are the highest outcome of that universal order, the flowering forth of the spiritual nature of man. They have no miraculous, oracular authority. They are not fixed and final forms. They are naturally evolved, naturally evolving still. Their authority over man is the authority of their reasonableness. The Church is divine as the State is divine,—a real divineness, though a natural one; imposing no tyranny, subjecting no reason, enslaving no conscience.

The immense international Commerce and Travel brought about by the steam engine in the nineteenth century has not been without a profound effect upon the thought of man, even upon his theological thought. And this influence tends in the same general direction with that into which theology is being driven by the other intellectual forces of our day.

The merchant and the tourist are enforcing the movement started by the scholar in the comparative study of religion. We are finding that the heathen is also human. The heathen is the imperfect Christian, the Christian the evolved heathen. All souls are proving to be of one order. We no longer dream that virtue is a product of Christian lands and vice of heathen soil. Wherever we wander in our globe-trotting, under every form of religion, we find, subject to the influences of different environments and different stages of evolu-

tion, one and the same aspirations after goodness, one and the same reverences before the mysteries of the universe, one and the same faith and hope and love. The petty parochialism of piety passes on into a universalism of religion. The cosmopolitanism of commerce is correlating into the catholicity of Christianity.

The influence of Democracy upon theology is also in the same general direction. Democracy is the succession of the Demos to the throne of the king. External authority gives way to internal authority. Democracy is the denial of caste, the affirmation of the common stuff of manhood, whether in the Brahmin or the Pariah, the nobleman or the serf. It is the repudiation of the right of one elite class of mankind to monopolize any of the good things of the earth for its own special use; whether those good things be the ignoble luxuries which money can buy, or those better things of the mind and soul, "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold," the truths upon which man's spirit liveth. Democracy is the rejection of the belief that there are any pets of God in His earthly family—coal barons, for whom He stores the earth with anthracite, or elect races on whom He lavishes the gifts of His Spirit. It is the affirmation of the truth that all men are "the bairns," as St. John phrases it, of a just and loving Father, who shares His estate, material and spiritual, equitably among His children. Democracy, making away from artificial authority toward natural authority, from privilege toward equal opportunity, from injustice enthroned upon the universe toward the universal reign of justice and love, is everywhere steadily, surely, revolutionizing theology, and, in its way, forcing on the new era, which is looming large above the horizon of earth.

The general direction of the theological movement of the nineteenth century, as resultant from the interaction of the thought forces of the century, must now be unmistakably clear.

This movement is everywhere in the direction of expansion, the pushing forward of limited, partial, narrow conceptions into large and ever-enlarging conceptions,—universal, necessary, natural.

Every particular doctrine of the Reformation Confessions, the secondary body of beliefs growing round the true creeds of Christendom, is dropping whatever is petty, special, particular, exclusive, artificial, unnatural, irrational and unethical in its dogmatic forms, and is taking on aspects which are big, generic, universal, natural, rational and ethical. What can not survive this process will fall away and die. Such succulent sections of our Thirty-nine Articles as these, I much fear, will be missed altogether in the theology of the twentieth century.

Under the climbing life of man and his clearing vision of God, all beliefs of the Reformation theology that have sap in them will grow out into forms shaping themselves after the order of the universe, as we are learning to know it, rational, sane, consistent with justice, consonant with the goodness which in man is seen to be the shadow of the absolute rectitude of God.

A similar process, on-going in the Catholic creeds, will issue in a transformation of them which need not necessarily involve any verbal changes, but merely a realignment of their beliefs around the new theism; an interpretation of them in terms of universality, naturalness, progressiveness. They will be recognized not simply as forms of the Christian consciousness, but as something larger—forms of the human consciousness; not as belonging only to the species Christianity, but to the genus humanity. In them will be recognized the mystic truths of that "hidden wisdom" which was to be found in every land, under every system of religion.

The purely spiritual contents of the great Catholic creeds, the forgiveness of sins, etc., will be perceived to be the heritage of our common humanity; becoming positive affirmations of faith wherever a great religion evolves into the stage of ethical and spiritual life.

The two fundamental doctrines of the Catholic creeds, the doctrine of God and the doctrine of immortality, will be recognized, not as the exclusive possession of Christendom, but as the common possession of mankind.

The intellectual form in which the fundamental truth of God is cast will be discerned as no mere peculiarity of

Christianity, but as the mould of thought everywhere fashioned by the mind of man, when that mind has attained maturity. The doctrine of the Trinity is even now seen to be in no sense whatever a distinctive Christian doctrine. It is already perceived that it antedates Christianity, that it was evolved in almost every great religion of antiquity, that its presence in Christendom is due to the assimilative process under which Christian Gnosticism absorbed so much of Eastern cosmological speculation, that it is the necessary thought-form in which the recognition of the variety in unity of the Divine Being must needs be cast by the human intellect.

The doctrine of the Incarnation, the heart of the Christian creeds, is issuing from the theological movement of our age as no merely Christian doctrine, but a human truth.

It is thus coming to be seen that the idea of an Incarnation of The Logos is as old as man's philosophy, as widespread as his life on earth; that it is a common heritage of humanity, a doctrine whose note is universality; that it denotes no mere exception in a universe of law and order, but that it is the very heart of this universe, the key to the riddle of life; that it connotes not alone an embodying of the Divine Being in one individual, of one epoch of history, but that it is the symbol of a universal process, whereby and wherein the universe itself is the body of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit; whereby and wherein man, as the crown and consummation of the organic processes of the universe, is the supreme ensouling of the Divine Being; whereby and wherein what is true, in differing degrees, of each man, of the greater souls among men, is supremely true of the Supreme Man, the Man in whom the goodness which is the heart of the creation lives forth perfectly, so that we reverently say of Him: "The Word was made flesh, and tabernacled among us; and we behold His glory, the glory as of the Only-Begotten of the Father, full of graciousness and truth."

The Catholic creeds will thus affirm to our children, not merely the contents of the Christian consciousness, but the contents of the human consciousness, as historically evolved in the processes of the ages. They will be revered and trusted as reflecting in man's thought the mystic secrets of the

cosmos, the constitution and order of the universe. But they will be revered for their real nature not for their imagined character. They will be taken for what they are, not for what they are not; symbols of a knowledge which is as natural as other human knowledge, not for oracles of supernatural information. As "cosmic creeds," they can never again be fancied fixed and final forms of faith, but will, of necessity, be recognized as pliant and plastic symbols of the fluent processes of evolving life, opening ever new and higher significances in "germinant fulfilments."

The historic personality who is at the heart of the Catholic creeds will be found to have withstood the critical processes which threatened to resolve it into legend and myth, and, instead of issuing as fable, to issue as fact, having the solidity of history—the rock which thence forth never more can be shaken. The Man Christ Jesus, in the moral miracle of His perfect character, in the sacramental mystery of His cosmic consciousness, will stand forth forever as the sacred shrine of man's hope and faith, the mercy seat of the loving God. In Him the human ideal will continue to be reverently seen embodied, that ideal after which our human lives are to pattern themselves in all loving loyalty. In His mirroring eyes coming generations will read the secret of the universe, and see in the Power in which we live and move and have our being, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

The nineteenth century may have been a period of the decline of great convictions—the twentieth century will prove a period of the renewal and the reaffirmation of great convictions. The central faiths of Christendom will be found to warrant themselves as the universal faiths of man, standing plumb upon the deep bedrock of the human reason and conscience, buttressing on our new knowledge in science and philosophy and art and sociology. Man will know that he holds in these great Christian creeds "the ardent and massive experiences of mankind," in "a form of sound words", forth from which will issue in new activities the spiritual and ethical energy for the regeneration of the world, the realization of the prayer of our Master, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in the heavens."

EXPERIENCES.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

Creation is a process of exchange. It requires involution and evolution, impression and expression, receiving and giving. Life is immanent in all forms; and each manifestation is self-creative, in the sense that it directs and guides itself along the lines of its desires.

Giving depends upon receiving. Growth demands impression, assimilation and expression. Experience promotes assimilation, and environment impels the impressions that react as expressions. It is in this manner that the consciousness of wisdom is enlarged, and an increased recognition of truth is attained.

Experience and manifestation of life are inseparable. Each sensation, thought, and act forms part of one's experience. Experience may be pleasurable or painful, agreeable or disagreeable, desirable or undesirable, satisfactory or unsatisfactory. Environment is indispensable to manifestation, and experience is inevitable.

One must pass through every grade in the School of Life. Each must grow slowly, assimilating as he progresses, and at some time or another must take up and master whatever has been overlooked. One cannot understand the wisdom he is unprepared for, neither can he ever grasp finalities. One cannot fully explain even a single detail of life, for life is a unit, and each physical or mental atom has its connection and relation with each and every other one.

Induction and deduction are the two contrasted and correlated methods of scientific investigation. The former reasons from the particular to the general, and the latter from the general to the particular. Only that which passes both tests successfully may be accepted as truth. Inductively one reasons from experiences to principles, and deductively he reasons from principles to experiences.

Principles must be accepted as one's guide. Principles are the truths underlying, or the wisdom contained in, experience; and one extracts the essence of experience only as he

encounters and meets experience. Without experience, principles would have no significance and no application. As one's experiences broaden in scope, similarly his understanding and expression of principles are changed.

One is required to abide with particular experiences only, until, through an understanding of the principles they exemplify, he has extracted their wisdom. In arithmetic, one must consider each principle until he is able to apply it to any and all problems relating to that particular principle. Without a knowledge of the principle, no problem can be solved; and without problems, a knowledge of principle would be valueless and impossible. In the Science of Being, as in arithmetic, the principles are as simple as the problems are complex.

It is not necessary for each one to attract every form of experience, but it is essential that each should learn, at some time, the principles that underlie all experience. The answer is the same, whether a problem is solved in one way or another. One may learn the beneficent lessons involved in intoxication without the necessity of that particular form of experience. And while each is destined to understand all principles, each must follow a different path of attainment and meet with contrasting experiences.

One groups experiences under the heading of representative principles, as the principles underlying experiences are discerned. As this process continues, he arrives at an orderly classification of principles, and is better able to refer each problem to the principle of which it is a manifestation. As more comprehensive principles are educed, and the lesser principles are seen to be but contrasting aspects of the greater, one develops the power to extract from a single experience the wisdom common to the group to which it belongs.

Thus one promotes his ability to choose the more beneficent of the alternatives constantly presented to him, as he gradually transmutes his conception of diversity and duality into unity and identity. As he lessens the degree of elimination necessary to the attainment of wisdom, his progress becomes increasingly rapid and harmonious. If it were possible to reach a perfect consciousness of unity and identity,

there would be no further necessity for manifestation or experience; but this consciousness is for God alone—for the whole, and not for the part.

One is not obliged to accept the experiences that attempt to thrust themselves upon him. One is not the helpless victim of his past thoughts and actions. As long as one thinks he is a slave and acts as a slave, he will remain a slave; but he need not so think or act or remain. Experiences neither hate nor love, the qualities they seem to possess being those we ascribe to them. Their seeming hate or love is entirely within the self.

One cannot "interfere with karma," neither is one the slave of law. There is nothing that may happen in the future which must *necessarily* take place; only that which has already happened is unavoidable. While there is no escape from the effect of a cause, always one may add cause to cause and thus induce a combined and modified effect. The first effect remains in full force, as likewise does the added one; but each merges its separate identity into the aggregate effect.

One may discriminate between experiences, and determine which he shall encounter. It is possible for one to extract from a single experience the exact wisdom he may choose to acquire from a hundred experiences. One may go through an experience with the sense of slavery or the sense of freedom. One may learn quickly or slowly. It depends upon one's self. In one's freedom of choice, he chooses his own limitations.

Development and progress demand activity and experience. Growth is slow, while consciousness of growth is sudden. All activity and experience, all impression and expression, are registering their effects silently. The building materials are accumulated gradually; when the various component parts are all at hand, the structure may be erected quickly. One climbs every step of the ascent, but he may get a glimpse of the distance beyond only after he has reached the summit.

From the silence, one may extract the wisdom of his prior experiences. Actions fruit in wisdom in the silence, but wisdom can be extracted from experience only. A negative

receptive condition may induce psychic phenomena, but it will not promote spiritual attainment. This demands a positive receptive attitude, wherein one consciously guides and directs his forces, and relates them both to the within and the without. The activity of life is the more important. Passivity has its place, but its essential purpose is to promote rather than discourage activity. One sleeps that he may live; he does not live that he may sleep.

One becomes conscious of his development when in the condition of mind that permits of the translation of subconscious wisdom to the domain of consciousness. Fundamentally, growth is subconscious, and is developed through experience; and when one's knowledge is translated to the conscious plane, he becomes aware of the progress he has made. His consciousness broadens as he extracts the benefits of experience, and it is within one's inherent power to extract the wisdom of any past experience.

One attracts the experiences that come to him. Their purpose is to offer, where it is required, the wisdom experiences exemplify. As one absorbs their wisdom, the particular experience passes away; the problem disappears with its solution. No experience may reach one from which he may not receive a benefit. As one develops, his environment changes and his experiences alter, so that there is constant action and reaction between him and his environment.

One's relation to experience is governed by his understanding of its meaning, for this is what determines his attitude of mind and his point of view. When one looks upon experience in a friendly light, the sting is taken from it, and from being his master it becomes his servant. As long as the memory of an experience carries with it a feeling of bitterness, one may know that he has not extracted its lesson fully.

Each can learn only through his individual experience. Nor can one impart to another the full details of his own experience. One's whole life enters into each of his experiences, while his activities are largely on the subconscious plane. One may be guided by another, but he must learn for himself. Others may offer what they have, but what one shall receive he determines for himself.

Experience, however, is not entirely a matter of outward activity; far from it. The vital part of every experience is within, rather than without, and is made up of thoughts and feelings. In these thoughts and feelings may be incorporated perceptions of truth that others have already realized and have imparted through precept or example; and the thoughts and feelings concerning these perceptions may induce an activity that converts perceptions into realizations.

Not only is it unnecessary for one to meet all experiences, but manifestly it is impossible. Nor is it even necessary to meet that which—were one passive and negative—one would be obliged to meet. One may be active and positive. That which seems inimical when at a distance, changes its aspect as it approaches, as one alters his attitude toward it and prepares for it a friendly and loving welcome. There is nothing less difficult to change than externals and nothing more plastic than the world of manifestation.

One's attitude of mind will not change a fact. A horse is a horse, whatever one may think about it; but one's thought may make it—in relation to one's self—either a savage brute or a docile pet. Irrespective of one's thought concerning it, a stone wall is a stone wall; but at one's choice he may make it an undesirable obstacle or a desirable opportunity. Not only can one make it what he chooses it to be, but he always does so. Usually he does this ignorantly and without purpose; it is possible for him to do it wisely and with purpose.

One is free to, and does, make himself a slave of environment—a puppet and an automaton—through his belief that he is such. While harboring this belief, every fact will seem to demonstrate its truth. Quite irrespective of the error involved in one's mental attitude, the demonstration of its truth tends to increasing conclusiveness. For nature is in eternal agreement with itself, and to each consciousness that it possesses, seems to be exactly what it is thought to be. But for the fact that nature's educational system is compulsory and progress is inevitable, one might remain bound forever in his chosen limitations.

It is impossible to entirely elude the operation of the law of progress. Willing or unwilling, one is compelled to grow.

One may develop directly or indirectly, quickly or slowly, pleasurably or painfully; for these are matters of choice. One's vision may become so perfectly adjusted to its prison of limitation that it seems incapable of seeing beyond its confines. Within limits, each is permitted to grow as slowly as he pleases, but when he declines to grow at all, nature presents the alternative of decay and dissolution.

Is it necessary that the maximum of compulsion be exerted before one can become receptive to greater conceptions of truth? If one has any choice in the matter, surely it would seem advisable to choose the minimum compulsion. As compulsion is necessary only when there is opposition, were one to cooperate rather than oppose, there would be need of little or no compulsion. And as opposition and compulsion carry with them pain and discord, these would also be eliminated to the degree that one cooperated with Nature's laws.

One invites compulsion so long as he regards manifestations or appearances alone as constituting all there is of experience. Facts are of value only as revealers of principles. Of themselves, facts offer no safe criterion of conduct, for they never repeat themselves. Each personality is unique, as is each experience and manifestation, all of which are eternally changing. In striking contrast to appearances, principles are universal, eternal and changeless; and they constitute the one unfailing guide to conduct.

One may dispute and deny a truth, and yet make himself receptive to it. One can think what does not seem to agree with him mentally, as he can eat what does not seem to agree with him physically. The disagreement is not in the food, but in oneself. One can acquire a taste for strange mental food, as well as for strange physical food. One can accept mental food "on approbation" or "on suspicion." He can cultivate a liking for strange ideas, and so become familiar with them.

One learns to eat by eating, as he learns to think by thinking, and to love by loving. Through doing what he knows now, one learns to do what he has yet to know. One outgrows mental limitations through becoming receptive to thoughts that are broader than his present limitations. Every one

grows in this way. When one's desire to grow is greater than his desire not to grow, he will learn to make himself receptive. When he makes himself receptive to what his growth requires, it finds its way to him and he grows.

One grows out of an old habit of thought through growing into a new one. One thinks the thoughts received by him through suggestion; and one can make himself receptive to any thought he pleases to suggest or have suggested to him. After the thought has been suggested and received, its perception may ripen into realization. One may at any time determine what thoughts he shall learn to think, by suggesting or having suggested to him the thoughts he desires, and making himself receptive to them. One cannot revolutionize himself in a moment, but he can re-create himself if he desires to do so. Each creates himself eternally; not by making Nature's laws, but by determining his relation to them and how they shall operate in reference to himself.

There is no definite relation between laborious toil and accomplishment. Action is essential, but thought is the governing and directing power, and to the degree that one is poised and concentrated is the amount of physical labor lessened. When one has mastered the physical manifestation so that it readily and joyfully responds to the mental direction, the sense of toil and struggle is translated into one of pleasure and peace. Work is transformed into play, and the artisan becomes the artist.

Thought and action are complementary, but each has its distinctive place and function. They are both essential to creative work, but each plays its individual part. All creation involves change or transformation, the disintegration of the old and the integration of the new. Action predominates on the destructive side, and thought on the constructive; and it is only when thought and action are in full conscious accord, that the most effective results are secured.

All experiences are beneficent in their purpose, and either directly or indirectly lead to progress and development. Growth is involved always in change, even though ascent may demand a temporary descent. Fundamentally growth is spiritual, and the physical manifestation responds to the

mental expression. The development in consciousness denotes the vital assimilation and expression of a greater wisdom, and this necessitates the complementary overcoming of difficulties and obstacles on the physical plane.

One becomes through overcoming. This involves activity, and the exercise of faculties, but it is not necessarily laborious. Overcoming is as pleasant or unpleasant as one is ready and willing to make it. If one look upon obstacles as opportunities, and upon the surmounting of difficulties as invigorating exercises, and if one regard experiences as friends and allies, overcoming no longer carries with it the suggestion of oppressive burdens or unjust obstructions.

The three planes, Being, Expression and Manifestation are inseparable. One is as necessary and as important as the other, and none can be dispensed with. Manifestation denotes the plane of material and physical appearance, and it is dominated by experience. Manifestation and experience cannot be severed. While they are subject to never-ceasing change, they are neither delusions nor illusions. The visible universe is as essential as the invisible, and Being and Manifestation are equally inter-dependent.

Individuals may express contrasting conditions of development, but one has no moral advantage over another because at the time he is in a higher grade. One judges another from his individual standard, to which the other has no desire or intention of conforming. No one is competent rightly to judge himself by any prescribed standard, much less to judge another. Each is judged in his own soul, and the intensity and permanence of his happiness evidences the wisdom of that judgment.

One's faulty judgment in his own affairs should convince him of the folly of judging others. Even with the full knowledge of his own affairs, he is forever stumbling in the dark, and yet he presumes to pass judgment on others of whose affairs he is necessarily in comparative ignorance. Appearances are misleading, and of themselves never to be depended upon. One may seem to be in advance of another, but the latter may have stopped to cull some flower of experience that the former will yet come to feel the lack of. And while he

is searching for its counterpart, the other may overtake or even out-distance him.

Without experience there could be no sensation, no emotion, no feeling. Without experience there could be no beauty, no joy, no love. Without experience there could be no expression, no environment, no manifestation. A condition not involving experience cannot be imaged. As experience is inevitable, it is the part of wisdom to meet, interpret and use it for one's benefit and to his advantage.

The same experience variously affects different persons, for it is related differently to each individual. As it is one's relation to environment that determines its effect upon him, the same occurrence constitutes a different experience to each one involved in it. Whether an experience is pleasant or unpleasant, agreeable or disagreeable, is determined by one's attitude toward it. If one greet it with love, it offers a smile in return, and if one meet it with hate, it frowns back upon him.

Nothing dark may reach the sun. Its search-light illuminates all that seek its presence. So the atmosphere of love disarms hate, while that of hate intensifies it. Experience always gives back what it receives, and reflects upon one the gladness or the gloom with which he envelops it.

If one would make the most of experience, he must greet it as a friend. He must recognize that he attracted it, that it is for his benefit, that it brings a lesson he requires. He must know that its flowers are sometimes hedged in by thorns, and that the latter are the more aggressive. He must see that it is necessary for his growth, advancement, progress and development. He must understand that it assists to open up a wider environment, a greater correspondence of harmony, and a deeper consciousness of love. He must perceive that its design is to confer happiness upon him by showing him how to avoid misery.

When one has thus illumined experience with the light of law and of love, he readily extracts its wisdom. He makes friends with experience, and it responds in kind. It mirrors back the smile it receives. When the truth of the beneficence of experience is accepted, the conception of the unity

and the identity of life dominates the consciousness. One becomes an artist, and a Master, for he has learned the art of arts—the Art of Living.

“My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God—since he is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God himself can make man’s best
Without best men to help Him. I am one best
Here in Cremona, using sunlight well
To fashion finest maple till it serves
More cunningly than throats for harmony.
Tis rare delight: I would not change my skill
To be the emperor with bungling hands,
And lose my work which comes as natural
As self at waking.”

“And as my stomach, so my eye and hand,
And inward sense that works along with both,
Have hunger that can never feed on coin.
Who draws a line and satisfies his soul,
Making it crooked where it should be straight?
An idiot, with an oyster shell may draw
His lines along the sand all wavering,
Fixing no point or pathway to a point;
An idiot, one remove, may choose his line.”

“Salvation lies in the conciliation of duty and happiness, in the union of the individual will with the divine will, and in the faith that this supreme will is directed by love.”—*Amiel’s Journal*.

“A mind that is at peace with itself will offer far greater resistance to sickness and disease of all kinds than one that is filled with discord.”—*C. B. Patterson*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MENTAL HEALING.

LESSON FIRST.

INFINITE LOVE MANIFESTING.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

It is not possible to consider self as a separate existence. We cannot form any logical conclusion in regard to individual life without first acknowledging the Source from which all life springs. We are told at every turn that it is impossible to prove what the Source of Being is, and as long as the Great Heart of the universe which beats in rhythmic majesty through every fibre and every atom is unseen and unheeded, it must still be called the unknown and unknowable. The finite mind broadens, however, as it is turned more and more toward the Infinite, and what we could not positively acknowledge at one time, we may come to know absolutely as an experience since we cannot know anything except that which we have experienced. It has not been considered necessary to form any idea of the relation which the creature holds to the Creator, in order to be well and happy, but the experiences of a diseased, despairing humanity go to show that the finite consciousness, in trying to exist apart from the Infinite, is but a poor waif, storm-tossed and helpless. Life-results are something to be considered and if, from the past, we can see the almost nothingness of one line of thought (for what avails everything if health is lacking?) is it not possible to see on the other hand all that can be gained by pursuing an opposite line? If a soul after groping in darkness to intelligently discern God comes, at last, to an individual experience which reveals, within the being, that "Light which lighteth every man," so that doubt becomes knowledge and knowledge becomes power, why should not such an experience count in proving that there is a Science of Life which can be demonstrated? All who seek the light will, in turn, prove, from their own inner experiences, for themselves at least, that portion of truth which the finite consciousness is large enough to grasp. An artist proves his

ideal by re-presenting it on canvas. If the so-called "visionist" has at last formulated a method whereby certain degrees of the Infinite can be apprehended, and brought into manifestation, so that a new set of life-results show forth, does he not as clearly prove his ideal? While the finite mind cannot comprehend the Infinite, it *can* apprehend some degrees of that Conscious Substance from which all existence springs; and it is in the discernment of those elements which so many term unknown and unknowable that human beings find their true birthright and their power to hold dominion. Self-evident facts in regard to the One Life of the universe have always existed, and will forever exist, whether they are discerned by the human consciousness or not. They are perceived by many, at present, who have demonstrated that it is the most practical thing in the world to formulate, from these facts, a Statement of Being which serves as a basis for all activity. It is not possible for human beings to establish any satisfactory conditions in life until each soul *sees* the necessity of making a Statement of Being to live from.

GOD AND MAN ARE ONE.

The Infinite is, in a sense, unapproachable. As the limited consciousness tries to grasp the unlimited it finds more and more stretching out before it vast arcana which widen and deepen as the human vision of life expands. We are always surrounded by the horizon which seems to recede at our approach, and we must not forget that, while so much of the Infinite lies before us, toward which we are turning for wisdom, strength and light. It also lies around us and enfolds us in Its imperishable atmosphere.

Let us take for our Statement of Being this greatest of all facts: *God Is, Because God Is, I Am.* Then when the question arises from within asking *what God Is*, listen with all your being for any response which comes when the question is partially answered from without. In order to think logically we must have a point to think from. Endow this point with thinking activity, self-consciousness and a desire to manifest itself which are the qualities inherent in life and you find from One Center a diversity of rays are projected.

The Infinite One can only be thought of as that Substance which, being first unmanifested, rays *Itself* out in every direction to become manifest. This One, then, includes all life and everything that exists must be only a ray of Its own Self-conscious Substance. The Great Creative Will manifests *Itself* and lo! the smallest living thing becomes endowed with will. The Infinite Intelligence projects itself and thinking activity rules life in every form. The Great Breath permeates existence and all breathing things breathe in unison with this mighty power. The Great Breath pours *Itself* forth and life flows in never-ending vibrations which hold in themselves a sure supply for every need of every creature. The Great Heart of the universe pulsates through earth and stars, giving some degree of Its own energy to even the tiniest forms of life.

Creature implies Creator. Dependence implies that there is *something to depend upon*. Existence implies that there is something to stand forth from. Receivers of life imply that there must be a Giver of life, and here let us consider, more earnestly than ever before, just what we do receive in order to exist so that we may fully realize: "The original of all things is one thing! Creation is but one whole." There are certain qualities everywhere manifest which we cannot live without—they are not only absolutely necessary to the individual but they are also the foundation of existence on every plane of life. Imagine yourself, if possible, as trying to exist without some degree of life! And what are the elements of life? Some degree of harmony; some degree of love; some degree of happiness; some degree of health, intelligence and truth,—these are all elements or attributes which forms the very essence of Being. Place them in splendid array where your imaging faculty can picture them in all their glory. These attributes belong to you; they are your very life and they forever breathe to the world the secret of power through unfoldment. They convert sorrow into joy; they heal every wound; they bestow blessings untold when recognized as rays projected from the Source of Light and Life. Through these attributes we learn to realize oneness with God.

GOD IS :

Infinite Love encircling all creation. Infinite Harmony manifesting law everywhere; Infinite Happiness resounding through the universe for all to receive who will; Infinite Intelligence giving degrees of thinking activity to all life; Infinite Truth awakening unconscious life to its destiny of manifesting the divinity within—establishing right through every seeming wrong. *I Am* these very attributes in degree. I live because I Am a ray from the Conscious Substance which projects Itself, and I know from my own existence that I came forth from these attributes which if withdrawn would leave me nothing to manifest. *God Is* Infinite Life, Infinite Love, Infinite Harmony. I Am a portion of this Infinite Life because I cannot exist apart from these attributes. Here, within my own being, I discern a ray of light which holds, beyond all doubt, the elements of the Infinite One. Through these elements the unknown becomes the Supreme Reality of the universe—the Infinite Mind with Its infinite rays of life and love projected. My God is now

The Omnipotent One
 The Omniscient One
 The Omnipresent One
 The Supreme One
 The Blessed One
 The Perfect-rayed One
 The Original One
 The Intelligent One
 The Loving One
 The Imperishable Eternal Radiance.

“I am not sure that life to anyone
 A fuller measure of contentment brings,
 With all its gifts, than in the draught which springs
 From honest work, well planned and nobly done.”

“For as he thinketh in his heart so is he.”—*Prov. 23:7.*

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY J. M. BICKNELL.

Four articles on the immortality of the soul have recently appeared as a series in a well known monthly magazine. The first of these articles, written by Mr. Goldin Smith, and which was in the May number of the periodical for 1904, furnishes a striking illustration of the method of many so-called scientists who persist in measuring the unknown by ready made rules, and who will not for a moment entertain a proposition which apparently violates their fixed habits of thought.

Mr. Smith says, "Immortality, if taken to mean conscious existence without end, is inconceivable. The attempt to conceive it ends in mental vertigo." Now what does that mean? Of course, we can not have a complete conception of eternity, neither do we have complete conceptions of anything. We, however, can conceive of eternity and of infinity. I can as easily conceive of a soul living next year as I can conceive of one living this year, and there is no known limitation of time to this power of human conception. I can not at once get before my mind a complete conception of a million gold dollars; yet I can conceive of a man having that many gold dollars, and am able to draw many reliable conclusions from that fact. The words quoted, if they mean anything, constitute a clean cut assumption that the idea of immortality, in the sense that it is generally understood, is absurd. This assumption is groundless. The fallacy lurks in the use of the word *inconceivable*. The writer of that article has used this word in the sense of not conceivable in entirety, meaning that we can not get a mental grasp on the whole extent of an existence without end. In this sense of the word Mr. Smith's assertion is true, but his conclusion is such as would follow from the use of the word *inconceivable*, when applied to things of or about which we can form no conception at all.

The same writer proceeds as follows: "The soul, again, must be taken to mean, not a specially created being sep-

arate from the body in which it is enclosed and from which it is by death set free, but the spiritual outcome and completion of our general frame, that which forms our conscious personality."

By what authority is this allegation made? Where do we find more authority for saying that the soul is the "spiritual outcome and completion of our general frame," than there is for saying that the soul is a "specially created being separate from the body in which it is enclosed and from which it is by death set free"? Who is sufficiently versed in the results of bodily existence to answer this question?

The assertion last quoted, like the first, is also a bald assumption based on the mistaken idea that science has fully measured the effects of this life.

In such discussions, the difficulty is that men come hedged about with fixed rules of debate, and appear to be more in search of a verdict than of a discovery of truth. They never dream that progress in knowledge may annihilate their fixed rules. It is only great minds that can see, without surprise, their accepted beliefs overthrown, and at the same time maintain mental equilibrium and an unfaltering faith in the stability of things. Most men become wedded to the views generally accepted by their profession, and, from force of habit, are loth to entertain a change of views.

In the series above noted, the articles by James H. Hyslop and J. Sanderson Christian indicate a state of mind favorable to the investigation of truth.

The present writer desires here to give expression to some of his own views on the subject of the soul's immortality. While, of all subjects, this probably is one which engages the active attention of mankind in general less than any other subject, yet it is conceded by all to be the question about which cluster the most vital interests of the human race.

1. Our knowledge concerning the immortality of the soul is capable of as much certainty as is our knowledge of the precedent conditions and ultimate nature of any other subject.

What do we know of any subject beyond a meagre cata-

logue of phenomena? Science has done much, but what has she taught us of the real nature and constitution of anything? We base all our inferences and conclusions on the phenomena that we have so far observed, analyzed, and reduced to some sort of system; but we have made no exhaustive analysis of any phenomena, and, outside of mathematics at least, the greatest certainty that we can have on any subject consists of what the human mind indicates as most likely, and of what in the light of known phenomena appears to be in conformity with the rules of sound reason, and consistent with an intelligent purpose. What do we know of electricity or magnetism beyond their phenomena? Nothing; yet we know that they exist. Our reason teaches us so, and we have faith in that reason. When a man starts out in any of life's enterprises of business or pleasure, he knows not the thousandth part of the details which he will have to encounter; but, considering the indications of known particulars, he makes a lumping conclusion and relies on it for success. When we consider that mysterious thing called life, and mark its effects on the otherwise common matter constituting the human body; when we consider the intellectual faculties and the emotions of men, their capacity for progress, for usefulness, and for enjoyment, this same reason on which we rely for everything else steps in and declares that there is something beside the body, and that this something survives the dissolution of that body. Else would life be a mockery, without intelligent purpose, or ultimate achievement at all commensurate with the capacity of man. You ask for proof? The proof is that reason says so. That is all the confirmation that can be had of anything beyond mere sense-perception. Immortality, however, is not a thing to be perceived by the five physical senses. They perceive only physical phenomena, and are subservient themselves to the supervisory power of reason. The only guide we have to any conclusion is this: Considering the whole case, which is reasonable and which is unreasonable? So far as concerns the purpose of this life, or the object aimed at in the creation of man, the reasonable view points to a conscious existence after the death of the body. This conclusion is ar-

rived at not by adherence to the doctrine of any school or church, but by a consideration of the whole case of life.

If a man should build a fine and costly house, when at the same time he knew that, shortly after its completion, it would be totally destroyed, would we not say that he had committed a foolish act? How would it be proved that such an act is one of folly? We simply recite the circumstances, whereupon the mind declares it to be a foolish act. The declaration is the authority. So in precisely the same way, if it should be said that man with all his capacity and adaptabilities was created but to live a few brief years on this earth and then to pass away forever and be as if he had never been, reason at once classifies such a conclusion as a piece of inexcusable folly, a proceeding entirely useless, and void of any purpose commensurate with the thing created. The process is the same in both cases, and the conclusion arrived at is as reliable and as worthy of confidence in the one as in the other. Reason which is our only guide in this life rejects the idea that the universe is controlled by a being or a power that perpetrates acts of folly. This is reason's verdict even on the general facts of existence, facts observed by all mankind. If, however, we include in our consideration the phenomena of hypnotism, mesmerism, and telepathy, phenomena the reality of which no well informed scientist can now afford to dispute, and which show beyond cavil that the real man is something different from the mere physical organization, the conclusion in favor of a life hereafter appears to be wonderfully fortified. That an entity which is even now able to act without assistance of the body should have been created for no other purpose than to pass through this short life in connection with that body, and to fade away into nothingness as the body perishes, is pronounced by reason to be more absurd than would be the case if man were considered merely as the outcome of his physical organization.

What is the object of all this creative power? To say that we do not know, is unsatisfactory. A life hereafter would be consistent with a reasonable object in view. Why

should we hesitate in our choice between the reasonable and the apparently useless?

I repeat that a belief in immortality is fraught with as much certainty, and is as worthy of confidence as are any of our conclusions from the phenomena of existence. So far I have spoken of a belief that is based on phenomena more or less manifest to all mankind, a belief the validity and strength of which are established by the fact that the human race, almost universally, believes in some form of future life.

It will be noticed that I have heretofore spoken of the capacity of man for progress, for usefulness, or for enjoyment. If anything is shown by spiritual science, it is that immortality like every other valuable acquisition is attained only by the development that follows individual effort. The whole science of evolution shows that the chief object in animal life has been to produce a body capable of inductive reasoning. Why? For the sole purpose of giving to spiritual entities a personal identity, with individual associations. Man is capable of immortality, but, if he would have it, he must earn it. There must be concentration; a distinct consciousness of one's personal identity, and an abiding faith that it will continue. The climax of death may furnish the needed concentration, but how about a sudden death? It may be that the old custom of giving time for repentance is based on philosophy. At any rate, it seems safer to develop the spiritual powers while we can.

2. The greatest proof of immortality that can be presented to any individual is the inference to be drawn from the consciousness of a separate existence from the body, which comes from a high degree of psychic development. When one obtains sufficient control over his subconscious powers that he can connect their acts with the natural consciousness, he then becomes conscious of his spiritual entity, and knows that he is something different from his body. This, however, is a knowledge that can not be conveyed to another, at least not to one who is not equally developed. We can not explain the power of gravitation in a scientific sense to a child of six years, nor converse in German with one who has never learned German. Most persons pass

through life, referring to their hands, their head, their feet, and their whole body, as belonging to them, just as they speak of their home, or their farm, belonging to them, and yet never give a moments thought to the question: Who it is that owns all these things? As yet mankind is not spiritually developed. This fact shows the deep philosophy of faith. Christ knew that the greater portion of the human race thought only of external things, and were undeveloped spiritually, and so it is that faith is essential to give the concentration of the faculties necessary to preserve personal identity.

To prove immortality, beyond the inference in the first part of this article, is like trying to prove a geometrical proposition; the one whom one wishes to convince must himself be sufficiently developed in the proper lines to comprehend the argument. The greatest breadth of knowledge comes not so much from external observation and the learning of formal rules, as it does from the development of a certain tone and sensitiveness of the psychic powers, capable of taking on and holding impressions made upon us by unseen forces.

Notwithstanding our inability to furnish proof of immortality that is evident to the physical senses, or wholly satisfactory to the objective reason, yet somehow Nature contrives to insinuate into the very fibres of our being a conviction of a life hereafter; and this is likely one of the best arguments for immortality to those who believe in the constancy of Nature.

“First find out truth and then,
Although she strays
From beaten paths of men
To unknown ways,
Follow her leading straight
And bide thy fate.”

“Occasions do not make a man frail; they merely show what he really is.”—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

THE HIGHER VICTORY.

BY WILLIAM DUNCAN MACKENZIE.

Has your way grown dark, my brother,
While your star of hope has paled,
Have you stumbled in the darkness,
Have your plans and efforts failed?

Have the storms of sorrow broken
Where the flowers of gladness grew?
Have the clouds of fear and anguish
Blotted out the heavens blue?

Have you met with scorn and hatred
While you battled for the right,
Has your faith in goodness wavered,
Have you sought in vain for light?

Cheer, my brother; do not falter,
There's a voice that speaks within;
If you trust this inner guidance,
You shall still the victory win.

Stronger than all circumstances
Is the mighty soul of man;
Trust the promptings of the spirit,
Dare to say, I will, I can.

Though you meet with outward failure,
Brace your soul against dismay;
Seek the peace which outward fortune
Cannot give nor take away.

Thus the God within shall triumph,
Whether fortune smile or frown;
Thus the good shall win the victory,
Trampling powers of evil down.

Then shall light break through the darkness,
Hope shall sing its hymn of joy;
Love shall flood the soul with sunshine—
Love and peace without alloy.

WISDOM AND LEARNING.

BY KATE ALEXANDER.

In the meadow by the brook the herd was grazing, and a sleek, well-fed ox, who was apparently the leader, selected with utmost care the tender, juicy blades of the young grass. He passed the deadly night-shade by, although its white flowers and black berries looked tempting enough. At noon-day when the sun was hot he led the herd into the shady depths of the forest, or into the flowing stream, in order that it might not suffer from the heat. He quenched his thirst in the clear, cool water, avoiding the stagnant pool with its covering of green. When night descended he came, with the rest of the lowing kine, to the farm yard, and remained for a reminiscent hour or two placidly chewing his cud, and gazing inquiringly at the stars—a being, calm, placid, contented, fulfilling his destiny, following, to his greatest capacity, all the knowledge that has been vouchsafed to him, just keeping on, unquestioning.

To the same meadow came the college professor, a great botanist. He tramped carelessly onward, crushing flower and weed alike beneath his scientific footsteps. The dash of the wave, the roar of the wind, the growing grass, the waving trees, were all but implements of his trade, created for the furtherance of his scientific investigation. Every dew-drop was an interrogation point, every flower was a "why." He forgot his own heart's sympathetic pulsings; he forgot to gather to his own soul the beauty of the upspringing blossoms. The harmonies of the great, rich world through which he wandered he forgot in his insatiable desire to discover "the why" of it all. Everything must be probed, for had he not just left a four years' course of training in a college where he learned all the botany contained in all the text books? Now he must apply that knowledge; he must make nature fit the books. He forgot that a man is great rather by reason of his unconscious outreachings than by reason of his own deliberate and self-directed thinking. He forgot that deep saying of Goethe's that "On every height there

lies repose." He did not see nature; he did not hear the sound of the sea; he did not see the moon's reflection upon the bosom of the lake. He saw only his profession, the narrowness of it. The flowers in the field looked different from those painted upon the pages of his book. He began to pluck them ruthlessly, tearing them into bits, to find the corolla, the stamen and the tiniest vein; the wind-flower, the violet, the daisy, were all slaughtered to appease the scientific appetite. The night shade meets his eyes. "Ha, flowers and berries on the same branch, something new," and he cons over all the scientific names, and applies the botanical formulas; none of them solve the problem, and he sits helpless before the little plant, after four years of scientific study. He tastes the black berries—he falls asleep, the victim of his own narrow training. He had all the learning that the college could give, but had failed to gain the wisdom which comes through the God-given book of nature.

"Wisdom is the principal thing. Therefore get wisdom."

"Assured of worthiness, we do not dread
 Competitors; we rather give them hail
 And greeting in the lists where we may fail;
 Must, if we bear an aim beyond the head!
 My betters are my masters: purely fed,
 By their sustainment I likewise shall scale
 Some rocky steps between the mount and vale;
 Meantime the marks I have, and I will wed
 So that I draw the breath of finer air.
 Station is nought, nor footways laurel-strewn,
 Nor rivals tightly belted for the race;
 Good speed them! My place is here or there;
 My pride is that among them I have place;
 And thus I keep this instrument in tune."

—*George Meredith.*

"In God's world, for those who are in earnest, there is no failure."—*F. W. Robertson.*

A CREED OF JOY.

BY M. CRISPIN SMITH.

"God is Love!" Again and again lips murmur this,—again and yet again hearts affirm its truth, yet how often and how strangely we fail to realize the full significance of these words. And this because we fail to see that Love and Joy are one, the masculine and feminine,—if one may use these terms here,—of the same attribute, but from their very nature, one, indissolubly. It is an old and time-worn saying "He doeth all things well," accepted as are so many of our spiritual and intellectual truths, traditionally,—or at best, "swallowed whole," not assimilated. A truth must be made a part of ourselves, must bear the test of daily living, before we can claim it as our own, before it can hold any vitality for us. By inherited tradition we keep the Sabbath Day holy, but how many of us fail to see the deeper, wider truth, that to keep this one day holy, the week days, too, must be holy. Truly Emerson has said "We live in parts." And it is our failure to feel and live in this deep, underlying unity of life, that makes life what it is to some of us, all tragedy, or what is worse, all comedy—but without the full realization of this unity, life can never be the sublime and splendid Reality it is!

"He doeth all things well!" And this because He doeth them in Love. If we accept this with full realization, then how can we escape from our Joy! Joy that knows the end must be glorious since conceived in Love!

And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst!

Thy thirst for perfection,—Love's realized Ideal! And to help toward this Perfection, to be a necessary and vital part in the "Great Scheme of Things,"—what a glorious opportunity then is life,—how well worth living! What a radiance then

is shed o'er each deed, each duty, however small and humble. What a glow they catch from this light that was "never over land or sea," shining straight from the Divine Heart into ours!

So many of us know our terms of speech but in half their meanings. Love to many means but a certain personal fondness, a certain affection that has its roots in our superficial life, our small affairs. But how many have grown to know, through a great and unselfish love for one other soul, that sublime and universal love for all, through which one has grown to "exclude" none that the "Sun does not exclude," through which one can see evil but as the reverse side of good, its shadow,—and through which one's life has grown to be "one great and inexhaustible Pardon!"

And Joy! Our little pleasures, our little triumphs,—our little contentments and placidities! Not these! But the Joy of work well-done, whatever the issue, the Joy of the quest, knowing this to be greater than the achievement! This Joy comes but to one who has lived deeply, who has pierced to the very center of life and feeling its great Heart Beat, has grown in unison with the Pulse of the Universe through the full realization that "All Life is One!" And with this splendid faith in life's unity, the soul learns its Joy—the Joy that abides and makes its Heaven here!

A beautiful Joy comes into our life,—love supreme, all embracing! We live on in this Joy,—in golden moments, in enchanted days. Pain may come—hardships, failures,—but the heart "wings and sings" in its exuberance of Joy. All is borne gladly, buoyantly,—life is one great poem of Joy,—all earth one glorious panorama of exquisite beauty! And perchance, this "light may fail," and darkness fall,—then the soul, bereft indeed, in the destruction of its world, cries out for its vanished beauty, its sweetness of Joy! But out of destruction does God re-create, and slowly, surely, the soul emerges from its darkness into the light of wider vision, of loftier aspirations, deeper and wider sympathies. Nature and life grow beautiful again with a new beauty, more divine, more real,—seen not through the glamor of the heart's own Joy of love, but with vision quickened by Divine

Love, on Whose Bosom the soul has been cherished through the pangs of re-birth. Then the deep heart of Nature is opened, the secret of its beauty laid bare, and the soul of Nature speaks to this freed soul in terms of its own beauty, the beauty of Unity, the Divine Harmony of the Oneness of All! And this it is to "hitch your wagon to a star," and in the swing and rythm of the Harmony of the Universe, to feel the soul borne along on wings of Joy, the "Joy that cometh in the morning!" The Joy of the splendid affirmation that "Life is Good!"

If we read our Browning with anything of the illumination of his own fine spirit, we surely catch the splendor of his message to the world, his affirmation that "Life is Good,"—and in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" we find this thought the keynote, struck again and again. In this magnificent chant of faith and courage, with its stately chords of Divine Harmony; we see all life in unison, and our hearts respond to the deep, solemn Joy of the poem, and the master's courage is ours in that "The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough
Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand but go!
Be our Joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang, dare never grudge the throe!"

Not the acquiescence of the "unlit lamp," the ungirt loin, but the "chivalry" of the "soul that has burned upward to his point of bliss," and so has found his Joy in fullness and deepness of living, because he has dared to "trust God, see all, nor be afraid!" And he dares to face the Future with Joy in his heart, the Joy that affirms its own reason for being by the Past that is proved. And this attitude of affirmation must ever be the soul's surest anchor, its highest faith.

"Everything is relative," and to see life in its true relations is to live with wisdom and sanity. In finding these true relations, life becomes a process of elimination of the non-essential and trivial, and so through all the growing com-

plexities which lie on its surface, entailed by our advancing civilization, we grow to realize its simplicity, its reality, through feeling the Unity and Wholeness which is its very Heart and Center! And this is to see "Life as it is!" Not as the "modern novelist" paints it,—with all the psychology of its material and grosser side laid bare. It is essential to understand this phase of life in its right relation and proportion of a part to the whole. But to paint this one part and label it "Life" is to make that grievous error of limitation which ever entails the dire results of arrested spiritual development, gloom and pessimism of outlook, because the meaning of life is missed, its glory and Joy, with the loss of the Harmony of its Unity. Deep in the soul of man lives his Ideal, which is his true self,—and to uncover this, to realize this Ideal, herein lies the Joy of life, its supreme happiness! 'Tis true that the Ideal "ever recedes," because with full realization comes larger vision, and we set our standard farther on, ever higher and higher,—and begin again the "climb" our larger vision has made possible,—aye, imperative, from the soul's mighty longing for its Peace, its Joy! And our hearts affirm with the joy of Truth: "This is Life," "Life as it is!" Life in its wholeness,—its beauty of Harmony, its Truth! Life that has always been, and always will be,—the Eternal Life of the Divine, which flows in our souls that we shall bear witness to its Truth,—its imperishable Beauty,—its Joy!

"So take Joy home and make a place in thy great heart for her,
 And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
 Then she will come and oft sing to thee
 When thou art working in the furrows
 Aye, or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
 It is a comely fashion to be glad—
 Joy is the grace we say to God!"

We often have to pay the penalty, in our own persons, of what we call others to account for."—*W. J. Colville.*

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS AND MYSTICS SAY.

THE ART OF SIMPLE LIVING. By John F. Morgan. From *Conable's Pathfinder*, December, 1905.

"Each man makes his own statue—builds himself." Intelligent thought, the Great Architect, can just as easily plan a new human structure as to be continually patching over a troublesome old one, because man is regenerative and limitless. He has the matter of rebuilding himself absolutely in his own power; "he can become what he wills to be" if he will but intelligently direct the forces at his command that he may retain his present body as long as he wishes by keeping it in a clean and habitable condition.

"The aim of simple living is the production of a perfect man; a man made in the image and likeness of his Creator. One of high thought who reflects Universal Intelligence—the Infinite Mind.

"The art of constructing a perfect human body to its highest degree of physical strength and mental perfection depends upon the intelligent and careful selection of the most valuable constructive material in order that the daily repair shall balance waste so perfectly that there shall be no excessive wear or deterioration whatever. Do not imagine because you are a fullgrown adult that your body or brain is a finished structure. What you eat daily is converted into building material; what you think, what you do, depends upon what you put into your stomach and upon the ability of the digestive organs to assimilate it and supply energy to repair the waste of the body.

"Food must be converted into good pure blood before it can give us strength; for the blood feeds both body and brain. The work that we do today is from the blood made of the food eaten yesterday, but no matter how much nourishment a food may contain, it can be of little use to us unless eaten properly.

"Eating is one of the luxuries of life. Make it a supreme law of every day that you will have one full meal when you are hungry, and that you will eat it when you are rested

and can remain in a state of quiet so as to convert it into living tissue.

"The time to eat the heavy meal of the day with keen relish is when the trials of the day and the mental strain are over, so that the digestive organs may have the full supply of blood needed. Then the system is in best condition to judge what it needs. What you shall eat when you get to the table with your rested stomach is much more a matter of indifference than can be the case when your stomach has had no chance to accumulate strength.

"After eating, rest a short time, forget your business, do not rush off to work immediately after swallowing your food. Allow your stomach at least one-half hour to get its work under way before the blood is drawn in another direction.

"If food is partaken of in the fresh air it always tastes better and does more good than when partaken of in a close room. The pleasure of eating increases the flow of saliva and the secretions of gastric juice, which in turn assist digestion and assimilation. The needs of a normal body are very limited. A few of the simplest articles will furnish all the elements required, provided, of course, the appetite has not been abused.

"The skillful engineer studies the steam-producing qualities of the coal he uses; he also inspects the character of the water, and feeds the engine according to the number of cars to be drawn and the elevation of the grade, all of these combining to determine the amount of fuel to be used. So it is with our bodies. We should study with equal thought and care the fuel and water that we employ in supplying energy to our bodies that they may have the life-giving qualities and the proper preparation for the building of healthy ones through right thoughts, right diet, correct mastication.

"We should understand that the exact number of ounces of material necessary to be taken into the stomach each day must be determined by the amount of tissue burned through bodily and mental activity. The food substance taken into the human furnace or engine is burned or oxidized in the

body just the same as is coal in a furnace. If it is fed with an excess of food it will fill up with imperfectly oxidized waste substance.

"The first essential in selecting proper food for the body is the use of such products as are vitalized by Nature in the process of their growth in the sun, and the skillful selection from these natural foods of those which exactly fit the individual requirements of the body for strength and vitality."

"Correlated with divine Science, therefore, there is a Divine Art to broaden the soul's capacity and light the way of understanding. There is a method of getting consciously close to Infinite power. There stands open a doorway for every storm-driven child to get in at, out of the weather, and find comfort. The subtle Essence of the Absolute is too fine to be cognized by the senses, or to be handled by the fingers; yet it is seen by the knowing mind and handled by the thoughts of that mind.

"The enlightened soul is restless, wavering, full of worrying; but the Ego asketh nothing: it knoweth, and is steadfast. Let the soul amid its longings catch sight of its invincible Ego; let it enter into the consciousness of its "I," the immovable Self, and it will that instant find freedom.

"The Emotions lead the soul into experiences; they travel it up and down, fill it with longings; join it to churches, baptize it in waters—in search of satisfaction. And when they have traveled all lands and joined all churches, sought all pleasures, the emotions will prove only emotions, whose restlessness could never open the portals of the Holy City Unseen where the Holy Citizen (the Ego) is enthroned. It is through Holy Reasoning the Soul arrives at the Holy Consciousness where illumination proves to the soul it is in touch with Life's Elixirs.

"Then it is earth's jagged and fragmentary objects marshal themselves into kaleidoscopic beauty and symmetry before the one who is *en rapport* with Life's Reality. Then his softest whisper moves the fabrics of Heavenly Science to precipitate its bounties in the world."

C. J. B.

THE CONSCIOUS ASSIMILATION OF THE DIVINE HUMAN LIFE. From "The Life," January, 1906.

(From Address Before The Convention.)

That was a lofty thought, a truth *par excellence*, expressed by the gentleman from Canton, Ill., in his address yesterday afternoon:

"Only truth can meet Truth."

The human soul has worshipped its highest *idea* of God instead of making that idea the hill-top from whence its radiating thoughts might puncture the distances and find the Absolute alike immanent whether far or near.

Reluctant has seemed the answer coming from that *idea*, instead of from the Power it would reach. Yet always successful are they who from the hill-top of their praying set their minds on the FORMLESS and consciously assimilate their lives with the life Omnipotent.

Man is not mere physical man as the world has seen him, but Elohim made man. Theologians have succeeded in arousing religious *emotion* to the neglect of awakening in men that orderly knowledge that engages rational THOUGHT and leads up to the "I"—consciousness where illumination is possible, where the truth in man meets Truth Absolute, and through its EGO the soul mingles with the I AM in conscious Oneness. That all men in their Real Natures rank as Christs and should be Saviours, is a discovery of the present age."

"George Elliot truly said 'Tis God gives skill, but not without *men's* hands; He could not make Antonio Stradivarius' violin without Antonio.' True, God, Elohim, is the SKILL, but Stradivarius is the MAKER, *through earnest use* of that SKILL. He rose to the conception of the 'I' in him, and more than this; through the Illumination following the dawn of the 'I'—consciousness, he was enabled to do wonderful things, and so wrought his great instrument. Otherwise his success could have been but partial, and according to the amount of order he followed in its construction.

"As you would not stand far off and rave at the Ocean to beg or flatter or persuade it to *come to you*, with its unpro-

cessed waters, neither would you wisely woo the Infinite Power by describing to it how you have sinned and repented, how you have been whipped back to plead with Purity and Peace at the true fountain; for as the Ocean wots not of your woe, the Infinite remains as it is, regardless of your comings and goings. All the love and devotion and tender sympathy are from your Ego-Lord—the Image of God in you! It is at the door of your most earnest seeking that the True Self appears; that the I, I, *I*, fills your consciousness, and the Soul is enabled to *commune with* Absolute Wisdom and Power.”

THE EPIC OF LOVE. From Tomorrow, January, 1906.

“Do you seek understanding? Then why not know the law of love? You can live without knowing the law. You can love without knowing the law. Fishes, birds, tigers, men, have all used the eye for millions of years without knowing the theory of vision.

“We now know the theory of vision and we know the law of love, but it is not what you thought.

“Once we thought the world was flat because that is the way it looked to us. We must also look all around the world and all through the universe and obtain the knowledge of many men in many ages before we can know the law of love.

“Love was in the world before man came, before there were plants or animals, before there was even air. For many ages love was merely attraction, cohesion, harmony, reproduction, but time advancing and vegetable, animal and human organisms appearing on the earth, they sought each other out, and this was love.

“The amoeba enfolding the atom wafted to its embrace and assuming character and color according to its influence; the sponge fast to the racks, but reaching out its fibrous gauze to ensnare floating particles into becoming a part of itself; the fish in its ecstasy, distributing its spawn for the perpetuation of its race; the wailing of the swaying elm at midnight, its branches rising, and falling, thus distributing its pollen and drawing the life juices into its trunk; the writhing

vine seeking to connect the earth with the sun; the call and echo of the wolf signaling his mate, and the consent of the bashful primitive first girl, are all various forms of love.

"All those influences in nature which make for stability, harmony, equilibrium, mental, physical and social balance, are manifestations of the great law of love.

"Influences which tend towards upbuilding, developing, creating, perpetuation of species, of thought, of ideals and organisms, are all forms of love.

"Hate, criticism, unkindness, all tend towards destruction, dissolution, disintegration, death.

"Love is constructive, never destructive.

"Nature's method of progress is to constantly eliminate the inharmonious, the sluggish, the over-used and the under-used. She seeks equilibrium—*peace*.

"Love will not live in bondage or slavery.

"Give it fetters, rules, laws, limitations and it is no more love but it will pretend.

"Let fall the chains and the cringing, vain, hypocritical, dogged thing will take on a glow of beauty and irresistible charm.

"All sorts of foulness, all morbid conditions in atoms, stars, ponds, people and putrefactions result from confined units urging to be set free.

"Only those who are great enough to trust to the end, tolerate to the end, demand nothing, insist on nothing and make no rules *for others*, will ever be truly loved."

EXCESS VERSUS MODERATION. Ella Hale Gordon in the Naturopath, November, 1905.

Excess is from the Material,
Moderation is from the Spiritual.

Excess is unnatural,
Moderation is natural.

Excess is disease.
Moderation is health.

Excess is discord,
Moderation is harmony.

Excess is always developed not inborn,
Moderation can be developed and is inborn.

Excess shows emotions master,
Moderation shows mind masters.

Excess shows much lack of, or no self-control,
Moderation shows great self-control.

Excess excites the nerves,
Moderation quiets the nerves.

Excess weakens the muscles,
Moderation strengthens the muscles.

Excess poisons the blood,
Moderation purifies the blood.

Excess stupifies the brain,
Moderation invigorates the brain.

Excess retards the highest development,
Moderation promotes the highest development.

Excess spells damnation—loss,
Moderation spells peace—gain.

Excess breeds vice,
Moderation manifests virtue.

Excess is followed by retribution,
Moderation is praised.

Excess reveals foolishness,
Moderation is wisdom.

Excess ruins man,
Moderation preserves man.

Excess destroys,
Moderation creates and preserves life.

PHILOSOPHY OF OPTIMISM. Walker Hart in the Cultur-
ist, January, 1906.

"While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still."

Pessimism is unreason.

Optimism is the outcome of logical habits of thought.

The pessimist is a spiritual hypochondriac.

The optimist is possessed of psychic health and blessed
with mental wholesomeness and obsessed by a consciousness
thereof.

No subtle distinctions are here to be drawn. It is the
broad difference between normality and abnormality.

The difference is somewhat mental, mainly temperamen-
tal.

Intellectual invalidism, bile on the brain—such we should
consider; there is not only a physical but also a metaphysical
jaundice. But the expression of pessimism or its philo-
sophic antithesis is chiefly symptomatic of a psychic con-
dition.

Pessimism may, therefore, be diagnosed as a congenitally
diseased spirituality.

Optimism may be defined as a state of odyllic health.

He who habitually thinks not good is a ratiocinative per-
vert.

The pessimist is a mental dyspeptic; the cynic is a spirit-
ual bankrupt; the misogynist is a moral monstrosity.

Optimism is an overpowering fact because it is inescapa-
ble. It whelms us with the evidence of its perpetual pres-
ence.

The pessimist lacks the correct cosmic perspective.. Like-
wise his sense of philosophic proportions is defective. His

mental vision is distorted until the logical vista wavers and the symmetry of the verities is like to be lost.

Optimism is rational. The most ignorant man understands his hopes, but the wisest is puzzled by his despairs.

The pessimist looks through the reverse end of the spiritual telescope and finds a focus in himself. He considers incidental effects and fails to contemplate Good in the aggregate. He misses the logical relation of events to an effect. He is unduly given to introspection, consequently he magnifies individual importance. He gives a too profound consideration to the personal problem, with the result that he exaggerates the ego. He is a slave to self. Logically, therefore, the pessimist is never a philanthropist. Misery is necessarily the estate of the misanthrope.

Optimism is the abstraction of hope. It comprehends belief, faith, confidence. Being diffused hope, it is the impulsion of Inspiration and the propeller of Progress. It is hope that lifts us up and leads us onward. Optimism, consequently, is the agent of advancement. Pessimism is obstruction, an obstacle in the endless path of evolution.

Optimism being the largest fact of life, to those who correctly measure it the wonder is that any should escape it. Being the sovereign fact of the universe, to those who acknowledge its supremacy it is not understandable that any should doubt or deny it.

Pessimism is the discordant element in what elsewhere were the universal harmony. Self-adjustment is needed. Whatever our temperamental tendency, we should adapt ourselves to the dominant condition, and that is optimism.

Before beginning this article I corresponded with several friends on the subject, hoping to find a general guide by striking the average attitude. In this I was scarcely successful. One upon whose powers of summation I had somewhat depended, disposed of the matter with the pulverizing declaration that there is no such thing as the "Philosophy of Optimism," inasmuch as optimism is essentially unphilosophic. Now, what can you hope to do with a pessimist, anyway?

With another friend, Dr. William Colby Cooper, the result, while not wholly satisfying, was not quite so barren. A part of his concluding letter in the correspondence follows:

"I believe that the best exemplars of optimism theorize and, very especially, philosophize, the least about it. They are optimists just *because*, and merely *anyhow*, so far as they know—when they do know.

"The most dismal social failure is the man who makes a professional specialty of optimism—he nearly touches the primacy as a pessimist-breeder. Not long ago one such, at a time when my heart was breaking, indulged a burst of levity that shocked me as nothing else could have done. His intentions were wholly good—it was merely the artificiality of *professional* optimism. The man who makes a *business* of optimism becomes a habitual dispenser of perfunctory platitudes, and he loses the sense of fitness. For morbid (pinchbeck) but glittering optimism, go to many of our New Thought publications. I would not be understood as condemning all set phrases along this line; I condemn them only when they do not *utter themselves*. The optimist—like the poet—is born, not made.

"But the philosophy of optimism—what is it? Largely speaking, it is the philosophy of the universe. It is the summed philosophy of the eternal verities. Beneficence is the primal fact. The consistencies and integrities of all that is, depend upon the fact of beneficence. And beneficence is optimism. No one shall ever tell us why it is, but it is a scintillant fact that the cosmos is saturated with optimism. That monism to which all thought finally leads, seems to consist in simple *goodness*. Whence it was, or is, appears to be the single essentially answerless question in the universe. All other questions are the complements of their answers. The possibility of question-ness is sequential to the inevitability of answer-ness.

"But, again, the philosophy of optimism—what is it? More proximately, it is the philosophy of conservation, which is the philosophy of evolution, which is the philosophy of progressiveness; but what are the philosophies of these, to pluralize the word? The philosophy of optimism is the

necessity of optimism, and its necessity is co-fundamental with being. There is no ultimate philosophy of being; it is, simply because—it is.

"In the immediate, and present sense, optimism is the lubricant that keeps things going. Its essential function is affirmation. It is all-involving YES, no less of human affairs than of 'the process of the suns.' It is the eternal hark-back of the primal push. Optimism is 'God with us.'"

I altogether agree with Dr. Cooper that optimism should be constitutional and not cultivated. Being, in its integrity, inherent instead of acquired, it is as natural in the normal person as is congenital courtesy in the well-bred, and quite as necessary.

On one point my correspondent is inconsistent and, I think, unjust. It is true that the optimist who works overtime may occasionally be a bore. As a writer in the Cincinnati *Times-Star* well puts it, "One of the most difficult things a discouraged man has to deal with is the ill-judged lightheartedness of his friends." But the inopportune individual should be criticised as such, and not for his optimism. Think how much more unbearable he might be were he a pessimist!

As for the good doctor's metaphysical subtleties on the subject, I leave them to the profounder analysis of the reader.

Whatever is proper is necessarily true. Optimism therefore is true, because it is philosophically proper, being productive of happiness. Nothing that is not good can possibly result in happiness, and only the good is true. Ergo, optimism is true and good.

Now, let us for a moment abandon the abtruse and consider optimism in its every-day application and its relation to the realities of life, and, if you will, with reference to death.

Take this truth perennially to your heart: The world is always better today than it was yesterday.

Don't believe half the bad you hear about men, and believe more good than you hear.

This is the way successfully to be an optimist, although you may not thereby be an optimistic success.

Cyrus W. Coolridge has given us an admirable brochure on "The New Optimism," which, while it scarcely bears upon the philosophic phases of the subject here considered, is nevertheless crowded with common sense and could be read with benefit by many of our irrational "reformers." It is rather a pessimistic optimism that Mr. Coolridge presents, to be sure, but there is an occasional quality that impels the old-fashioned optimist to quotation, as witness this:

"The man who believes in humanity, and who is an optimist in spite of the hard knocks he receives in life, will die with a smile on his face, happy in the thought that he has done the best he could, whether his efforts were successful or not."

To fail splendidly sometimes is the finest sort of success.

Man is ceaselessly climbing, and his present estate is the best he ever has known. No greater error could be conceived than the theologic idea that he is a "fallen being," which finds a secular reflection in the popular belief of the day in the degeneracy of the human race. In this connection Singleton W. Davis, editor of the *Humanitarian Review*, says: "Man is no exception, as a product of nature, and his present status is a perfectly normal and logical result of evolution according to the immutable natural laws of universal life."

In the process of evolution man may by his attitude somewhat aid or retard, but he is powerless largely to prevent.

There is an occasional case of reversion, but the general movement is irresistibly forward.

The trouble with the pessimist is that he is accustomed to look upon himself and suppose that he is viewing the world. If he would give over excessive self-contemplation, he might hold a better opinion of things.

Mentality is a mirror, and the personal attitude is a reflection. The cloak of cynicism usually is a needed garment wherever worn. The mantle of misanthropy covers a deformed spirituality.

The pessimist is afflicted with cerebral biliousness. He needs a psychic physic.

Let us now consider the question in its larger aspects. Optimism is cosmical in its scope. Its reach easily embraces infinitude.

Optimism is the uplift and impulsion of the Universe. It is at once the lever and the propeller in the mechanics of the macrocosm.

"Whatever is, is right." This principle is basic only in its applicability. "Whatever is"—as an unalterable condition—"is right." Whatever may seem the individual injustice, be very sure all laws of the universe are based on beneficence. Evil is purely proximate; in the ultimate, all is good. Therefore our attitude toward things as they are should always have reference to things as they should be—and will be.

Nature, being without emotion, is neither kind nor cruel—she can neither love nor hate. Notwithstanding, her processes do not indicate indifference; they merely prove she is impersonal. Everywhere is her beneficence broadly manifest. She is ceaselessly correcting man's mistakes, healing hurts, binding up wounds, covering scars—forever comforting and soothing and saving. Mother Nature—the dear Alma Mater—well named, indeed, and fittingly invested with feminine attributes.

Optimism should unfailingly tincture our opinion of man and his accomplishment. We are too apt to disregard relativity in considering the present condition of the race. Some of us may even be inclined to take seriously a humorist like Mark Twain when he remarks that "The fact that one is a human being is sufficient—he could not be worse." The wonder is that we have gone so far and done so well. It is a long leap from mollusk to man. From the primordial to the present is a weary way—a painful path, thick-set with thorns—and humanity has traversed it with travailings and watered it with tears. Whence have we come and where have we arrived, my brothers? From ape-hood to manhood—from the caves to the clouds—and let none withhold from us one crumb of credit for the toilsome ascent, though jaded we be by the journey.

Optimism does not terminate with time, but is projected into eternity. Because of it, fear should never find a home in the human heart. Death is the finality of all we fear in life. What is life that we should love it? What is death that we should dread it? Nature makes no mistakes. No great or enduring harm can come to any of her children. We may rest us confidently in the arms of the All-Mother. Epictetus says, "No harm can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead." So the universal watchword should be "All is well."

"Since I know not fear or hate,
What have I to fear, O Fate?
This is Love's supreme decree,
Only good can come to me."

Optimism, then, being the foundation fact, is all-sustaining and all-important. It directs our destinies, and upon it our development depends. Human character cannot possibly be better than human impulse. We live on the plane with our thoughts. Men climb to the stars on the stairs of their aspirations.

Optimism is the staff that sustains us on our endless journey and helps us to reach the heights. For, I hold, there is no ultimate condition; the goal forever recedes as we think to approach it, and always the guerdon is shifted afar. The path of progress is infinitely extended. Development is a process eternal.

This title should not be technically construed. The significance of its interpretation is this: It is philosophical to be optimistic. As for the deductive philosophy of optimism, I confess it is beyond my mental reach—confess it without shame, since none other has found and fathomed it. What is the philosophy of optimism? We recognize the philosophy of its application, of its results, but what is the philosophy of IT? We find the phenomena, but we miss the noumena. The fact that optimism is a constituent of universal beneficence; the fact that it is a direct cosmic output; the fact that it is life's all-permeative lubricant; the fact that without it all would collapse and the megacosm revert to chaos—these are but increments of knowledge *inductively*

obtained. These facts classified give us science, which is but the valet of philosophy. *Why* does optimism do thus and so? We may say it does wholesome and hedonic things because it is integrative and affirmative, but *why* is it these? This question finally lands us in the realm of nebulous vacuity, where, if we really be philosophers, we content ourselves with conjecture as we face the smiling fact that optimism IS."

"Somewhere, below—above,
 Shall a day dawn—this I know—
 When the Power, which vainly strove
 My weakness to o'erthrow,
 Shall triumph. I breathe, I move,
 I truly am, at last!
 For a veil is rent between
 Me and the truth which passed
 Fitful, half guessed, half seen,
 Grasped at, not gained—held fast.

Place upon your thoughts the harness of control, guide them with the reins of concentration along the spiritual highway which leadeth to perfection, and, as you proceed through the fruitful country of eternal life with its increasing joy, you will realize the blessedness of being, and your oneness with God.—*Corning Edwards*.

Nerve us with incessant affirmations. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good.—*Emerson*.

"And who he is that will harm you, if you be followers of that which is good."—*I Pet. 3:13*.

LEIBNIZ SYSTEM: ITS BEARING UPON THE BASIC PRINCIPLES OF NEW THOUGHT.

Leibniz elaborated his system of philosophy, it is said, as the result of an investigation into the Nature of Substance, to which he was led by the laudable motive of reconciling the opposing Roman Catholic and Protestant communions. Let us first, then, ascertain what is meant by the term, Substance. Substance is *sub-stantia*, from *sub*, under, and *stare*, to stand; that which is the basis of, or which underlies, the world. Objects possess properties or qualities; gold is yellow, soft, ductile; the orange is sweet, round, fragrant, etc. In what do these qualities inhere? Abstract them and what remains? The answer to this question involves an entire philosophical system, and I can only briefly indicate the line of investigation along which we must proceed. That, then, which remains has been called Substance by Leibniz, who received the term from his predecessors. Plato call it *pure virgin matter*, the Soul of the World. It is known by other names such as *Akasa*, *prima materia*, root matter, etc. All these names, however, though useful as clews in tracing our elusive subject through various systems of mysticism or philosophy in which it plays an important part, are of minor importance here, being merely mentioned in elaboration, in passing. Substance is that in which all phenomenal qualities inhere, that which remains when they are withdrawn. "But," you will say, "that is nothing at all"; and in this you are correct; for *something* is manifest, phenomenal, concrete, objective. Substance is just the opposite of this. It is not manifest; yet there is no manifestation without it. It is not concrete, not objective; yet it is the *sine qua non* of objectivity. Descartes says that what remains when all qualities are abstracted is extension in space without anything extended—which seems a trifle paradoxical. Spinoza makes a profound study of Substance, which he defines as "that which is in itself, and is conceived through itself"; and concludes that God is the Substance of all things. It is evident to us that since all differentiations or modifications must be withdrawn to leave Substance, that it is homogeneous, simple, undifferentiated,

uncompounded. It is the pure Virgin Mother of the world. In it are the types of all things. Later philosophical speculations enable us to see that Substance, as Leibniz conceived it, is the sub-consciousness of our universe. This Consciousness, or Over-Soul, is a Universal in which we all participate, the World-Spirit out of which things in time and space come forth; for things are thoughts, and "thoughts are things."

In his "Principles of Nature and of Grace," Leibniz says that "Substance is a being capable of action;" elsewhere he tells us that "Substance cannot be without action." Activity, then, seems to be the characteristic of Substance, according to him; and as we learn in the "Monadology" that the Monads of Substance are the elements of things, we may define it as creative activity. Substance, he tells us, is simple and compound; compound Substance is Substance differentiated, having qualities, extended in space as we see it in the world about us. And he tells us that as there is compound Substance there must also be simple Substance, or that out of which the other is differentiated or compounded. He calls the parts of simple Substance, Monads, and tells us that these are the real elements, the atoms, of nature. The apparent contradiction here is reconciled when we perceive, from what follows, that since Monads are uncompounded they are not in time and space, and hence their apparent variety is simple unity. In other words, the Monads of Leibniz are but limited aspects of the Monas of Pythagoras, and this is the Logos or Divine Reason of our universe. The finite according to Hegel, is the specification of the Infinite Notion or Monad; its particularity in which it continues "serenely equal with itself." Its finitude is in the fact that it is, in its separation from its Universal, untrue. The finite according to Leibniz, is distinction, wholly internal, of the Monad, in its stages of development or self-realization. These are the Monads. Evidently this is the same thought as that of Hegel, only expressed in the Leibnizian phraseology. Hegel posits the eternity of the distinction, and thus of objectivity. Leibniz believes in the final reduction of the multiple consciousness to Unity by the progress of development towards original ideality as simple Substance.

To reduce the foregoing to simple language, I will say that the Monas, or Logos, or God, is the Ocean of Consciousness of which the Monads are the limited parts (roughly speaking),—the degrees. The distinctions are internal, intensive; not external, extensive. Everywhere in the Universe are these Monads, and Leibniz divides them into three classes: 1. The bare or undeveloped Monads, the mineral atoms, found also in plant forms, which we are accustomed to speak of as unconscious; 2. The Conscious Monads, animals; 3. Rational or self-conscious Monads, or men. Remembering that Substance of which these are the “parts,” is creative activity, the Soul of the World, we see that nothing exists devoid of soul, though there are degrees of its activity. These differences in degrees of consciousness, or in self-recognition, constitute the differences in the Monads, and this consciousness is an intellectual activity; is mind, or *perception*. The principle of change he calls *appetition*; so that Monads have *perception* and *appetition*. Monads pass from lower to higher degrees of perception in virtue of the principles of desire or appetite. Thus we see that the Monad is a trinity of Desire, Intellect, and that in which these inhere, the simple Unity of the Monad. These correspond to the Trinity of Will, Knowledge and Power of God. Desire or appetite, then, it is which gives force and direction to thought. Appetition is the directing element of mind. Intellection without it is aimless, ineffective, without force. Desire ripens into Will, which is the positive power of the mind. Appetition and perception proceed together and are essential to one another. Leibniz does not, in so many words, offer the modern classification of mental powers into *thought, will and feeling*. Feeling and will are stages in appetite. As there are three classes of monads distinguished by their respective stages or degrees of consciousness, and as appetite is the principle of their change, so there must be three stages of appetite, distinctly marked, yet merging, as do the degrees of perception, into one another: 1. The mere impulse of the bare unconscious monads; 2. The animal instinct or blind desire of the conscious monads; 3. The rational will of the rational, self-conscious monads.

We have seen that monads are the constituent parts of simple substance, the primary atoms of the universe. Thus they correspond to, or are identical with, the Ideas of Plato, the Entelechies of Aristotle, the Egos of Kant and Fichte, the Reals of Herbart, and finally the Notion of Hegel. They are the souls of things, the only real existences. As simple, uncompounded substance they are ingenerable and indestructible. Their number is infinite, yet no two of them are alike; their differences are stages in degree of some primary quality. Nature, according to Leibniz, is a *plenum*; there is no void space. Thus all monads are connected together in the sense that all are parts of a Unity, standing each in certain definite relations to the rest; yet indirectly, only through its relations to the whole. No monad is affected directly by any other. In the 51st section of the "Monadology" he says: "But in simple substance the influence of one monad upon another is only ideal, and it can have its effect only through the mediation of God, insofar as in the ideas of God any monad rightly claims that God, in regulating the others from the beginning of things, should have regard to it. For since one created Monad cannot have any physical influence upon the inner being of another, it is only by this means that the one can be dependent upon the other." Thus there is a mutual adaptation of the monads to one another, and whatever relates to or influences one monad, must have a corresponding effect upon every other in the universe. But the changes must result from an internal principle, since no external cause can have any influence upon the monad. This internal principle is perception, which is the power belonging to the monad of representing the whole universe of monads, each being a mirror of the whole. Its activity consists in passing constantly from one perception to another of greater clearness "according to the law of desires"; and he tells us in the "Monadology" that "Thus it is in a simple substance, and not in a compound or in a machine, that perception must be sought for. Further, nothing but this (namely, perceptions and their changes) can be found in a simple substance."

As to the body of the monad, we learn that although each

created monad represents the whole universe as in a mirror, it represents more distinctly the body which belongs to it and of which it is the active principle or soul. As there is a connection of all monads, and perfect order and adaptation of substance in the *plenum*, the body of the monad must be organic; each organ of the body must have a central or dominant monad, and subordinate to this, an infinity of less developed monads depending on this central or ruling monad; and, as Leibniz tells us, "the smallest particle must be considered as a world filled with an infinity of different creatures." In regard to the governing monad we find, in "Principles of Nature and of Grace," the following clear statement: "Each specially important simple substance or monad, which forms the centre of a compound substance (e. g. of an animal) and the principle of its oneness, is surrounded by a mass composed of an infinity of other monads, which constitute the body of this central monad." And in the "Monadology" he says: "The members of this living body are full of other living beings, plants, animals, each of which has also its dominant entelechy or soul."

The theories of Wallace and Darwin are anticipated by Leibniz in what he calls the "*transmigration and transformation* of an animal already formed." Organic bodies, he tells us, always come from seeds; and in these there is some preformation, not only is the organic body in the seed but the soul, i. e. the animal, is there and, to use his exact words, "by means of conception this animal has merely been prepared for the great transformation involved in its becoming an animal of another kind. Something like this is indeed seen apart from birth, as when worms become flies and caterpillars become butterflies."

No review of the principles of Leibniz' Philosophy would be fairly explicative without some reference to his theory or doctrine of the "pre-established harmony" which explains the mutual relations, or agreement, of body and soul. The mode of mutual interaction of soul and body had always been an unsolved problem in philosophy and theology. Descartes starts with the assumption that there are two perfectly separate and independent principles at the foundation of the uni-

verse, *thinking substance* and *extended substance*. But as he denies that there can be any influx from one to the other, or that one can in anyway influence the other, the problem of the mutual relation of soul and body, or of mind and matter, is left unsolved. Spinoza reduces the two original primaries to one, telling us that "Substance thinking and substance extended are one and the same Substance," viewed under two different attributes. This seems to lead directly to Leibniz' idea of one Substance, clear perception (apperception) existing in an infinite number of degrees (from confused perception to clear self-consciousness), the obscuration or confusion of perception being the body or material side of the universe. Thus we have the one consciousness, of Kantian philosophy, objectifying itself in the world. In the "Monadology," Leibniz uses popular language, and tells us that there is, between mind and body, a pre-established harmony. Soul proceeds according to psychic law; body, according to physical law; yet there is harmony between them. This is because they are representations of one and the same universe. He says: "Bodies act as if (to suppose the impossible) there were no souls, and souls act as if there were no bodies, and both act as if each influenced the other." His illustration of the three clocks, is interesting and will throw some light upon his thought in this connection. In the "Third Explanation of the New System," he says: "Suppose two clocks or two watches which perfectly keep time together. Now that may happen in three ways. The first way consists in the mutual influence of each clock upon the other; the second, in the care of a man who looks after them; the third, in their own accuracy." This third way, he says, illustrates the contrivance of the "Divine foresight which has from the beginning formed each of these substances in so perfect, so regular, and accurate a manner that by merely following its own laws, which were given it when it came into being, each substance is yet in harmony with the other."

In closing the *Monadology* (which consists of but ninety paragraphs) Leibniz says: "If we could sufficiently understand the order of the universe, we should find that it exceeds

all the desires of the wisest men, and that it is impossible to make it better than it is, not only as a whole and in general, but also for ourselves in particular, if we are attached, as we ought to be, to the Author of all."

Perhaps a short biographical glimpse of this mental giant will not be out of place in closing this article. Leibniz was born at Leipsig on the 21st of June 1646—over two hundred and fifty years ago. His father who had occupied the chair of philosophy in the University of Leipzig, died when he was but six years old. His training during the first years of his life, devolved upon a pious mother, who allowed him the free use of his father's excellent library. As a consequence, he was a prodigy of learning at the age of fourteen years. He had studied such ancient authors as Herodotus, Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Plato and others, as well as the Roman historians and the early church fathers. When at the age of fifteen he became a student in the University of Leipzig, his attention was absorbed by such modern authors as Bacon, Kepler, Galileo and Descartes. In 1666 he completed his studies, but on account of his youth the authorities of the University refused to give him his doctorate in law. His thesis, *De Casibus Perplexis in Jure*, was immediately accepted by the University of Altdorf. At Nurnberg, the capitol of a small republic, he took up his abode for a year, becoming secretary of a society of Rosicrucians with which he had connected himself. Here also were established those social and diplomatic relations with Baron von Boineberg which were of such importance to him in the labors which he undertook at this period of his career. Subsequently he visited Paris and London. In the latter place, he became acquainted with Sir Isaac Newton. His name is associated with that of Newton from the fact that each independently discovered the method of the calculus at about the same time. The method of Leibniz was published about nine years earlier than that of Newton, and the names and signs he devised are usually employed in preference to those of Sir Isaac.

We will not follow him through his busy career. It is of interest to note that after becoming familiar with the doc-

trines of Aristotle, Hobbes, Malebranche, Descartes, and Spinoza, he returned to the loving study of Plato; and that he translated the *Phaedo* and *Theaetetus*. He worked out his system during the years of his residence at Hanover. He wrote the "Theodicee" at the suggestion of his friend, Queen Sophia Charlotte of Prussia; and it is claimed that he composed the "Monadology" for Prince Eugene of Savoy. His intellectual activity made him eminent in the fields of Theology, Philosophy, Mathematics, Physics, History and Diplomacy. He died in Hanover in the year 1716. Of Leibniz, the "Father of German Philosophy," as he so undoubtedly was, Eckhart says: He spoke well of everybody, and made the best of everything. "He often congratulates himself on being self-taught, and thus being able to avoid acquiescence in superficial, ready-made knowledge, to strike out new paths of his own." Diderot says: "When one considers oneself, and compares his talents with those of a Leibniz, one is tempted to throw books away, and seek some hidden corner of the world where one may die in peace."

"O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows
 That is not music; every weed of thine
 Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;
 And every little brown bird that doth sing
 And every humble hedgerow flower that grows
 Holds something greater than itself, and bears
 A living Word to every living thing.
 Albeit, it hold the message unawares.
 All shapes and sounds have something which is not
 Of them: a Spirit broods amid the grass;
 Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
 Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
 The touch of an eternal Presence thrills
 The fringes of the sunset and the hills."—*Realf*.

Faith is a garden wherein the seeds of fear, or worry, never take root.—*Corning Edwards*.

GOD, THE ALL.

BY M. SHANKLIN.

No man may know your inmost thought. Only God understands. When you struggle to express your heart's truest sentiment, for all your words are clear and holy, yet the quick thought lies within, unexpressed, inexpressible. In this unvoiced thought God understands you, for the thought is the language of God to your soul. His thought to your soul may not be translated by audible tongue.

The wild rose gives her sweets to the laughing child and to the passing breeze, but the secret communion with God, by which the odors are stored in her heart, she can not lend you or teach you. So you, the thoughts of God that arise in you can be given forth in the strength of syllables, but the fountain source can not be communicated.

You may walk in close harmony with the dear one, hand clasping hand in attestation of unconquerable sympathy. This is but seeming. With God you stand alone,—He is your close-walking companion in all hours, through all scenes. You may forget the companionship; He remembers, always. You came forth from God,—you are His, His only. The one by you must also stand and walk with Him, Him only, for that one came also forth from the bosom of the Father. That one is, too, a Son of the Most High, and you may know that inmost heart only as you learn your own heart in which God is. Friendship, companionship, are symbols of our indissoluble union with our Maker. Beautiful though they be, they can not serve to satisfy. We are God; therefore, God only can fill our lives. The inner life is His, and no dear friend can partake of that holiest communion. In his own heart, the friend must rear the sacred altar, and there stand in instant communion with his God. He is priest and high priest to his own soul, you are priest and high priest to your own soul.

No dear friend may share your sorrow. He may, in tenderest sympathy, listen to the word by which you seek to translate your grief. He can not take away your grief.

Only God can do that. Only God can cause the radiant smile to appear, drinking up the ready tear. Your friend may counsel wisely, but if the word seems true, it is no more a man's voice speaking. It is then the God-voice calling you, and to it you must give heed. To God you will turn when these tones are heard, and in God your grief is assuaged.

No friend, however dear, may enter into your hopes. The voice of God, calling to you from the secret chambers of life, you must follow. You may strive to impart the sweetness of those tones, in love for which, if need be, you would joyously dwell in the desert place. At its call, you haste to forsake all things which thrill not in response to its melody. No creature is able to separate you from the living joys of its word to your soul's understanding. Then, though all should turn from you, though all should utterly cast you out, in your heart you answer back to your Maker, "Lo, I rejoice to do thy bidding."

Alone we live with God. With God alone we hold communion. Symbols and signs we employ in the world of shadows, for the flesh is the glass through which we darkly see. Deep answering to deep, you, not the symbol, and your brother, not the symbol, all men, stand forever a unit in God. The divided sense names God as many. When we perceive God as all, sense becomes one, soul no more is multiple but is a unit, and spirit is known to be universal.

In God forever, from the beginning which was not, until the end which shall never be. The symbol fails for it beneficence ceases. The sign no more is, for it is no more needed. You are.

You are not alone. He in whom you are, still is. He who has hitherto sustained you is yet all-powerful. Fear not. There is nothing that can come near you but must pass the scrutiny of divine sight. In that sight is love. Will love let come to you anything which is not good? You would not so much doubt an earthly love as to think that. Will not the love imperfectly expressed as mother, child, the dearly loving one, be surpassed by that inclusiveness which gives form to all affections? If the earthly parent seeks to give good gifts, will not the heavenly Father, in wisdom and

love bestow the thing needed to the needed degree? If the dear one whom you trust, finds the greatest happiness in doing for you, have peace in the knowledge that God can and will do much beyond this.

Beloved, do not let the dull cloud of doubt for one breath obscure to your sight the tender, ever-glowing radiance of the all-love. If clouds be already arisen, know that the effulgent center is not blotted out. Behind the cloud it shines. Ay, through the cloud it shines. If you will fix your eyes on one beam, behold! the cloud is gone, and only the glorious light is there, dispelling fear and doubt and sorrow. No unrest can abide that subtle gentleness. In that light, if you will steadfastly hold your soul, all things un-Godlike disappear, cease, are utterly dispelled, and you are free.

I have walked the village streets in the quiet of the early spring twilight. I have seen the cheery hearth-light brighten the clear dusk, and in its glow I have watched the happy children. I have heard, while at their play, their care-free laughter floating out in the tranquil night hush. I have observed the mother moving about in loving service to her dear ones, spreading the evening table, brightening the fire, smoothing the rebel curls of her smallest darling's head, and her face to me was the beautiful Madonna, for on that face was written love, and gentleness, and trust. As the father approached, I have lagged my steps that I might witness the gladness of the little home when the babies sprang to his outstretching arms. Above, the steady stars shone, and early leaves showed yellow in the dim light. On the happy picture within, and on the serene one without, I heard pronounced the time-sentence: Transitional.

Then I knew that it is the spirit that endures and is eternal. Others will succeed to the fireside. The little ones will become men and women; they will separate in the missions assigned them by the universe, and occasional memory is all that will bring to them the life in the well-kept cottage. The trees, now soft and green in the spring twilight, will disappear in form, to be succeeded by others. The tree idea will remain while the world endures, and this will reproduce the form in progressive beauties of color and shade. The

immortal spirits of father, mother, child, will continue without end, linked to the eternal God. From glory they will succeed to glory, in their growing harmony with the universe. They can never be less than they now are. They must, in heart union with their cause, approach in likeness nearer and nearer to that cause. Not in the perishable do we find the heart of good. In spirit it is that our spirits attain abiding repose.

I have walked the outskirts of the little town, in the dusk of the autumn evening. The glittering stars fixed their rays on me and thrilled my soul with the blessings of their peace. The odorous air touched my face like the caressing wave moves on the still sand, and it held me like benedictions from angels. Through the darkening shadows, the younger needles of the pine trees flushed, tender as the spears of springtime grass. In that holy hour earth and sky responded to each other in a grand antiphonal chorus, "Glory to God in the highest." With them my exultant soul sang, and the joy of our praise encompassed the uttermost heavens.

I have been abroad with the night when the home lights dotted the horizon and sent out broadening shafts from the nearer spaces. Overhead, the black clouds drove, and in the far north, flashed the red and yellow lightning of late summer. Remotely in the southwest, from recesses of dark clouds, looked out the silver crescent of the young moon, with a brilliant star in seeming nearness to its slender curve. The shadow-tinged breeze swept by, the night insects shrilled their high-pitched melodies. Only I was there to see and know the beauties nature displays, careless of witnesses, for mere love of being, which is beauty in all forms.

I have wandered over the hills in the early hours of a cool summer morning, when white fog wrapped the face of earth in a cloud vesture, obliterating forest, mound, and sun, and only I seemed in that world of close-lapping whiteness.

I have trodden the crystals of a sparkling winter day, when the keen wind searched the glowing body, when it beat against the battens and encroached on the domain of the blazing grate.

I have stood beneath the towering pinnacles of mountain

summits clothed in the snow of ages. I have watched the tide flee swiftly out, I have heard it come sounding back against the barriers set by earth. I have followed the unmarked path leading across the desert void.

In all these varied scenes, I have traced the harmonies of a Divine Workman. Yet the seeking heart would question the creature for knowledge of the creator, and to the star I said, "Oh, give me to know of your source." And the star spoke through the still, blue distance, "Wisdom is in God. I am but his witness."

Of the storm scene, the tender moon, the night breeze, and the household lights, my heart inquired "Whence art thou?" And the united answer came, "We are all in God, seek him in spirit, not works, if thou wouldst be wise."

To the cloud mists which wrapped me close, I entreated, "Oh, teach me, I pray, your cause." Then the cloud answer penetrated my understanding, and this was its message: "I am of God; he alone is." To the frosts I supplicated, "Why art thou? Unfold to me your source, oh, ye who speak of the unknown." Then, the glittering rime speaking, made reply, "Without God there is nothing. Turn to him if thou wouldst attain understanding."

The mountain height, the sea's flood, the desert place, to my questionings all did say, "We are testimonies of Him thy soul seeketh. He is not in time nor space."

I have stood on the prairies, where one long, expansive, grass-billow succeeded to another for many miles, with neither wood nor stream to break the evenness of their great stretches. Over the sea of prairie a high moon spread her infinity of white light, and over the sea of prairie a strong wind swept. Through the sky, far up, I heard the motion of the air as it swelled, decreased, and again rose in volume until it fluttered the long grass like reeds through which a swift wave pours. And my soul arose with the wind, and we sped the heavens, free, triumphant, exultant. As we raced together, I spoke to the wind, imploring, "Whence art thou, what is thy cause, and what is to be thy destiny? Reveal, I beseech of thee, the cause of thyself." The wind slackened its pace to make reply, and I delayed that I might

have my heart rested by wisdom. Slower yet we moved, so slow that not a grass swayed as my companion said, "Lo, I am because God is; I shall be while he is; yet not I, but the spirit that causeth me to appear."

Thus in the God-mirror which man names nature, have I learned of God in the bosom of substance. The things which appear, by their own word, declare themselves to be evanescent. Only when their spirits communed with my spirit did I grasp eternity and the meaning of life. Then I retired to the high places, to identify myself with the unchangeable. There said Wisdom to me, "One."

I heard the song of the lark as he thrilled the air with his exquisite notes. The early sun slanted across the green meadow-plain, and in its light the myriad dewdrops flashed like a lake of jewels. The south-wind but faintly stirred, for over all nature yet lingered the calm of the recent night. Only the bird and I looked upon the sky and meadow, only we felt the pulsations of soft air. From my open chamber window I saw and listened, from a swaying weed he saw and sang. Our two hearts were united in praise, for the lark-like voice was the high note of my thought audibly expressed. Our two hearts were united in understanding, for my heart said, "Peace is in God," and the bird responded, "It is so."

I have looked into the eyes of a child and there saw not impotence, but strength; not ignorance, but wisdom; not immaturity, but the overcoming, triumphant, soul. To all these I said, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." To this greeting was made reply by the intelligence I saw, "Being is out of time and in eternity. What has been and what shall be are they which now are."

To the power I feel, but which I dimly apprehend, I have prayed, "Teach me, oh, God, the mysteries of living." After a space, my soul caught the message from high heaven, "In thee are all the mysteries. Listen to the voice of God as it speaks to all thou wouldst understand, and there shall be no more mystery. Turn from the traditions of men and be taught of thyself. All things are revealed in wisdom, where thou mayest dwell; life, which thou art, is all."

In this assurance have I satisfied my soul and found peace. In this light have I seen revealed the God-glory as it dwells in His universe, illumining the heart of man and permeating all his works. God is all to all men, but men name Him by different names. He is all the works of man, but men turn from their works to search Him out in a closer walk and manifestation in the seen and in the unseen. He is all the love of man, and men cling to the assurance that God is love, that He loves and pities His children far beyond any earthly expression of tenderness.

God is man's infinite source; He is man's destiny. By all his travail, struggles, and wanderings, man approaches his Creator, ever nearer to him than the enveloping physical atmosphere. By all his confident, strong prayers, by all the in-springing assurance of Divine nearness, man seeks out the God from whom he is never separated.

We breathe; it is the symbol of the holy spirit sustaining us. We think; it is the effort of man to cognize God. We speak; it is our audible testimony of the word of God. We live; God is life. We are; God is. This is the sum of wisdom.

God is in his universe; sometimes he shows himself as a bird, sometimes as the trailing vine upon the hillside, sometimes as the pebble tossed from the hand, sometimes as the creeping thing upon the ground.

In God, we behold all things perfect. There is not one thing to be taken away; there is no thing to be added. He is not less than all; He is the fullness of perfection. In Him, all we desire, we possess. In Him, that which we would not, exists not. In Him, there is no anxiety for friends, wherever they may be; they are there, I am here. God is both there and here; we are not separated, for in God is not space. In God, there is no fear of the morrow; we were, we are, we shall be. The time element has no place in eternity where our destinies are cast. In God, there is no doubt, for from the beginning He knows the end, and in Him, we also know. The end, like the beginning, is in God.

LITTLE JOHN'S MESSAGE.

BY LLEWELLYN FLOWERS WITHERS.

Maria Culver was a New Thought Woman. She had been brought up by a mother who believed in education, and had given Maria the best her purse would afford. Maria had graduated with honors in the high school of her town, and had four years of college training. Her mother, Mrs. Filmore, was a woman of natural refinement, and wide sympathies, which extended to the animal kingdom, and although she never read an article against meat-eating in her life, she loved the beautiful cows and sheep and the other animals too much to have them killed to satisfy an appetite which she believed to be unnatural. So when Maria married at the age of twenty-two, she was well equipped with a mental and physical organism for the duties that lay before her. Her husband was a Christian Scientist, and, while there was some difference of opinion between them, they were both living up to the highest they knew, so there was no discord. About a year after their marriage, a little boy was born, and they called him John. He was a beautiful baby, with fine brown eyes, and very curly hair. When the little fellow was five years old, he was fat, rosy and sweet tempered. His father and mother were very proud of him, and determined that he should be taught correctly, and live in an atmosphere of love. No cross words were ever spoken in the home, and he had never heard a complaint of sickness, or anything else in his life. His every moment was one of joy. He ran through the house singing and laughing, and making every one who came near him very happy. His parents began very early to give him lessons in Truth, not only in words, but by their actions. If they felt irritable—and they sometimes did—they never allowed one unpleasant word to escape their lips.

But an old Aunt, who had known much of sorrow, came to visit them, and she had scarcely been in the house an hour when she began to complain of her aches and pains, and to express general dissatisfaction with the world and everybody in it. Now Maria wanted her Aunt to have a very pleas-

ant visit, but when John opened his big eyes and asked what she meant by a headache, and being miserable, Maria was very much disturbed, though she kept affirming the Truth. But seeing John must have an answer to his questions, she took him aside and told him Aunt Jane had had many troubles, and did not understand how to be well and happy as he did.

"Can't you teach her, mother?" he asked.

"I will do my best, dear," his mother answered. But she found it a hard problem, for she did not like John to hear so much complaining, and one day when he came in and said he had the headache and rheumatism, she felt the first great fear that had entered her heart since the birth of her boy. With her eyes full of tears, she crept into her husband's arms one evening, and gave vent to her feelings.

"Why Maria, I am surprised at you, dear! Do you not know John will one day have to go out into the world, where he will hear all these things? I thought my little wife was proof against fear. God knows how to take care of the boy, and you must not be discouraged. Your fear, you know, will react upon the boy; but if you hold the thought of happiness and health in your heart, Aunt Jane too, will catch the radiance of your joy, and in time health and peace will be restored to her. Show her by example, at least, that you are living a Gospel of health and happiness, and before you know it, the gloom will disappear and she will begin to want what you have."

"But dear little John," Maria sobbed, "has never heard of sickness or sorrow before."

"But he will hear it sometime, and we must teach the unreality of sin, sickness and death, and you need not fear the result. He will respond now just as he has always done. Let me call the little fellow in and prove to you how groundless are your fears.

"Come here, John, father wants you."

The little fellow came bounding into the room and threw his arms around his father's neck.

"How well and happy my boy is. Health, joy, peace fill his heart."

"I was sick today," answered John. "I did not know it until Aunt Jane said she had rheumatism, and I asked her how it felt, and when she told me, I knew I had it too."

The father laughed as he hugged the boy up close to his heart.

"No, you haven't got the rheumatism. People never have it unless they have bad thoughts," answered his mother, "and our boy has none but good thoughts."

"Yes, I have bad thoughts sometimes. I thought yesterday that Aunt Jane wasn't nice a bit, and that's bad."

"Well," said the father, "you must not think that any more. Disease and unhappiness are not real, and if we always have our thoughts full of love about everything and everybody, there will not be room for anything else."

"But Aunt Jane is not good, she told me so herself, mother."

"Aunt Jane is God's child, my boy, and when she learns the Truth as you know it, she will not feel sick nor unhappy."

"I am going to tell her that, father," and the boy was off in a minute with his message of love. He found the old lady nursing an aching foot.

"I am going to teach you how to be well and happy, Aunt Jane," he said, sitting down at her feet.

She frowned at the boy, and asked him how he would teach her.

"Just think good thoughts all the time, and you won't have the rheumatism."

The old lady was a consistent member of the church, but pride rose strong within her when a boy of five years offered her instruction, and she believed that his parents, whose views she opposed, because, as she said, it was the devil's work, had told him she was evil. So she was very angry, and determined to have it out with them. She forgot all about her crutches, without which she had not taken a step for years, and gathering up her skirts swept out of the room with the speed of a sixteen year old girl. Without taking time to knock, she came upon Mr. and Mrs. Proctor with a red face and menacing manner.

"What new nonsense is it you have been putting into that boy's head, Marier? He haint got no more manners than a young billy goat. You think I'm mighty wicked, you and Tom do, but I've got my name on the church book which is more'n either of you can say. I'll bet you ain't heard a Gospel sarmon since you've been married, and that's the reason your child is bein' raised like a heathen. If he was my boy I'd use the limb of a peach tree on him until he learned some respect for old age. He romps through the house like a young calf, and my nerves is that weak that I can't bear a bit of noise day or night."

"I'll ask him to be more quiet in the house after this, Aunt. We never pay any attention to his noise and it does not disturb us at all, but we want you to be comfortable," said Maria.

"Mighty comfortable I'll be with that young scapegrace reminding me how wicked I am" said the elder with a scowl.

"I am sure," answered her niece, "he did not mean that, for he never heard the word evil until you came into the house. We have tried to teach the little fellow to always think loving thoughts about every one, for that is the only way to be well and happy."

"Tryin' to instruct a woman old enough to be his grandmother twice over agin. I come here hopin' I might help you an' Tom out of your sinful ways, and this is the thanks I git! I guess I'll pack my things and go tomorrow back to the place where people worship the Lord like they ort to."

"My dear Aunt," said Maria, "we all love you, and want to see you happy. You say you came here to help us to be better Christians, but you have talked about everything else since you came,—about your aches and pains and sorrows, but never one word about the Christ who went about doing good. He healed the sick, cast out devils, and was always ready to help people, and He said His followers should do the same work. His was a religion of love, and we are trying to live it; but if we are continually thinking about our grievances, we do not have the time to do His work."

Aunt Jane, for once, could find nothing to say, though she twice opened her mouth to defend her position. For the

first time since she came, the old lady seemed to be speechless. But she was determined not to be convinced, and rising from her chair, she suddenly remembered her crutches. She looked helplessly under her chair for them, but they were not there. Then she regained her speech.

"Which one of you hid my crutches?" she inquired angrily. "It's just like you to try to make me walk without 'em, an' I haint moved a peg in sixteen years without 'em."

Maria could not repress the smile that broke out all over her face, but Tom looked sober.

"You did not bring them in here," he said, "but I will assist you to your room."

The old woman accepted the offer, and after he had said "good night," in the privacy of her own room, she sat down to reflect.

For several days she kept on complaining as usual, but quoted Scripture between her complaints. But one day she grew very ill. There was no physician within ten miles, and Tom was away with the horses.

"I believe I'm dyin' this time, Marier, an' I'm sorry for bein' the torment I have been to you. Somehow, I'm afraid to meet my Maker."

The old woman writhed in agony, and great drops of perspiration came out all over her face.

Maria saw this was her opportunity, and sitting quietly down by her Aunt, spoke the Truth, as never before. In a little while Aunt Jane was asleep, and when she awoke, the pain was all gone.

It was months before she was restored to health, but when she went back to her home, she was a different woman. The crutches were left behind, with all her complaints, and now she tells her children and grandchildren that little John was the cause of it all.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. If he knows I am happy in loving him he will want no other reward.—*Thoreau*.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION IN BALTIMORE.

The National Woman Suffrage Association held its 38th annual convention in Lyric theatre, Baltimore, from February 7th to 13th.

This convention with its large delegation and its long array of well known speakers indicates the growth of the idea of equality between men and woman.

The fundamental statement of the Science of Being, that man is in the Image and Likeness of God, that the attributes ascribed to God belong to man, includes truth in its wholeness, and covers a wide field of thought in its full demonstration.

Here we find a class of people who have been awakened to the consciousness of one part of truth, and again another class who recognize another part of truth.

Man in the Image and Likeness of God, includes man and woman, each equal to the other, and each vested with equal privileges and powers, though various.

Viewed from the New Thought standpoint the growth of the woman suffrage movement means the development of the divine feminine idea in the mind of humanity. The God-Mind is both masculine and feminine. For centuries the masculine element has predominated and dominated. Now the woman consciousness is being awakened, not only in the minds of women, but in the minds of men, for every attribute that is essential to an ideal woman is equally essential to an ideal man. All the moral, all the mental, all the spiritual requisites of a true woman are equally requisite to a true man. The man of Galilee, the highest type of manhood, proved this true, expressing in himself the attributes of the Father-Mother God, and the noblest men in years past and today have espoused and are espousing the equal rights movement.

The present woman suffrage activity had its inception in the minds of a few great hearted and broad minded men and women a half century ago, among whom were Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Frances Wright, Susan B.

'Anthony, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendall Phillips, Frederick Douglass and many others. All were imbued with a love of humanity,—a love to do good—that enabled them to live above and to live down the ridicule and opposition that greeted their efforts.

As a result of this movement, woman has gained in self-respect, far greater educational advantages have been accorded her and better opportunities to earn an independent livelihood.

The recognition of woman's equality includes the recognition of man's equality, not in the human, but in the divine mind, and is one great essential of a perfected humanity.

LOTTA P. CHENEY.

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear—believe the aged friend—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love—
How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is,
And that we hold henceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And having gained truth, keep truth: that is all."
—*Browning.*

"Refuse to see yourself as one who can be crushed by another or by any form of suffering. Attract from life the elements of love, which you can send back to those who have held the power to create in you the sense of hatred or resentment."—*Mary Robbins Mead.*

"It is impossible to be plain, ugly, or uninteresting in late life, if the mind keeps itself occupied with right thinking."—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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WHAT OUR BIBLE MEANS TO US.

Many people think that in this day of enlightenment and advanced criticism they have outgrown the Bible. Others hold to it tenaciously and believe that in it is to be found everything necessary to life. There are even a few people left who can say that they accept without question everything in it from cover to cover. These are the people who take things on the authority of others and believe throughout their lives what has been taught them in childhood. Many have looked upon the so-called "higher criticism" as something to be afraid of because it was in danger of destroying the Bible. Others have realized that the most it could do was to destroy the dross and leave the gold. Now it may be well for us to remember at the outset that the world has many bibles. The two books we call our bible are only a very small portion of the sacred writings handed down. If all the Vedas and Rig Vedas were gathered together there would probably be enough to fill a large room. A book in any way related to life must be considered in two ways—that of the outer history and the inner meaning. All books bearing on the interests of humanity have these two phases. Some of course have more of one element than the other. The sole object of some is to disclose this inner life and these are called sacred, because, consciously or unconsciously the deepest desire of mankind is to realize this inner life in all its truth and full-

ness. Our own Bible tells this story in Genesis—in Job and indeed throughout. The successive stages of creation are in reality successive stages in soul unfoldment—character building. The different characters in the old and new Testament represent different ideals of humanity. As ideal succeeded ideal, history after history was given to the world. It matters not whether we call them Abraham or Moses or David—each personality stands for a distinct development in spiritual perception—a definite ideal. Every true life contributes a fresh standard and higher ideal, to the world. Now sin is failure to follow one's own ideal. That is all the sin there ever could be in a human life. The Master said "If I had not come, ye had not had sin." He set a new standard—gave a new ideal and in their failure to meet it they convicted themselves of sin. The Bible is then, first of all, a history of the unfoldment of the soul. We have too long been used to reading superficially and giving no heed to the underlying motives and meanings. Every faithful record of human life is also sacred and holds this inner meaning in its symbolism. We can understand this only as we come ourselves into the same states of feeling. We can all doubtless recall having read certain passages of the Bible numberless times and seen little in them beside the narrative of the surface, until suddenly a new experience of our own illumines the allegory.

Take the instance of John the Baptist. He felt it was necessary for his own peace of mind to give up all the average man holds dear, the benefits of the civilization of his day and live alone in the wilderness. It would seem as if in so doing he had cut himself off from reaching the people but they came out to hear him even in the wilderness—those for whom he had a message. Some argued that only a great man could do such things; others of lesser understanding insisted

that a man who would follow such a course must surely be crazy—possessed of a devil. It is only as we approach a phase of mind or development ourselves that we can rightly interpret this phase in others. We have all read the narrative of Jesus' life; doubtless we have pondered over it and given it earnest thought, but only as we feel it pulsing within us, only as we ourselves unfold in a measure toward the Christ ideal can we really understand the story of that life. Each of us lives at one time the life of the purely physical plane—all our interests are solely those of the outer world. Later we come to take an intelligent part in the problems of the world—we recognize a great first cause, perhaps we call it God. We think of him as the ruler of the universe, separate and apart from us,—we discern him through law and order and then we too begin to make laws and to order and direct affairs. We do not yet feel God as life in ourselves—our own souls. This is the time that we live under the law; we are like Moses who from the top of a high mountain saw the promised land but was not able to reach it himself. While we are in this stage of development, any violation of law brings a sense of judgment and condemnation. By degrees we realize that what seemed evil was only good in the making,—in our own minds evil is overcome with good, we cease to waste our forces in resisting evil, the psychic powers begin to unfold in a perfectly normal way—we have glimpses into the unseen land, we know at last that the outer life is a symbol only and we begin to live the real, the inner life for ourselves. And not until we reach this point and realize the life of the spirit can we read aright our own or any other Bible. The Bible does not discover things for us but we discover truths in ourselves and find their confirmation in the Bible.

There is nothing that we do not at first discover in ourselves. Otherwise we could not understand it. Man's inner life transcends anything he can think or reason about. Thought and reason have to do with the outer life. Consider the truth of this—a man who had never known hope or joy or love, how could these experiences be explained to him or be made clear to him through his reason? He must feel them to recognize them intelligently or associate and relate them to the outside world. Of two people looking at the same tree, one sees strength and beauty and fruition while to the eyes of the other only the outer form is evident. It all depends upon the individual development. Not even the clearest sighted among us, I suppose, sees a hundredth part in any landscape or scene that there really is in it. As we unfold to the inner beauty we know more and more of the outer. I have sometimes listened to the various comments upon a sunset—one will see the depth and richness of color as with the eye of the spirit—another will see only red and blue—yellow and white—clouds and a horizon line—nothing more. The state of a man's own development determines his view of the outer world. The law is written in the life of man and all the Bibles in the world are only the recording of it. It is the same law whether we find it in our own souls or in the old and new Testament or elsewhere. Every book, history, fiction,—is in a way a Bible—just in so far as it pictures the real things of life. Every simplest story has its message and nothing can be written that is not a record of the soul's unfoldment whether of actual realization or of hope and imagination. Often we only understand ourselves as we touch another's life or see ourselves reflected. And every man's reading of life is different. Notice the difference in compar-

ing the four gospels. Matthew is interested in certain practical facts—he goes into great genealogical detail, but other than the actual words of Jesus we find little that is lofty or of purely spiritual significance recorded. With the exception of enough material to make about three chapters, there is nothing new in the whole gospel of St. Mark. He has taken most of his material from the others. In Luke's writings we find recorded most that is miraculous, picturesque, striking, while from first to last John is the mystic. His chief concern is about the inner life. He passes over without note such unimportant things as genealogy. Only the great vital facts appeal to him. The very first sentence in his Gospel at once differentiates it from all the others—rightly translated it reads "In the great forever was the word and the word was with God and the word was God." The first sentence in Genesis should be read "In the great forever, God creates." There can be no beginning nor end to creation—it is an eternal process. John realized that. He also realized that this "word" of which he speaks is not a different creation or message or expression. He emphatically tells us that it is the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." We have so long associated this phrase of John's with the particular manifestation of divinity that we call Jesus, that it is difficult for us sometimes to get the original point of view of the author of the fourth gospel. The literalists have insisted that the "word" was Jesus and Jesus only. John clearly tells us that it is the will of God written in the soul of every man. It is written in the constitution of all things—bound up in the fibre and life of every created thing, and there is no possibility of ever losing or escaping it. It must "become flesh"—must become manifested, realized, to

the uttermost, in the outward man, the outer world. When this "light that lighteth every man" seems obscured it is because of the dimness and darkness of the mentality. John first lays down the truth that the divinity we call Christ is potentially in each one of us, and then says it is in line with this very law that Jesus came. Many of us have thought that the difference between Jesus and ourselves was one that could never be bridged. He is divine and we are only human, it is argued, and we can never attain to the height of his character. Now if this were so, of what service would the life of Jesus here on earth be to us? What meaning would the study of it hold if it was certain that we could never attain to it? This is not the teaching of Jesus nor of any of those nearest him. They urged earnestly that we seek to have "the spirit that was in Christ Jesus,"—that we "be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect" for "to know Thee is life eternal." It follows that we must all attain to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. "Let the same mind be in you"—that is, we must think the same thoughts, do the same deeds. And this, we are told, would bring complete salvation—when we are conscious of the action of this mind in ourselves—salvation of the body as well. There was a time when men thought that a frail and sickly body was conducive to greater spirituality. But remember, we really build our own bodies—our temples fit to meet the needs of the indwelling spirit of God. Jesus said "destroy this temple and in three days I will build it up." The habitation must be in keeping with the nature of the inhabitant. If the I is the builder it understands its own requirements and unless interfered with by the mind of man it will build in keeping with its own character. The mind can either hinder

or co-operate. In so far as the mentality is influenced by the inner glow of life it is of real service to the building soul. All life-pictures then partake of the inner health and harmony. It is when the mentality interprets externally received thought-pictures of life that the body inevitably reflects weakness and incompleteness. And so we are told "if the spirit of him who raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his spirit that dwelleth in you." Now remember this, there is no quickening of the body without this indwelling spirit working from the center outward throughout the whole life. This is the true Christian doctrine—the true Christian method. It was also understood and taught ages before Christ by the seers of those times. There is no other way. The strength of the body is not in its outer environment or ministration, it is in the inner temperance that expresses itself in outer temperance—the inner cleanliness and poise that bring about their outer counterparts. Now if we strive to simulate these outwardly, if, for instance, our mentality alone decrees and tries to strive for temperance then we will find sooner or later that our expression of it is partial and distorted. We will be temperate in our eating and drinking perhaps and otherwise in our speech or reading or study. It is only when we know poise in the inner life that we can be "temperate in all things." There is no other way—through realization of the inner life is the only way to any lasting achievement or vital happiness. One may ask in view of all this of what service reading the Bible or listening to lectures or doing any one of the numberless things that are accounted aids to higher living, really are. As I see it, the chief lesson we are to learn from all we

get from others or from the work of others is the basic truth that "we are members one of another" that at heart we are all one and what is truth to one may call to the truth in another and wake that other's soul to a realization of its own inner powers. A great painting, an earnest, beautiful story—any work into which the worker has put his own soul's message will speak to the soul of every beholder. This is why we should never try to imitate. If we have any message let us give it. No copy can hold the vitality of the individual word. This is the sole end of all effort and achievement—to waken the soul. Sometimes the mental impress retained may do this eventually though at the time the soul was not reached. So it is well to read, to listen, to question others of the way, but we must always remember that the vital, creative impulse of each life comes from the center of each. As we grow, new illumination comes. Everything in the every day life means more than ever before. We have learned the esoteric language of the universe. The Bible is like a chart. We can learn much—or rather we can have the comfort of corroboration—from the experiences of other souls. But it is not by thinking or reasoning that we can understand the deepest in any life. A complete life knows all the so-called evil as well as the good. We can not truly understand the life of Jesus until we have lived that life for ourselves. When the mentality asserts itself and dominates the life there is darkness. The darkness is not evil—it is merely the lack of illumination—a lack of adjustment—the wrong relation. There is harmony when the mentality serves the soul, for this is the true relation. All evil comes simply through ignorance, all good through the free outflowing of the soul forces through every avenue of the life. Every soul must travel

the same way, for only so will each be able to understand all. To understand the life of Jesus we must ourselves know every experience of it even to crucifixion itself. While I do not regard the Bible with the superficial respect that I once did, I have a far deeper, though a different, reverence for it. It has a far realer meaning and import to me. What I have lost is of no consequence in comparison with what I have gained. And I think you will find as you go through life that this is so in regard to everything—whatever is lost through growth is more than gained in that same development.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

“There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent, can hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great,
All things give way before it soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course?
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each well born soul must win what it deserves;
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why, even death stands still
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.”

“Begin now the eternal life of trustful consecration and sanctified service, consciously drawing your innermost life from God.”

“Nurture your mind with great thoughts; to believe in the heroic makes heroes.”—Disraeli.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE UNITED STATES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By **Pierce Leroy-Beaulieu.** Authorized translation by **H. Ad-Pierce Bruce,** Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London, 1906.

By right is this book to be considered the most noteworthy work in the United States since Bryce's "Commonwealth." The author is in sympathy with American institutions and marvels at the States' development socially and economically. The book is entirely given to Statistical comparisons and deductions and all figures are drawn from our last Census. Together with the works of Bryce and Mynsterberg it forms an excellent library on the economics of the U. S. A.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE, THE DOUKHOBORS. By **Aylmer Maude,** Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

There is a phase of "New Thought" which is not given enough of attention. That phase is the religious movement of our own day. It is a movement not limited to the United States, Australia and England as "New Thought" in the narrower sense, is. Outside of the English speaking people other nations express themselves according to their inspirations. Among such people are the Russian Doukhobors. A number of these are now settled in Canada through the efforts of the author of this book. They are now for the first time made known to the West in a way most satisfactory and fully. No student of the mystic sides of "New Thought" can be without this book.

THE EVERY DAY WORK. Just a Thought for Your Birthday. **Elizabeth Towne,** Holyoke, Mass.

This is a daily Memoranda book and it has keys for every day of the year drawn "from the hearts of New Thinkers, Sunshiners, and some of us who have long dwelt in the fair land of Arcadia." The compiler is **Suzanna Wardlaw.**

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE. A handbook of six lectures of Edward Howard Griggs, B. W. Huebsch, New York. 25 Cents.

THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF BROWNING. A handbook of six lectures by Edward Howard Griggs, B. W. Huebsch, New York. 25 cents.

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It is hardly necessary to recommend these handbooks. They are as excellent as the scholarship of their author and as necessary for the general student of the subjects as the daily bread.

ADVANCE COURSE IN YOGI PHILOSOPHY AND ORIENTAL OCCULTISM. By Yogi Ramacharaka. The Yogi Publication Society, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., 1905.

We occidentals must of necessity accept what the Orientals tell us about Yoga and can say very little by the way of criticism. The whole subject is so foreign and strange to us—excepting those few chosen ones who claim rightly or wrongly that these books are written for them exclusively. We shall leave them all these intricacies and ancient ideas. We live in the New and the New is as good as the Old. We are glad to find a lengthy analysis and explanation of “Light on the Path,” that little occult manual, that has been a stumbling block to so many. Hereafter it will be possible for many to use that manual to advantage.

MIND-TRAINING. A Practical System for Developing Self-Confidence, Memory, Mental Concentration and Character. By Victor G. Racine, Human Science School, Chicago, Ill.

This is a common sense book and a useful compendium of well known ideas on the subjects it treats. It contains no metaphysics, but is a book of rules. At times it hits “New Thought” people rather hard.

"THE LIFE OF WALT WHITMAN."

Some of the most conspicuous examples of the New Thought have been ignorant of the name, because they flourished before it was used, and of these none is more helpful to study than Walt Whitman. By a sure instinct he felt the unity of all spirit, and saw himself in all other living things, and at the same time he felt the poise of the individual and the impregnability of his integrity. He came as a great, sane, jovial wanderer from some other planet where such ideas are axiomatic and comradeship and "adheiveness" are common qualities of life. He was preeminently a Lover and he was enamored of the world and all that therein is. This was such a novel sentiment that it is hardly surprising that very few recognized his significance, although among them from the first were such thinkers as Emerson and Thoreau. It is a curious fact, and not very flattering to us as Americans, that he found a much heartier reception in England than in this country, and was treated seriously there before our critics had begun to do him tardy justice. It is not unnatural then that the first full "Life of Whitman" should just have been written by an Englishman, Mr. H. B. Binns, and published by an English house, the Methuens of London, and now after some months' delay the same book appears in New York with the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co.

This book has been warmly welcomed by the British press and it deserves it. The labor which Mr. Binns has spent upon its preparation is marvellous. He came to America with that end in view and pursued the memory of Whitman into all his haunts from his birthplace at Huntington, Long Island, to his tomb at Camden. He went everywhere and questioned everybody and his energy never failed. He found an old pilot at Fulton Ferry who still remembered the Walt of pilot-house days back in the fifties. He hunted up all his old friends and made a most interesting collection of photographs of places and people related to Whitman, including seven of the poet, and these pictures, thirty-three in all, give a special value to this book, in which they are reproduced.

Such a labor of love is sufficient to prove the sympathy

of the author with his subject. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Binns while he was here, and I took him up to see John Burroughs at his North River home, a journey of nearly two hundred miles in all, which he did not hesitate to take in order to pass an hour in conversation with one of Whitman's close friends. I knew then that Mr. Binns had the enthusiasm which is necessary to a good biography, and now his finished work shows that he has also the insight, the comprehensive grasp and the literary skill which his undertaking called for, and the result is a work which is likely to prove the definite biography of the good, gray poet, with such additions and emendations as the future publication of written material, as yet not made public by its custodians, may necessitate, which work Mr. Binns may well live to complete.

It is a very interesting picture of the development of a man that this book presents, a child of the people, a carpenter's son, running wild over the beaches and fields of Long Island and early learning to love the "populous pavements" of the city as well. He must have been bewildered by the wide range of his tastes. He loved the loneliness of the woods, and the crowds on Broadway. He was equally at home watching a sunset over the great south bay with the rapture of a poet, or riding up and down town on top of an omnibus. He frequented the opera and theatre, made friends of the convicts in the prisons, was devoted to little children, and no less interested in flowers and animals, and with the sum total of them all he was deeply in love and felt himself at one.

No one who longs for the evolution of the race along lines of greater spirituality and unity should fail to read this volume. It gives a practical example in the flesh of the possibility of living out our thecries. In Whitman we learn the entire workability of love and sympathy. He became a living magnet drawing people to him, often in an inexplicable manner. Even when bowed down by years of suffering and paralysis, he continued to be a dynamo, radiating strength and health on those who entered his circle. We need the en-

couragement of such an example, and we are fortunate to have it presented with such power and ability.

ERNEST CROSBY.

When we attempt to walk the mystic sea to Christ and the waves roar and toss boisterously, that is because we are too near the shore. We are keeping too near the earthly nature.

Leave the shallows! Dare the roughness! Step with perfect faith from wave to wave out to the tranquil deeps.

Near the shore the waves can baffle and jostle us back.

Brave out into the depths and know the surge of the sea from its heart, where there is that calm and peace that does not even hint of waves on the shore.—*Elizabeth Fern.*

"The broom or the spade or the shuttle, that plies
Its own honest task in its own honest way,
Serves heaven not less than a star in the skies—
What more can the Pleiades do than obey?"

—*James Buckham.*

The diamond may be obscured by the rough stony covering, but rest assured that when Divine Love needs the diamond-heart of man, the throb of its inner glory will permeate all the forbidding exterior, and reveal a wonderful gem.

It is worth while to unfold the zeal and love that dwell within. They are the fire of the diamond-heart. The gem may be seemingly buried in hardness, but it cannot evade the true searcher of hearts. All our concern is the forming of the gem, and though we apparently do little, if we keep the fire alive, it must sometime declare its existence. The searcher has need of our radiance.—*Elizabeth Fern.*

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.—*George Washington.*

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VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1906

NO. 3

THE RELATION OF THE NEW THOUGHT TO RE- CENT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

PART I.—THE SCIENTIFIC MEANING OF RELIGION.

BY HENRY FRANK.

The right use of reason is the supreme qualification of humanity. All human beings are potentially rational, and differ merely in the degree to which their rational faculties have been developed. There is no traceable difference between a primitive barbarian and one who is civilized, save that the one has continued in undeveloped mental conditions, whereas the other, through the lapse of centuries, has risen higher and higher in the conscious attainment of his intellectual powers.

Education, to be effective, must be symmetrical. I regard no education as genuine that is merely partial, that appertains alone to one department of an individual, or interests alone a single faculty of his being. Complete education must be round, full, proportionate; it must divide itself equably among all the faculties, all the various departments and elements of a human being. Otherwise it makes him intellectually, or morally, or physically, lop-sided. His passions, thoughts, purposes, aims, judgments, would, therefore, be confused, unbalanced and contradictory. His education,

however extensively developed, in one department to the expense of another, would hinder his true growth rather than develop it, and leave him one-half barbarian and one-half civilized, one-half a scholar and one-half a brute.

In like manner must we conceive of religion, science, philosophy. We must study them not as if they were distinct and unrelated phases of human investigation and discovery; but as equal partners in the large equipment of the human mind.

If our science is not well sustained by the fundamental principles of our philosophy then there is something wanting either in our philosophy or our science, and they can be conciliated only when we discover the faulty premise on which one or the other rests.

If our religion, likewise, falls into direct conflict with our science, which is grounded on undeniable and authentic facts in nature and experience, then the life of such religion is already circumscribed, and must meet either speedy annihilation, or consistent harmonization with scientific discovery and deduction.

Mere belief, in and of itself, is utterly valueless, if it asserts itself in spite and defiance of such truth as nature palpably reveals. It is futile for us to hug a religion which is available alone for some imaginary heaven, but utterly at variance with a scientific interpretation of earth and human life.

In all the infinite there can be but one truth as there is but one universe. That cannot be true in heaven which is false on earth, or true in one science which is false in another. The sciences are all mutually balanced and mutually harmonious. Who would have faith in the rudiments of chemistry if they were disputed by those of astronomy; or of biology if they were contradicted by those of metallurgy? In short we have a systematic and consistent science, merely because the universe is one, and the same laws and forces, the same elements and substances, prevail throughout the infinite. Were it otherwise science would be impossible.

Why then should man ever have imagined that his religion gave him the privilege of absolutely ignoring the in-

controvertible fundamentals of scientific truth, on the ground that religion possessed a truth unattainable and beyond the conception of the scientific mind?

If it were true, it would prove the contradiction and therefore the inconsistency and inharmony of the universe. With such a discovery any further advancement in scientific attainment would be impossible to man. But the fact that a law in any section of the universe, however infinitesimal, prevails alike through all the cosmos, affords a sane basis for a comprehensive science, the burden of which is merely the discovery of truth.

Why, then, for so many centuries have there been such utterly irreconcilable contradictions between religion and science, as to set the two camps in constant conflict with one another? To me the conflict of the centuries has been so preposterous, in the light of the present interpretation of the universe, that I marvel men ever permitted themselves to be so entangled.

To plunge, then, at once, into my subject, let me ask, what is religion? Numerous, indeed, have been the answers; interminable the disquisitions in search for a final understanding. Says Cardinal Newman, "By religion I mean the knowledge of God, of His will, and our duties toward him." Says James Martineau, "By religion I understand the belief and worship of Supreme Mind and Will, directing the universe and holding moral relations with human life."

Says Matthew Arnold, "Religion, if we follow the intention of human thought and human language in the use of words, is ethics heightened, enkindled; lit up by feeling; the passage from morality to religion is made when to morality is applied emotion."

Max Muller, analysing and commenting on these and other definitions, remarks: "Thus we see that each definition of religion, as soon as it is stated, seems at once to provoke another which meets it by a flat denial. There seem to be almost as many definitions of religion as there are religions in the world, and there is almost the same hostility between those who maintain these different definitions of religion as there is between the believers in the different religions."

Thereupon Mr. Muller proceeds to present and contend for another definition of religion which he feels sure must meet the approval of all contending disputants. He says "Religion is a mental faculty, which, independent of, nay in spite of sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the infinite under different names and under varying degrees."

But all these definitions are merely efforts to define a metaphysical chimera, whose reality may easily be called in question. Why should we confuse ourselves by high sounding words and speculative disputations? Whatever may be the ten thousand varying definitions of the metaphysical conceptions of religion we all know that in human experience it is a very simple and easily apprehended fact. There is indeed but one meaning to religion and there can be but one.

Religion is a force, the same as any other in nature. It is the energy of the human mind that lifts a man to thoughts higher than he is wont to contemplate; to feelings that aspire toward lofty ideals; to efforts that exalt and ennoble his moral nature. Anything else than this that may have passed for religion in human history has been but its stultification and libel.

History has confused religion with man's interpretation of it. In reality religion has no logical relation to the theology. Theology is man's attempted systematic interpretation of his conception of the existence of a Supreme Being. Religion is man's attempted interpretation and understanding of himself. The two have been made to stand for each other merely because it had been supposed that man could aspire to noble things only when he thought he was worshipping an invisible Being who reigned supreme in the universe. Once proved that man can ascend in moral development without an appeal to the imaginary external Deity, and the alleged correlation between religion and theology falls to the ground.

Theology is merely man's effort to analyze, apprehend and appreciate that power, inherent in his nature, which he knows as religion. No human being was ever devoid of religion, nor can be. Religion is a natural force, a moral energy, a world-power, present, not only in every human heart,

but in every living thing that has been generated on this planet throughout its existence.

Will you question the religion of the queenly flower, or the inspiring plant, or even the rude weed? Do you not feel in touch with the religion that thunders in the booming tides, or ripples in the brooklet, shines in the glory of the sun or sparkles in the stars?

Is there no religion in the rock, or the ruby, or the diamond? Are not the teeming bowels of the earth—the vast tumultuous forces that forever toil for the continuous development of the myriad forms that earth engenders—moved by most solemn and portentous religious principles? I believe that every star and sun, the deep significance of the blue of night, the impenetrable ether and tremulous atmosphere of planets, the succulent and fruitful soils, the rich growths of the vegetal world, the infinite variety of living forms that crawl or swim or fly or walk, that each infinitesimal unit of the infinite universe, is impelled to some far end by the inherent force within it that makes for higher things. In all there is profound, eternal religion, because each is moving onward to some loftier ideal.

If this be not religion, what is?

Indeed we shall realize the rationale of religion in human life, only when we shall understand that it is not an experience of the human being alone; but rather that it is a natural force, operating in every form and feature of existence, and finding in man its final and most supreme expression.

“Say not their work is done:
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
But in the life of others multiplies;
Say it is just begun.”

“A man who has not got happiness cannot impart it. We can only give what we have.”—*Amiel's Journal*.

THE FORTY-TWO STATIONS IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THE REV. KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE, A. M., PH. D.

As to the forty-two stations in the wilderness as symbolizing the initiation of a human soul from the physical to the spiritual, there is at first some little difficulty because the number 42 will not divide on the zodiacal basis, and the writer after a thorough search repeated several times on this basis, gave it up in despair, as he could not persuade himself that he found sufficient traces of certainty to justify any such division. By the suggestion of a friend, however, the secret seemed to be revealed. There were not 42 stations in the soul's progress although 42 in the Wilderness. There were seven more stations in the Promised Land before it was finally conquered and the ark of the testimony rested permanently in the Sanctuary, these seven last stations corresponding with the sabbath or the day of rest, or the progress through the seventh principle, Atma, to the very Holy of Holies, the establishment of the Sanctuary at Shiloh. So we have 7×7 or 49, and everything is perfectly plain, as will appear from the following analysis:

1st. Starting from Heliopolis, the city of the sun, Ramesis, the names of the stations are as follows:

1. Succoth, meaning booths,
2. Etham, where were seven wells; meaning boundary;
3. Pi-hahiroth, meaning the place of meadows;
4. Mirah, wilderness of Etham; with the bitter wells; meaning bitter.
5. Elim, meaning oasis, of palm trees;
6. Red Sea, the crossing of the Red Sea;
7. Wilderness of Zin, meaning cliff or place.

It will be noticed that this degree corresponding to the lowest physical principle of man's nature, ended with the crossing of the Red Sea,—leaving the material world for a higher sphere. It symbolizes the physical body, by the station, 1st, of booths, second, of boundary, 3d, of meadows, 4th, the bitterness of the physical alone, 5th, the palm trees,

still symbolizing the nature rooted to earth; then there is the crossing of the dry ground standing on the firm land beyond the river, ready to begin the upward and onward road.

The test of this degree consisted in the bitterness of the waters; the instruction, in passing through the Red Sea; and the crowning or reward, the view from the cliffs, where Miriam, the Sister of Moses, sang her great song.

The second degree, corresponds to the body-formalizing principle in man, and is composed of the following stations:

8. Dophkah, meaning cattle driving;
9. Alush, meaning wild place;
10. Rephidim, meaning plains;
11. Wilderness of Sinai, meaning cliffs;
12. Kibroth-hattaavah, meaning lust for the flesh graves of lust;
13. Hazeroth, meaning enclosures, courts, villages;
14. Rithmah, meaning broom.

This refers well to the astral plane, in the formation of cattle into herds; the *villages*, showing again a collection of houses into an organized city; *broom* refers to the collection of small particles into a heap;—the formative principle being thus reflected in most of the names. The *wild place* suggests the formative principle by its very opposite of uniformed, chaotic wilderness. *Plains* shows it again in the grouping together of low marshy places into one large plain. *Cliffs* shows it again in the collecting of particles of stone into large rocks.

In this second degree, there were, as usual, a test, an instruction and a crowning or reward. The test consisted in the preparatory suffering and thirst, and then the battle with the hosts of Amalek; the holding up of Moses' arms in prayer by Aaron and Hurr, being interpreted to mean day and night.

The instruction consisted first in the meeting between Moses and Jethro, his father-in-law, and as an evident result thereof Moses giving the Law to the Children of Israel on two tablets of stone; the crowning or reward consisted in the beginning of the gift of manna as a result of the lust for

food satisfied by quails and punished, but permanently supplied by the daily rain of manna, ending with the condition of purity symbolized by the name of the last station of the degree, *broom*.

The third degree, corresponding to the initiation of the unformed vitality of man, consisted of the following stations:

15. Rimmon-Parez, meaning pomegranate;
16. Libnah, meaning whiteness;
17. Rissah, meaning heap of ruins;
18. Kehelathah, meaning place of assembly;
19. Shapher, meaning fair;
20. Haradah, meaning terror;
21. Makheloth, meaning assemblies.

Pomegranite refers, of course, to the vitality of vegetable life, which this principle represents. Whiteness, according to its use in the Old and New Testament, suggests the ripeness of the harvests of grain. A heap of ruins in almost the same position as *Etham* in the first degree, and *alush* in the second, by its contrary shows the opposite of vitality,—a heap of ruins. The *place of assembly* refers to human vitality; *fairness* to the activity and welfare of the higher organism of the human nature. *Terror* suggests the same vitality in unpleasant matters. *Assemblies* summing up this vital human force in its most complete and perfect form.

These stations were in the wilderness of Paran where the Children of Israel abode while Caleb and the other spies went into the Promised Land and brought back the good report. Vitality itself, a wilderness, a chaos, may from time to time by prayer or aspiration, be transmuted into spiritual vision. This would be the single chance view of the Holy Land, which it is the aspirant's purpose to transfer into a continual development as a permanent, settled order of affairs.

This third degree corresponds to the third sub-race, the Titans, referred to as the Sons of Anak, Numbers XIII, 33, who caused such terror to the Children of Israel that they wept for grief. Then the vitality, losing itself again, instead of progressing right into the Promised Land,—the

Children of Israel were driven again into the Wilderness, where they were all to die with the exceptions of Caleb and Joshua, who were ultimately to enter the Promised Land again,—showing that the vitality which is not transferred into higher life, is doomed to perish, and only the little upward growth caused by the chance temporary upliftment remaining as a promise and a guide for future development, into the Promised Land; then when vitality has been given the chance for the higher life, it attempts these struggles in its own blind ways, which are doomed to perish, just as the Children of Israel when they had been doomed for forty years more wandering, decided to go up of themselves and were scattered by the Amalekites, smitten and discomfited even unto Hormah, meaning a devoting, a place laid waste, or the human body shorn of its strength; a carcase.

This degree like the others had its test, its instruction and its crown or reward. The test was the voyage of discovery for the Promised Land in a vision; the instruction was that without the Lord's guidance their attempts against their enemies were hopeless, and the crown was the promise that Caleb and Joshua should ultimately after forty years, when all the lower elements of their nature should be eliminated, enter the Promised Land in person.

The fourth degree leading to the initiation of the fourth principle in man, that of his desires, was composed of the following stations:

22. Jahath, meaning depression, humility;
23. Tarah, meaning turning, duration, wandering;
24. Mithcah, meaning sweet place;
25. Hashmonah, meaning fat soil;
26. Moseroth, meaning bonds;
27. Bene-jaakan, meaning sons of one who turns;
28. Hor-Hagidgad, meaning Mount of Thunder.

The significance of the names of these stations is unmistakable. We begin with depression, humility as the opposite of desire, in order to define it. Just as near the beginning of each of the former degrees the definition was given by its contrary. Desires are continually turning, wandering,

—the name of the second station. The sweet place is one of the most desirable things,—next we have the station of fat soil; but these desires are bonds, the fifth station, and these bonds are the sixth station, the sons or results of the one who turns, whereas the noise of desire is signified by the seventh station, the mountain of thunder.

This degree of initiation is well symbolized by the incidents which during this period occur; the rebellion of the Reubenites, and to well show that this is the human degree,—(the first corresponding to the Gods, the second to the demi-gods—the third to the Heroes, giants and Titans,) we have here the enumeration of a number of men, Korah, Dathan and Abiram and On, taking men with them to go and chide Moses and Aaron. So we have Korah, meaning hail or baldness, the result of oil, which is the son of Levi, or adhesion, fountain, garland; Dathan, belonging to a fountain, Abiram, loftiness, or a deep fountain of vitality, sons or the result of Eliab, or the divine origin of human vitality. On, meaning sun, or strength, or light, the son of Peleth, meaning swiftness,—and many others, too numerous to mention.

This degree as all the others, had a test, an instruction and a crown or reward. The rest consisted of these desires raising themselves up in pride against Moses and Aaron, who represented the higher tendencies of man; their being swallowed up finally by the earth.

The instruction consisted of the flowering rod, showing that the divine, after the killing out of the desires, makes the human rod or character to burst out into the flowers of immortal life; the crown or reward was when definitely and for all time the Levites or sons of Aaron were made holy unto the Lord. Human desires being swallowed in the ground, the men henceforth permanently dedicated to the divine.

The fifth degree, corresponding to the initiation of the fifth principle in man, mentality, his ability to go either way, the joys of mental activity, of holiness, or doubt and scepticism, are symbolized in the fifth stations, as follows:

29. Jotbathah, meaning pleasantness for water;
30. Ebronah, meaning bank, beach, passage, coast;

31. Ezion-gaber, meaning backbone of a mighty one;
32. Kadesh, wilderness of Zin, meaning holy, low-land;
33. Mount Hor, land of Edom, meaning mountain of mountain, red;
34. Zalmonah, meaning terrace, ascent;
35. Punon, meaning ore-pit.

As usual, near the beginning we have a definition of the principle by its opposite, and here as the opposite of the dubious choice of the thinking man, we have the backbone of a mighty one; something which is absolutely without this element of intelligent choice, being the expression of mighty law.

Pleasantness for water is the first station; next we have bank, beach, passage or coast, all containing the idea of duality; lowland, the fourth station, is also dual, referring to high-land, which we find in the next station, the mountain of mountains, the great Petra or Mount Hor: This is also well symbolized by the sixth station, meaning terraces or ascent, and by an ascent into an ore-pit, or pit for precious metals; again in contrast, the last station of all suggests the precious metals for which the ascent takes place, to be supposed on the Mountain of Hor.

This suggests the purifying of the mental faculties by the discipline of logic and acquaintance with facts, and this is borne out by the events which took place during this time; Miriam leaving Egypt and entering the desert; then Aaron the high priest passes away in the mysterious rock city of Petra on Mount Hor, without dying, like Enoch. This is the beginning of wisdom, the raising of the brazen serpent and the healing of the people, bitten by the downward serpent of sex; they are raised up by the upward serpent, which is vitality resulting in wisdom. This is symbolized by the fourth root race, or the history of the Atlantean age, great in spiritual powers and civilization (mental powers) they finally came to work magic for their own purposes, working for self, which brought its punishment, (just like the Children of Israel being bitten by the serpent,) a caty-clism of water, the saving of a few of their race, referring

to the struggle of the remainder of the Children of Israel to learn the serpent lesson.

This degree like all the others had a test, an instruction and a crown or reward. The test consisted in the changing of the old male-female, non-mentalized principles (notice that Aaron does not die, he is translated,) so the old lower nature does not die, but is turned upwards to better uses, transformed, transfigured in other words.

The instruction consisted in the fact that individual mentality beginning, there arises dangerous unregulated thought, and the point of the instruction is that they result in disease. The crowning was the revelation of the upward serpent, and the healing results from the right upward conduct of the mental life and its thoughts.

The sixth degree, symbolizes the initiation of the sixth principle in man, his spiritual body, or the opening of his spiritual senses; the names of the stations are as follows:

36. Oboth, meaning hollows;
37. Iim, (Ijeabarim, in Moab border), meaning heaps of the further region;
38. Dibon-Gad, meaning river-course, wasting, a troop, good fortune;
39. Almon-diblathaim, meaning hiding of the circles, (cakes);
40. Mountains of Abarim, before Nebo, meaning passages, fords, rivers, heights;
41. Plains of Moab by Jordan near Jericho; meaning water of a father; descent, fragrant;
42. By Jordan from Bethgesemuth to Abel Shittim in Moab, meaning place of desolations to meadows of acacias.

Like all the foregoing degrees, it begins with a station indicating its opposite, or what it has just left; so we have here hollows as an indication of the fulness of spirit which we are about to enter. For the second, we have heaps of the further regions; this results in the third stage of good fortune, a troop, which results in the hiding of the circular cakes; then their passing on to the next station, the passages of the rivers, into the high places whence descend the waters

of the father, turning the place of desolation into a meadow of acacias. This mention of the father is prophetic of the next degree, on the heights of which, and in the grove of acacias, the initiation is to take place.

This degree depicts the opening of the spiritual senses to the spiritual world, clairvoyance, clairaudience, thought transference, and all the intuitions.

As relates to the races, this degree is the present human race as we know it in historical times, beginning with the first race of the gods or remainders of the Atlantean civilization, then the second or demi-gods of which we read in the different mythologies, then the heroes such as Hercules and others who were taken up into the sky, and lastly our civilization and the dawn of the newer future in the American development as the synthesis of the European nations.

This degree like all the others had a test, an instruction and a crown or reward. The test consisted in the knowledge of whether the call of the King Balak was divine or not; Balam had to try to hear the inner guidance which however overcoming by his desire for wealth, he was rebuked by the ass, on which he sat and when he did get on the mountains and beheld the children of Israel, was in spite of himself forced to bless them. This vision of the Children of Israel before him and building the fires of divination on the different altars are significant of clairvoyance, clairaudience (the voice of God.)

The instruction consisted in the revelation which he was forced in spite of himself to make in blessing the Children of Israel, the people of God, and the crown consisted in their finally reaching the waters of Jordan and two and a half tribes going over to the promised inheritance.

The seventh degree symbolizes the initiation of the highest principle in man, his spiritual consciousness, and is symbolized in the last seven stations of the wanderings of Israel,—not their wanderings in the desert which contained only 42 stations, but the seven stations as mentioned in the book of Joshua leading to their final establishment of the arc at Shiloh, the place of rest. (This looks as if the name had been given on purpose.) The names are as follows:

- 43. Ai, meaning a heap of ruins.
- 44. Jordon, meaning a descent, flowing;
- 45. Jericho, meaning a fragrant place;
- 46. Gilgal, meaning rolling away;
- 47. Shechem, meaning back shoulder blade;
- 48. Gibeon, meaning built on a hill;
- 49. Shiloh, meaning place of rest.

As usual we find the degree defined at the beginning by its opposite, Ai, meaning a heap of ruins, seeing that the human being is just about to invoke the divine spirit into the celestial temple that he has built in the last degree; which is the opposite of a heap of ruins. Jordan means the descent of the Holy Spirit into its temple, Jericho the redeemed dwelling place of the sex principle, Rahab, now become gracious, which is its meaning. Then they progress into Gilgal, which is the rolling away of the stone from the sepulcher or sanctuary; the stone has been removed from the sanctuary of the human being so that he can at any time he pleases commune with the angel who there appeared, the captain of the higher hosts. The first expression of the permanent divine presence is the law, which is symbolized by the next station, Shechem, meaning back shoulder blade, the duality of which reminds us of the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim which flanked this great city of Samaria, and from one of which was recited the blessings of the law and from the other its curses. By obedience to this law, man progresses to Gibeon, meaning built on a hill. Now man is able, fighting his enemies, like Joshua to make the sun and moon stand still while he fights his battles and conquers. Here it is that after the battle with his enemies,—the five kings shut up in the cave of the body, whom he subdues,—after having done this they become his servants.

The five kings taken out of the cave and despatched, were
 Jerusalem, meaning vision of peace,
 Hebron, meaning joining alliance,
 Jarmuth, meaning high, height,
 Lachish, meaning hard to be captured,
 Eglon, meaning relating to a calf.

After putting his foot on their necks, suggesting subduing them, they are crucified on five trees, and remain there un-

til the evening; they are then thrown back into the cave and imprisoned again, no longer rebellious but useful servants. That these five kings represent five principles of man is evident, as the narrative goes on to mention seven other kings, among whose names these are repeated, showing that they were now redeemed and with the other two are vassals who go form the Theocracy,—the perfect man..

The two kings added to the former list were Gezer and Debir, making the full list as follows:

Makkedah, meaning place of shepherds,

Libnah, meaning whiteness,

Lachish, meaning hard to be captured,

Gezer, meaning place cut off, precipice,

Eglon, meaning, relating to a calf,

Hebron, meaning joining, alliance,

Debir, meaning inner sanctuary.

The five kings shut up in the cave, we have said were the five principles shut up in the fleshly and astral bodies,—Makkedah and Libnah. Now Makkedah was the name also at which the battle took place, where was the cave with the five shut up in it, so that naturally it turns out later to be the lowest principle. Of the first list of five imprisoned kings, and of the last list of seven, we find three are identical; two are different, but it does not take much of a strain of the imagination to identify Jerusalem, meaning vision of peace, with Debir, meaning inner sanctuary; nor to identify Jarmuth, meaning height and Gezer meaning a precipitous place.

The last station of the seventh degree is Shiloh, meaning place of rest, where for the first time the arc found a permanent resting place. Here it was that Samuel came and learned of Eli, and this was ever after the name of the first and most sacred sanctuary of the Jewish nation. Here we are in the vision of peace, in the place of rest, in the sanctuary of the Most High.

If these correspondences which we have noted in this journey of the forty-nine stations are all coincidences, it is certainly the most strange coincidence of all that the forty-nine should all occur in perfect order. The importance of

the above may be seen from the fact that until the present time nobody has worked out the details of the correspondences of this important initiation; ever since the time of Philo Judea, who was a contemporary of Jesus, to the present, a few mystics have from time to time said that these forty-two stations represented the development of the soul, but nobody has ultimately worked them out until by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances it has become possible for us at the present time to grasp the whole scheme naturally, in sense and in detail; and by putting together the details, to get a perfect, comprehensive grasp of the whole.

We thank thee, Lord, for work, that binds the days
 Into an ordered plan and keeps our ways
 Attuned to system; grasps our scattered powers
 And welds them into strength; takes fragment hours
 And weaves them into fabrics strong and fair.
 What matter if the work we do shall bring
 No meed of wealth or praise from seer or king?
 The sculptor, knowing that his dream in stone
 Will perish e'er the last loved stroke is done,
 Works on; nor lets that fate his skill impair.

*For work is work's reward; the primal curse
 A blessing is become; the universe
 Proclaims that work is life, and rest, decay.
 The very birds toil when they seem to play,
 Nor flower nor vine their bidden office shirk.
 Lo, sweat is better for the mortal brow
 Than crowns; for (how, we know not, but somehow)
 The diadems are ever lined with thorns;
 But he whose brow God's bidden sweat adorns
 Is blessed thrice.*

God give us daily work.

—W. Kee Maxwell.

He who talketh much retardeth not only his own unfoldment, but also, that of everyone within sound of his prattle.

THE RIGHTEOUS CLAIMS OF EGOTISM AND OF ALTRUISM.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Quite recently the statement has appeared in public print that in addition to the "Iron" rule of conduct which bids us render evil for evil; the "Silver" rule which counsels us to return good for good and the "Golden" rule which urges that good be rendered in exchange for evil, there is still another rule which should be the guide of all who accept modern spiritual philosophy, a "Diamond" rule which exhorts us to do "all for others." Beautiful and ennobling though the sentiment may be which is couched in such uncompromisingly altruistic language, there seems room for dispute as to whether such a precept is truly practical or altogether desirable. The charms of altruism consists in its avowed unselfishness, and we are often told that to be saintly we must be selfless. But is this counsel entirely sound? Will it stand the test of rigorous investigation, or is there somewhere a defect which renders it less than perfectly satisfactory? Egoism is doubtless far more ancient than altruism. It is indeed the most primitive of all philosophies, entrenched as it is in that stronghold of self-preservativeness which is the primal instinct of every living creature. "I must protect myself" says every form of animate existence and human entities offer no exception to the universal rule. Egotism is a corrupted and insufferably conceited form of egoism and does not rank among philosophies, therefore we need not now discuss it, but simple egoism or individualism must be reckoned with as a permanent factor directing human conduct. Altruism is extremely difficult to comprehend though mutualism, which is pure philanthropy, is readily comprehended. Even Tolstoi, the most nearly altruistic of all great characters now in the public eye, must pay some heed to his own requirements or even he could not sustain existence on the earthly plane. But the question is evidently raised by advocates of the "Diamond" precept, can we not care for ourselves because we know that by so doing we are

helping others? The answer is readily given that we can, but this granted is it not well to inspect our motives a little closely and put ourselves on guard against exaggerated statements which may lead us unconsciously into the quagmire of hypocrisy. That there may be a few exceptional individuals who do all with a view to the good of others is quite conceivable, but we need, when formulating a philosophy, to adapt it to the rank and file of honest aspiring human beings, not to render it acceptable only to a very small minority of exceptionally spiritualized individuals. A highly respected English bishop, late of the See of Peterborough, said that the "Sermon on the Mount" was never intended for ordinary humanity but exclusively for special disciples who, to use theological language, had been called to transcend the way of the commandments and walk in the narrower path of the counsels of perfection. That there is some justification for that view cannot be gainsaid when we remember the peculiar circumstances amid which the body of doctrine thus designated is said to have been enunciated, and research into earlier and contemporary literature by no means disposes of the idea that exceptional teachers sometimes gave exceptional teaching to exceptional disciples. The doctrine of extreme non-resistance advocated in such familiar sayings as "whoever would deprive you of your coat let him have your cloak also" and "whoever would compel you to go one mile, go with him two miles" is susceptible of more than a single interpretation. It therefore becomes us to endeavor to grasp the widest possible application of such counsels if we profess any regard for their authority.

With the state of the Roman world and the Jewish people eighteen or nineteen centuries ago we are not now immediately concerned. We cannot, however, afford to entirely neglect historic features if we are to clearly grasp the genuinely practical import of teachings which are said to constitute the original basis of Christian ethics.. Judea was a Roman province and Cæsar's eagles were displayed in Jerusalem as a sign of Roman supremacy at the beginning of the Christian era. Then, as in many later as well as earlier times, certain Jews were extremely ready to take up arms

and fight to rescue Zion from servitude to Rome.. The more spiritually-minded teachers in a community are always averse to warfare, and the wisest among them, owing to deep spiritual penetration, are able to clearly foretell the literal uselessness as well as barbarity of a fierce material contest. They consequently use their utmost endeavors to proclaim a policy of non-resistance by brute force, but they never hesitate to advocate mental and moral resistance to iniquity. The over-valuation of material things leads many a man and woman to think very highly of the surrender of coats and cloaks and all sorts of material goods and chattels, which in the eyes of seers and sages are of very little value. A neighbor may be in destitute circumstances and require certain garments of which you have an over-supply. Let him have them if he wants them, says the spiritual master, but never give up your honor. Your extreme generosity may win for you the good will of many who would be otherwise your persecutors. Your readiness to make even more innocent concessions to your reputed foes than they demand may obtain for you their good opinion and prevent cruel massacre. Seeing that there are many sacrifices you can make without lowering your moral standard, make them in a spirit of true philanthropy and thereby you may convert enemies into friends, oppressors into advocates. Such counsel is sound as well as politic and reflects the highest possible credit upon whoever may have been the first to announce it to the world. The only possible controversy concerning such magnificent and thoroughly practical doctrine wages around the comparatively unimportant question whether the hero of the Christian gospels was or was not the *original* enunciator of so sublime a set of precepts. Many Jews who highly endorse the sentiment of the gospel declare that Jewish literature much older than the Christian era emphasizes the same vital rule of conduct, and students of Indian philosophy come forward with a similar declaration concerning Buddhist teaching which antedated the origin of the gospel manuscripts by several centuries. Historical research alone is competent to deal with controversies of such a nature, but it is clear to the eye of all impartial students that no really

important point is raised by such discussion as to the ethical value of the doctrine submitted for consideration. Judging from the recent action of a widely advertised "Interchurch" movement which excludes Unitarians from fellowship one can see that it may be considered vital in the interests of strictly orthodox Christian theology to separate the teachings attributed to Jesus entirely from all other counsels given to mankind, for by so doing support may be seemingly lent to the doctrine of exclusive divinity claimed for the great Master of Christendom, but aside from the peculiar interests of controversial theology there is nothing gained and possibly much lost by insisting that in one collection of valuable scriptures alone can we discover the highest moral guidance. To the universal religionist it is a source of delight to discover that the very highest standard of morality has been upheld in many lands, in many ages, by many illumined teachers, and surely in days when the frightful effects of religious bigotry are so awfully manifest that American citizens, regardless of creed, when imbued with the spirit of humanity, have sought to induce the President of the United States to urge upon the Russian government the necessity of putting an immediate stop to outrages upon unoffending Jews, inspired by race prejudice and religious fanaticism of the worst imaginable sort, it will prove a boon to all humanitarians if scholars can give the Christian world to understand that the noble and glorious rules of conduct emphasized in gospel records are not to be found in the New Testament *alone* but are the common heritage of enlightened humanity conveyed through the illumined and inspiring seers and sages of every race and age. We hear very much in these days about the relation between religion and business and it is well that pulpits ring with protests against commercial dishonesty and urge upon congregations everywhere the supreme importance of a spiritual life which can be practically tried every hour, every day, every day in every year. "Tainted money" and "frenzied finance" are phases to conjure with and doubtless much that is extravagant is often said when these highly sensational topics are being dealt with, but the great cause for thankfulness in this generation

is that there is a palpable renaissance of morals now everywhere in evidence. Mammon worship is going out of date. The still mighty dollar is no longer believed to be *almighty* and a sense of responsibility toward moral order is surely taking the place of conscienceless search for naught but material gain. Nothing is so pleasing or so hopeful, nothing so cheering to the heart of genuine philanthropists, as to note how increasingly sensitive the public conscience is steadily becoming. Churches are doing much good work in this direction, but the ethical sentiment is quite apart from all ecclesiastical applications and is demonstrating its sovereignty in movements which are founded upon no dogmatic theological basis. The work of Felix Adler and all associated with him in the interests of simply Ethical Culture, which is entirely distinct from any special kind of theology, is quite sufficient to convince all who use their reasoning faculties today that in church and out of church, in college and out of college, men, women, youths and maidens are beginning to feel intensely that the mere holding of great wealth is no passport to the esteem of right-minded people anywhere. We know it can be argued, and it often is, that John Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, and other multi-millionaires are almost worshipped wherever they appear, even if it be at a Bible class, but it ought not to be overlooked that the chief cause for admiring those unquestionably remarkable men is the prevalent belief that they have been more industrious and have evinced more intellectual ability than have the bulk of their contemporaries. It is not necessary to prove whether this belief in those particular instances is well-founded or ill-founded, the fact remains that a section of the public, which almost adores the very wealthy individual today, professes to see in the object of its veneration not so much money as enterprise and intellect.

Now comes the higher standard. We have worshipped intellect too much; we are seeing that intellect alone can be cruel, unjust, tyrannical, and from cold intellectuality we are turning our affection toward a spiritual type of morality. By spirituality should never be meant sentimental piety, which is the very reverse of heroic piety, but that true saint-

liness which is soundness, symmetry, holiness in the true meaning of the term. "*Do all for others*" sounds well and it contains the germ of a mighty truth, but it is an ill-chosen sentence by reason of its non-applicability, in its obvious form, to the actual nature of humanity. Though the American Declaration of Independence signed in 1776 served a needed purpose then, and still contains much that is permanently valuable, if we were to draw up a declaration now we might frame it around the greater word *interdependence*.

Selfishness and unselfishness, or selflessness, are words which are pitted against each other as though one was entirely wrong and the other entirely right. The utterly selfish person (if he exist) is a monster, not a normal human being, while the utterly unselfish or selfless person conveys the idea of one who is impracticable. Self-culture is certainly not selfishness, but it springs in measure, not entirely, from self-regard and it seems almost impossible to draw such very subtle lines as would need to be drawn in economic teaching if a class in social science and political economy had to be taught by a professor of sociology from the standpoint of unqualified altruism. The mutualistic position is sane, safe, sound, sensible, and has the great merit of being easily understood. If any thoroughgoing altruist presumes the middle way of Mutuation a "compromise" then it is not for him to theoretically advocate it, but even he will discover sooner or later that as no radical or essential change can be expected to take place in human nature his efforts will be productive of far less generous fruit than those of his equally conscientious, though less sentimental neighbor who unblushingly acknowledges that he takes human nature as he finds it and deals with it accordingly. Selfinterest itself is not the shocking vice which altruists infer it to be, nor are we obliged to mourn over innate depravity before commencing to instruct young people in mutual obligations, for more unkind and unjust deeds are performed thoughtlessly than with malice aforethought; and because we know this to be so we are not anything like so depressed and weighed down with a sense of the world's exceeding sinfulness as are our altruistic neighbors. We do not see in simple self-

love a sin but only a natural instinct, not the highest or sublimest instinct of humanity, but truly the earliest and most rudimentary, a good and tangible instinct nevertheless and one which Swedenborg tells us continues to inhere in even the celestial angels who are human beings entirely regenerated according to "New Church" philosophy and theology. As members one of another let us seek to live up even to the altitude of the Beatitudes. "Blessed are the pure in heart" and "Blessed are the peacemakers" are two of the loveliest, truest, and most inspiring sentences in any literature. For beauty and simplicity of statement they are decidedly unsurpassed and they may fairly be selected as among the choicest gems in the casket of ethical philosophy. It remains then only to consider what may be reasonably intended when those great sayings are set forward as "counsels of perfection." When a distinguished bishop of the English Church said that business could not be conducted in strict conformity with the Sermon on the Mount, he merely resorted to Jesuitical casuistry, and this every Jesuit teacher will admit, for Jesuits have never hesitated to declare that there are lower than saintly standards of morality which can be tolerated in the secular state though a much higher rule must prevail among all who give themselves up to a technically "religious" life. The same distinction is made in India among Brahmans, and this is freely admitted by Annie Besant in articles which appeared in the Theosophical Review during the Summer of 1905, a time when the terrible war then raging between Russia and Japan called forth protest of the most vigorous kind against warfare in all directions. Katherine Tingley, from Point Loma in Southern California, invieghed against all justification of warfare and in her very interesting and instructive periodical "The New Century" she called attention to the selfevident but often unheeded fact that war is not simply an outlet for impurities in the planet's body but it is also a means of generating fresh disease, and from that standpoint it is certainly well for us to regard it. Children are brought up to fight, they are taught the brutal art of physical self-defense, to call which "manly" is absurd because every animal practices

it and there can be nothing distinctly human in doing what every quadruped does also. Henry George in his masterly work "The Science of Political Economy" has called needed attention to a greatly neglected aspect of our theme, for he teaches unequivocally that we know ourselves to be truly human only by discovering and exercising super-animal traits. We all know that warships and guns have long been blessed by prelates, that weapons of warfare attend church services and that arms are presented by soldiers at the most solemn moment in a Military Mass even in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. But there are some people among us who are daring to hope that *new thought* may lead to *new action* and that these old practices which are supported by ages of established precedent may in the present century become defunct. True it is that a Boy's Brigade conducted by clergymen of the English church may teach boys who belong to it useful lessons in obedience and selfrestraint, and they may be better situated with a view to general moral training than are soldiers generally in barracks, but it is a poor comment on established Christianity with all its vaunted following of the "Prince of Peace" that it can show no higher than a military ideal to the unchurched, unchristianized multitudes. Complaints are constantly made of an alleged decline in religion based upon the supposed extreme selfseeking of this age, but despite all gloomy views, which some facts seem largely to substantiate, the bright side of the present outlook is clearly manifest to all who take adequate account of the earnest protest against iniquity and the outcry for justice and humanity which has never been louder or stronger than it is today. The signs of the times point unfalteringly to the opening of a dispensation of clearer light and fuller equity than the world has yet enjoyed within any historic period and to usher in the glad new age the ancient trumpet sound is heard anew. *Love thy neighbor as thyself*. Than this there is no higher precept for herein we trace the true meeting place of science with religion, a genuinely synthetic philosophy satisfying alike the conscience and the reason of the human race, blending self-improvement with loving service devoted to the good of all.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

No attempt can here be made to trace in any detail the history of Spiritualism through the various literatures of the nations, nor to follow the history of the subject. Any attempt to do so would, of course, involve a treatise of several volumes, and to even touch upon it lightly would necessitate a ponderous essay, which, I need hardly say, cannot be attempted here. I shall therefore, in the present paper confine myself to a brief outline of only the most important and significant branches of the subject that have been recorded, and to touch upon those phenomena which have received international reputation and significance.

The phenomena of Psychical Research have been recorded throughout all ages of the world's history. In the very earliest times we find traces and records of such occurrences in the mythology and religious traditions of all countries, and there is no more interesting study than the comparison of such records. The phenomena of witchcraft gathered throughout the middle ages, and later the phases of the same beliefs revived by Mesmer and his disciples, were, as Mr. Podmore clearly shows in his "Modern Spiritualism" Vol. 1, the two chief, connecting links between the mysticism of those dark ages and the psychic phenomena of the 19th century, when spiritualism received a sudden and tremendous revival.

This "cult" originated, strictly speaking, in Hydesville, N. Y., when the Fox sisters suddenly developed the surprising faculty of producing and intelligently controlling knocks and wrappings, and inducing such rappings to answer questions put to them. This certainly seemed to signify that some intelligence was behind these manifestations, and when questions were put, it was stated that an Italian peddler who had died and been buried below the basement of the house, was the cause of such rappings, his spirit being restless, and he returning to render his personality manifest in this manner. Active measures were at once taken. The floor of the basement was dug up, but no body was discovered, nor has

any body yet been unearthed answering the description, until within the last year or two, when, it is stated, a body, corresponding to the description given, has been unearthed, which if verified, would be a most interesting confirmation of the original statement.

In these rappings originated a popular phase of modern Spiritualism. They were, of course, received variously by the community at the time—some accepting them as genuine evidences of the spirit world, others asserting that they were due to fraud and trickery, and demanding an instant investigation by scientific men. Such investigation was, unfortunately, never forthcoming, and to this day the Fox sisters remain an “unknown quantity” in the history of Spiritualism.

It is true that a partial investigation was conducted by two doctors from Buffalo, N. Y., who examined the sisters and returned a rather unfavorable report, asserting that raps did not occur when strict conditions were observed, and that only when these were relaxed, were the phenomena possible, but nothing was definitely proved, and these rappings have always remained open to question. As may be supposed, other mediums soon developed, raps occurring in the presence of male and female mediums throughout the country, and other phenomena appearing in rapid succession: slate writing, materialization, playing of musical instruments, the appearance of spirit hands and feet grew common, “test” messages were given and various other phenomena observed, with the consequence that spiritualism soon claimed its adherents by the thousands, and within a few years numerous books and pamphlets had been written, and several journals were issued devoted entirely to these subjects, while mediums continued to multiply to a bewildering degree. Almost all of the newly developed mediums were those in whose presence *physical* phenomena were observed (as distinct from *mental*) and, indeed, in the early stages of spiritism, we find but few mediums who devoted their time to the mental side of the question. There were, however, some notable exceptions, among these the famous Andrew Jackson Davis, Emma Harding Brittain, and a few other trance speakers in whose

presence, if we remember rightly, no physical phenomena ever occurred, but with them died almost completely, the exclusively mental phenomena so far as the more reputable mediums were concerned; and this state of affairs continued until the case of Mrs. Piper was brought to light, of which I shall speak presently.

Meanwhile, physical mediums had been multiplying *ad nauseam*. The most famous of these was doubtless Daniel Dunglas Home, whose reputation has remained undimmed for 35 years, and which will now doubtless continue so throughout all time. This medium is one of the very few producing physical phenomena against whom no definite charge of fraud was ever brought or at least, sustained. Home name in America was, of course, noted, but it was not until he made his trip to England and Germany, following in the wake of Mrs. Hayden in the former country and became a subject of investigation by Sir Wm. Crooks, that his fame became really great. About the years 1865 to '70 there was a great impetus in English thought towards spiritism, and at about that time Home visited England giving seances in various parts of the country, and arousing tremendous excitement wherever he appeared, because of the extraordinary phenomena witnessed in his presence. So great was the excitement that there arose a clamor on the part of the more enlightened of the scientific world, that the phenomena observed in this medium's presence should receive due consideration at the hands of competent observers, and when Sir. Wm. Crooks undertook to investigate this medium solely in the interests of science, from a scientific standpoint, and by scientific means, the journals were unanimous in asserting that no better investigator could be found than the clear-headed, logical and skeptical Sir Wm. Crooks. It was, in fact, a test case: the first medium of his time to be investigated by the most eminent scientist then living in England! What wonder that the scientific journals should rejoice because they considered that now the impostures of the infamous Home would be brought to light and exploded, and what wonder that the spiritists should rejoice since they now conceived that the phenomena observed through Home's me-

diumship would finally receive their just appreciation and be recorded as actual scientific facts, instead of the mere assertions of gullible laymen! And, while these opinions were clashing, the moderate and even-minded world was awaiting the final verdict with interest.

For several years Sir Wm. Crooks had the opportunity of studying Home more or less directly, and in 1872 he published in his "Quarterly Journal of Science" of which he was then the editor, his first lengthy report entitled "An Experimental investigation of a new Force." In this article, which is one of the most intensely interesting that can be imagined, Sir Wm. Crooks goes into great detail in explaining the precautions he took to guard against fraud, the apparatus used, methods employed, and the results achieved. These were entirely favorable to Home, and convinced Sir Wm. Crooks, that there was operative through him, a force of some kind which he provisionally turned "psychic," capable of moving material bodies without the direct contact of the medium's body, and achieving other results in the physical world. This famous essay was supplemented two years later by one that still more radically upset the scientific traditions of the age by recording, as facts, such phenomena as direct writing, materialization, and other more surprising phenomena which were published in an article entitled "Notes of an Inquiry into the phenomena called Spiritual." These articles brought upon Sir Wm. Crooks' head, as might be imagined, the bitter criticism and hostility of the scientific world, who now realized that the very champion who, they had confidently hoped, would smash and expose the "fraud of spiritualism," had, as the result of his years of investigation, become a firm believer in practically all the phenomena recorded, and, indeed, it may be said, parenthetically, that this is true of a very large number of investigators, who have taken the pains to study the subject first hand. Some of the phenomena recorded by Sir Wm. Crooks and by others at the time, (such men for instance as Lord Lindsey and the Earl of Dunraven, published in the Report of the Dialectical Society), were indeed almost incredible, and we can quite appreciate the hostility

which the publication of such records entailed. The elongation of the medium's body, the possibility of Home handling red hot coals etc., without injury to himself; and above all, the instances of levitation in which the medium's body was, as it was asserted, lifted by some force (apparently counteracting that of gravity) and carried about the room, and even out of the window, at a distance of some 70 feet from the ground—such phenomena certainly seemed incredible, and as yet their acceptance remains purely a personal matter, each individual having to balance in his own mind the alternatives of rejecting the statements of trained scientific men, such as those whose names are given, or of accepting the phenomena as genuine. The acceptance of either alternative seems impossible. It has been suggested that there is, of course, another possible explanation which would not necessitate either of the alternatives named. This is, that the investigators were in some way hallucinated, and that their senses deceived them into thinking that events occurred which did not actually take place.

I cannot, of course, enter into any discussion of this point here, as it would require considerable space and knowledge of all details of the case to do so, and this I cannot suppose my readers to have. Suffice it is to say that, in many cases at least, this explanation would not hold good, as there was the material record left in the physical world of actual events that had transpired, and Sir Wm. Crooks had, in many cases, invented apparatus for mechanically marking such movements as took place, having in mind this very objection, and wishing to forestall it by producing the material proofs given him by a mechanical instrument which could not, we must suppose, have been deceived.

I have dwelt thus at length upon the phenomena obtained through Home's mediumship and the experiments of Sir Wm. Crooks, especially, for the reason that they are the most important of their kind in the physical phenomena of spiritism that have ever been conducted, and almost the only ones that have never been discredited by further investigations. In almost every other instance the physical phenomena have been ultimately shown to be frauds, and

with the exception of Home and one or two other later cases we must leave the physical phenomena of spiritism and turn our attention to the more interesting and positive proofs of the doctrine afforded by mental manifestations. As stated, the early history of spiritualism affords us few instances of the kind, and it was not until Mrs. Piper began to receive the attention of the scientific world that such phenomena were given from scientists the attention they had always deserved. The first report on this case, which has now a world wide reputation, appeared over the signature of Prof. Wm. James of Harvard in 1886, being published in the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*. For several years past Prof. James had been investigating this medium, and, when Dr. Hodgson arrived in this country some two years later, his attention was at once drawn to the importance of the investigation of this medium by Prof. James, and he at once began a consideration of her powers.

It is not too much to say that the case of Mrs. Piper is the most important that the history of spiritism has as yet presented, as affording evidence of life after death, and it is worth the centered and almost exclusive attention that has been given it for the past 20 years. Putting aside all the other phenomena of psychical research, the evidence for a future life may be fairly said to rest on this case of Mrs. Piper, partly for the reason that it affords far better evidence of such than any other case so far published, and partly because it has received the careful attention of a number of eminent scientists and other qualified investigators for so many years. A brief resume of the case may, perhaps, be given as follows:

When Dr. Hodgson became convinced of the genuineness of Mrs. Piper's power, (which, I may add, was only established after several years of detective work of the closest possible scrutiny of the medium,) Mrs. Piper was taken to England by the English society and investigated there by Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Fred W. H. Myers, Dr. Walter Leaf and others,—their reports being published in Vol. VI, *Proceedings S. P. R.* Some of these reports were favorable, others unfavorable,—though almost unanimous in asserting

that Mrs. Piper was genuine, so far as the trance was concerned, opinions differing as to the value of the communications received through her, and indeed, the sittings themselves varied most remarkably. Dr. Hodgson's first report published in Vol. VIII Proceedings S. P. R. left the matter still undetermined,—he stating that, while there were many evidences of discarnate intelligence still there were many objections to it also, and he held his judgment in suspense pending further investigation. His second report was published six years later in 1898, forming the half of Vol. XIII, Proceedings S. P. R. In this report Dr. Hodgson came out for the first time as an advocate of the spiritistic theory, asserting that it was the most rational explanation of the facts then published, and giving for the first time a stenographic report of seances that certainly seem to justify if not to prove, his contention. Shortly afterward a brief report was published in Vol. XIV by Prof. Newbold,—this author also holding his judgment in suspense, and offering no definite theory by way of explanation. Not long after this, Prof. Hyslop obtained his series of seventeen sittings, and published his report with great detail in Vol. XVI Proceedings S. P. R. this occupying the whole volume of 650 pages. Prof. Hyslop considered, in the first part of his report, the various theories that have been put forward in explanation of this case, and the difficulties and objections of each theory. He was, himself, however, entirely in favor of the spiritistic explanation, having been converted to that belief from materialism through Mrs. Piper's trance-mediumship. Since that time no elaborate reports have appeared though several criticisms and minor essays have been published, and the world at present awaits further evidence with intense interest.

I shall not in this paper attempt to give even a resume of the phenomena observable in Mrs. Piper's trance, the results obtained, or in fact, any of the details of the case, and shall reserve them for a future paper, in which I shall discuss these problems. It is only necessary to state here, that in this case of Mrs. Piper is focused and concentrated, one might say, the whole issue of spiritism so far as personal

identity and the proof of life after death is concerned, and the importance of the case cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

To those of my readers who are interested, I shall recommend for their attention M. Sage's recent and very readable book entitled "Mrs. Piper and the Society for Phychical Research," and especially Prof. Hyslop's "Science and a Future Life" in which the problem is so well and so impartially stated, and to my mind so ideally discussed, that I cannot do better than refer those interested thereto.

"'Tis not alone through toil and strength of soul
That life's success is always to be won
(For see how many fail to reach the goal,
Though struggling till their weary lives are done.)
But there must be the gift aright to choose
The path which nature for each life ordains;
Else may the giant through misguidance lose
That which the weakest fellow mortal gains."

"Nothing so much weakens you in every way as descending in thought and talk to ill-natured and ferreting gossip. You descend then to the world of failure and ill-health."—*Prentice Mulford*.

"God wastes no history. In every age and every land He is working for the elucidation of some great truth—some riper culture for the character of man."—*Phillips Brooks*.

Nothing can come to us without receptivity or willingness on our part. We therefore hold the keys to our minds.—*H. W. Dresser*.

SOLITUDE.

BY MAUD ALMIRA BENTLY.

The mind with an eye for the beautiful is charmed with solitude. There, soul speaks with soul, and harmony and peace prevail. Solitude touches the very depths of a sensitive soul and helps the understanding to grasp the true meaning of life.

The most sublime thoughts, the grandest conceptions in art, poesy, music, and inventive genius have been developed, nurtured and unfolded in the depths of solitude. The enjoyment of solitude is an indication of an awakened soul. There were times in the life of the Nazerene when his soul demanded solitude. He could pray better and God seemed nearer to Him when He was shut in with the creative forces of nature, far from the discord and busy tumult of human life. There is a grace in solitude that has given to our most gifted writers and musicians their grandest and most sublime inspirations.

In the solitude of reflection one grows nearer to God and learns to better assimilate truth than in the crowded thoroughfares of human life. The simplest things of life possess a charm when we have been much alone with them and with our thoughts. Some of the dearest and deepest of our realizations seem almost too wonderful for words. Such treasures are laid away in the solitude of the soul, and only brought forth when there are no eyes but our own to look upon them.

There are no sorrows so intense, no joys so exquisite as those experienced in solitude. Reflection in solitude makes life a prayer, and its vibrations are like incense ascending heavenward. In solitude God's truths stand revealed and the soul that is not touched by them must be unresponsive indeed.

In the solitude of nature, God speaks: "Behold! Here am I." We look and see him reflected in the delicate beauty of the wayside flower and the majestic curve and sweep of mountain and river. There is a peace which broods over the

eternal hills and moves with the winding river that we may look for in vain in the busy mart of human life..

The solitude of the sea where sky and water meet in one unbroken line, is peculiar, and the soul must be keenly attuned to the Infinite that would find an attraction in such isolation, and yet it is amid such solitude that a man's true nature asserts itself. He stands revealed, an epitome of weakness or a giant in strength. If he be weak, he cringes before the awful majesty of the Creator revealed in the roar and sweep of the mighty sea, and he cries out in his soul for a sight of land. He hath eyes to see yet he sees not; and ears to hear, but he hears only that which holds no interest for him or strikes him dumb with terror. If he is strong, there is a grandeur, a sublimity in the boundless sea that thrills him with delight. The dancing waves, with their foam flecked billows are revelations. There is a tonic in the sea breeze that awakens the dormant energy of his being, and he glows in his strength. To him, there is something more than a broad expanse of sky and water. Every billow on the surface of the water is a sermon in itself, and a thousand and one beautiful fancies reveal themselves in the blue depths of the ocean's bed.

Who has not felt the awe-inspiring silence of the forest where the solitude is so exquisite and so intense that one can feel and almost hear the beating of his own heart? Here he has the silent but intelligent company of leaf and blade, he inhales the odor of dainty blossoms, like incense ascending to God, and lists to the soft cadence of gently waving branches as they bend in graceful conformity to the winds of Heaven. Ah, here, also, is found "The peace which passeth understanding," because born of the solitude which comes from God.

Let him who would learn the secrets of the Almighty come often to this quiet school and there learn the secrets that the silence holds for each of us.

"It is not work that kills people; it is the manner of doing it. Reposeful work is best."—*Prentice Mulford*.

THE WORLD'S NEED OF HEROES.

BY ANITA M. TRUEMAN.

(Address delivered at the New Thought Convention in Boston.)

The effect of Modern Democracy upon many minds has been to crush out the spirit of hero-worship. Modern Philosophy has abolished the idea of the personal God, and we are taught to look on the Saviors of the world as ordinary men, who have been deified by superstitious multitudes. We have found that our attachments to personalities have blinded us to the superior beauties of the souls behind them. We are striving to feel that the Divine Life is alike in all expressions, and to worship that, rather than the forms through which it is manifested.

In many respects, this is a wholesome tendency, yet it is carried to an extreme by some persons. When we find that a thing is inadequate to our needs, we are apt to discard it altogether. We forget that the greater includes the lesser, and that what has been helpful to us in the past is the means by which we may help others to follow in our steps.

There are certain stages in the development of the human consciousness, in which hero-worship is a necessary factor. The personal ideal which dominates our lives is a composite picture of our heroes. Our admiration for great men and women gives definiteness to our aspirations, awakens new possibilities within us, and gives dynamic force to our lives.

However we may decry the feeling of dependence which is fostered by undue reverence for personalities, the fact remains that all great work which is accomplished in the world, is done through powerful individuals. The prayers of the world can be answered only through personal agents. And all the good thoughts which are held "in the silence" must come into manifestation through human activities. Great movements which have scattered liberty among the people have sprung from the thoughts of noble men and women, whose enthusiasm and devotion have inspired similar thoughts in others, and whose leadership has been the

organizing force which gave efficiency to the thought of the multitude. If great works are to be done in the future, they will be done in the same way.

Although there is more original thought today than there has ever been in the past, the majority of the people are still in a negative mental condition, ready to follow others rather than to think for themselves. The dynamic force which they represent will be directed by the most powerful persons they come in contact with. Their power to think for themselves will be aroused only through the companionship of others who already do so. Leadership cannot be eliminated, because the world still needs it, and hero-worship must be fostered, because it is the most effective means of awakening the minds of the masses.

After all, the heroes of history have been the men and women who were nearest to the universal heart of Life, and least concerned with personal interests. They were individuals who devoted themselves to the welfare of all, rather than their own. It is this very mental attitude which produces the magnetic personality which draws all men into itself. The admiration of the people for this type of character is but an expression of the yearning in all human hearts for unity with the Divine. For the human consciousness, there is no more direct channel of communion with the Divine than in admiration for the divinity we see in another soul. There is no more lofty human experience than to be the channel through which others behold the Divine.

This is the birthday of our First President, the Father of our country. It is not a mere holiday. It is a renewal of our faith in the type of heroism which he represents to us. In the heart of every child the ideal of liberty, the spirit of national service is aroused. So much dynamic force is generated and contributed to the Nation's soul. The personality of the heroic servant of the people is the occasion of all this. For the time being, we forget some of our own personal wishes, and let the genius of Washington sway our thoughts. We are so much the better for it.

If the memory of a great man can stir us so, how much more valuable would be the companionship of living heroes!

Our own age is singularly lacking in great men, or else in the power of appreciating them. We are too self-centered. The time needs heroes, men and women who will work for the welfare of the world, without thought of reward. And we all need the sublime, sweet experience of reverence for the Divine Love that is revealed in such personalities. It will help us to realize that same love as it is more dimly revealed through those who are our daily companions.

It is well to remember that in the Divine Mind there is no sense of high and low. Every life affords numerous opportunities for heroism, if it be only the sublime heroism of patience. It is no special act which makes a hero of a man, but the influence which he radiates, the impulse he imparts to others. The world is full of heroes, and it would do us good to honor them. So we should draw nearer to the life that is in them, and become ourselves channels through which that life may flow.

If we remember that all greatness and goodness flows directly from the Source of Life, we shall not fear to hail them wherever they appear. Even those who blindly worship their chosen heroes, in so doing, cherish the highest ideal of Divinity which they can comprehend. And we who feel that God is everywhere, honor Him most fully when we acknowledge Him in the nobility of a great soul.

Let us be thankful, then, for those brave souls whose abandonment to the ideal has been so perfect that they have inspired others to unity of action in support of the truths they proclaimed, and the purposes they served. And in this hour of the world's great need, let us reverently consecrate all our abilities and opportunities to that Spirit of Truth which, through the agency of human lives, leads humanity along the eternal Road of Progress.

A man has learned once for all that all his conditions are self created. He believes it. He knows that he has already changed his conditions in many instances by his changed thinking. He knows that others are being changed by the same process. Then why doubt? Why set a limit?

ALMA GILLEN.

LOVE AND THE PILGRIM.

(The Painting by Burne-Jones.)

BY M. G. T. STEMPEL.

"Oh Love, where art thou leading me?" the Pilgrim
cries,

"O'er many a thorn and many a stone," Love sighs,
"But thou shalt never walk alone."

"Wilt be like this the whole long way," the Pilgrim
cries?

"There's many a scratch and many a fall" Love sighs,
"But I will help thee through it all."

"But whither leads this fearful path," the Pilgrim
cries?

"This path all resting souls have trod," Love sighs,
"For I alone can lead to God."

"Where pass those gentle, fleeting doves, the Pilgrim
cries?

"They're upward souls, upon the way," Love sighs,

"That they must tread with me some day;

And each upon its snowy wing,

A flower of peace for thee will bring,

'Tis by such service each must earn,

"The right to be served in his turn."—

"Cultivate deliberate act and movement in all things, and
you lay more and more the solid foundation for courage,
either moral or physical."—*Prentice Mulford*.

"Not in the clamor of the crowded streets,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS AND MYSTICS SAY

MEISTER EKARDT. Translations by C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

"It is possible for me to attain to the highest unity which Christ ever had with the Father, if I could divest myself of individuality and put on the Universal-Human.

"The Lord said: 'All things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you.' All that the Father has and is, the abyss of His being and nature, He brings forth in His Son, the Onlybegotten; it is this the Son hears from the Father, and he has revealed to us, that *we* are this self-same son. God has become man, that I may become God. God has died that I may die from the world and its things.

"The righteous man serves neither God nor the creature; he is free.

"A master has said: 'A soul loving God, loves Him because of Goodness.' But I say that Being is more worth than Goodness. Because were Being not, Goodness would *be* neither, and only as far as Goodness has Being in it, is it Goodness.

"God has several names, but the greatest name is 'Being.' All that is weak and mortal is sinking away from Being. So far as our life is Being, so far it is in God. There is no life, be it ever so mean and poor, if you consider it Being, it is nobler than all, that ever was alive. If you consider a flower in its Being, it is nobler than the whole world.

"The will may be satisfied with the Goodness of God, but the reason will find rest neither in Goodness, nor in Wisdom nor in Truth, nor in God Himself, so long as He is God merely. She seeks God as the marrow from which Goodness flows; she wills God as the pith from which Goodness springs; she seeks God as the root from which Goodness sprouts; she goes down to the ground, from where Truth and Goodness proceed; she lays hold of them in the Beginning (*in principio*), before they can be named. She wills God only as He is in Himself, when Goodness and all names are laid aside. She is not satisfied with the Father,

the Son and the Holy Ghost, but penetrates to the deepest deep, to the root, from which spring the Son and the Holy Spirit.

"God's Goodness does not insure my Salvation; neither would I ask God to save me for goodness' sake. Perhaps He wills not to save me. This is my Salvation that God is rational and that I know it.

"All the Created is unfree. He alone is a righteous man who has put off all creation, because there is no truth in it.

"St. Paul said: 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' These words are true, and yet God was not in him. Grace had been at work, that Being might come. After Grace has done its work, Paul was as he was *originally*. In that state all difference between God and man disappears. Therefore do I ask God to liberate me from God, because *Being* is above and beyond God and all differences.

"When I rested in first principles, I had no God, was I my own self; I willed not; I asked for nothing; I was simply a being and knew myself in divine Truth. That which I willed, that I was; and that which I was, I willed, and I was free from God and all Thing. As soon as I left my Freedom and entered my created-existence, I got a God"— — — In the time before the creatures were, God was not God. *He was as He was*... When the creatures came forth and received their created existence, then God was no more God in Himself, but God in Creatures.

"So long as I remain in the Ground of the Deity, in the Abyss of the Deity, in the Source of the Deity, nobody asked about my volitions or my intentions. When I stepped out, I heard all creation talk about God.

"Why did they talk about God and not about the Deity? In the Deity all is alike unto itself, is one, and you can say nothing about it.

"God and the Deity are not equivalent terms. God is active and creating. The Deity does nothing, but rests in itself, is still and immovable. When I return to the Deity, my transition is better than my exit, because I bring all creatures back with me in my Reason. When I shall have arrived in the Ground of the Deity, shall have come to the

Source of the Deity, nobody will ask me whence I come, where I have been, and nobody will have missed me. Here terminates all Becoming.

"When I speak, I am accustomed to speak about (1) abandonment of the world, and that man is to be liberated from self and the things of the world; (2) how we ought to be conformed to the Simple Good, which is God; (3) that one ought to consider the nobility of the soul, given by God; (4) about the unspeakable purity and clearness of the Divine nature.

"What is Eternity? Eternity is an ever-present *now*, which knows nothing of time. The day passed a thousand years ago is no further from eternity than this present hour; and the day which is to come in a thousand years is no further from Eternity than this hour in which I am preaching.

"Everything rests only in its spring. If you throw a stone up into the air it rests not, it falls again to the ground. Why so? The ground is its resting place, it is not at home in the air. The spring from which I am come forth is the Deity. The Deity is my native country. Have I my father in the Deity? Yea, not only my father have I there, but myself also. Before I existed (before I became I), I rested in the Deity.

"The nearer a thing is to its spring, the younger it is. The nearer the soul is to God, the younger she is. In reasonableness one is always young, and the more truly one stands in reasonableness, the nearer one is to the spring. That which I am according to time, that perishes in time, and goes to naught; but according to my birth, which is eternal, I shall never die. Know this: the child in the womb is old enough to die, but I will mourn if I am not younger to-morrow than I am today."

PINE TREE AND PERFUME CURE. New York Sun.

"Pine needles and sweet perfumes are used to soothe the nerves of the New York woman. It has been discovered that you need not be out of sorts unless you want to be, and in addition that you can cure your troublesome nerves with nice sweet odors instead of resorting to unpleasant drugs.

"The first and most particular rule is that the sweet odors must be natural ones. There must be no made up perfumes. The scents must be those that grow in the parks and spring up in the woods, that come to life with the budding of the flowers and die down when the flowers fade.

"Those who are trying the perfume cure are giving their attention just now to pine scents mostly. If you want to get the genuine pine odor, take a pine pillow, no matter how old, and lay it near the fire.

"In a little while it will begin to warm up and to give out sweet scents. You will be treated to the original odor of the pine.

"There is a very nervous and very sensitive woman in New York who treats herself every day to the pine needle cure. When she was away last summer she gathered material for many pillows of pine needles.

"When she is tired she takes a pillow and warms it and presently it begins to give out a sweet smell of pines. Then she puts the pillow behind her head and in a little while she feels refreshed.

"On days when she is very tired indeed and needs a quick freshing she takes a dozen pillows and heats them very quickly. With these she furnishes her couch. She heaps it high with pillows and then she lies down and breathes the sweet scent. In fifteen minutes she feels all right again.

"There is an extra nervous woman in town who has a comfortable stuffed with pine needles. She gathered the needles this fall, and then she put them in the comfortable and quilted it just as though she were quilting feathers.

"Pretty soon she had a thick sweet beautiful covering. It was heavy, but so delicious that she did not mind the weight.

"Some nights when she is very weary she sleeps with this heavy pine comfortable over her. Again she heats it and puts it underneath her. It is refreshing, no matter how she uses it.

"If you like sweet scents and want to try the perfume cure you can get them by utilizing odds and ends about the

house. You will be surprised to find how many you can turn into perfume.

"Take apple peelings and dry them and some day when the house seems muggy take a handful and throw them on the stove. Take off the peelings before they begin to burn but leave them on just long enough to get the delicious fumes they will give out, the fumes that are so delightful when they come out of the oven as baked apples are cooking.

"Some women keep a chafing dish always handy for the making of sweet scents. Into the chafing dish they can put a little cologne, which when heated will send its fragrance through the room, or they can add a pinch of cinnamon or half a drop of oil of cloves, or even a tiny bit of apple peeling. It takes very little to make a pleasant smell in the room.

"The influence of odors upon the spirits can hardly be overestimated. If you will go in a pine forest you are greeted with a smell which is invigorating, almost intoxicating, in its curious buoyancy.

"If you go into a clover field you get an odor which is just as pleasant but altogether different, and this odor can be brought into the house in winter by taking clover heads, drying them and stuffing pillows with them. On some muggy, gloomy day the pillow can be warmed up and you have a perfume which is delightful.

"If you want something particularly pleasant take some salt sea, salt and put it in a wide mouthed bottle and pour in a few drops of violet perfume. Close the bottle tight, let it stand a while, then open, and you get the curious smell of the salt sea, with a slight tinge of violet, which is always found in salt air.

"If you want to take a bath in something that is very sweet smelling prepare some sea salt after this fashion: Buy the salt at the drug store; take a big handful of it, lay it in a bottle and add some violet perfume. Let it stand three days and it is ready for the bath.

"Another plan is to add to the sea salt a grain of musk, a little essence of violet and finally about a teaspoonful of

alcohol. Set the bottle away for three days, turning it twice a day.

"When you are ready to take your bath, throw a handful of the sea salt into the water. It will perfume the water without making it too salty.

"Take a jug of salt, and into a gallon jug pour half an ounce of rose geranium oil and a cup of alcohol. Turn your jug upside down. Let it stand a day, turn it back for a day or so, and so on until you have worked with it three weeks. The result will be a very nice jug of sweet smells.

"There come squares of a preparation of ammonia which can be made into very nice bath vinegar. Take a dozen or more of these solid pieces and add just enough violet perfume to cover them.

"Then add spirits of cologne until you have a pint bottle nicely filled. This makes a delicious bath vinegar, which can be used every day for two weeks, for it takes very little to perfume the water.

"If you like your hands to smell sweet, and to some people there is something positively intoxicating about a pair of sweet hands, you can make a hand wash by taking a quart of spirits of cologne, put it in a half gallon jug, add an ounce of oil of rose geranium and two grains of musk.

"Let it stand a week; then fill up with spirits of cologne. At the end of another week you will have as fine a gallon of perfume as you will want.

"When you are ready to wash your hands with this sweet mixture take a bowl of warm water and add to it a pinch of powdered borax. Into this put half a wine glass of perfume.

"Use no soap, but keep this water for rinsing. It will impart a lasting fragrance which will remain upon your hands from morning until night.

"Have you ever tried putting up your winter furs in perfumery?

"Make some sachets and scatter them through the storage chest, thus using sachet powders instead of camphor. You will find that the moths stay away just as well and the furs come out in the fall smelling sweet.

"And the same thing with clothes—those which you are putting away until spring. Many of them are of cashmere and light wool and you don't want the moths to get into them. Put them away between layers of sachets and you will find that you will have never a moth.

"There is a story told of a woman who spent the summer upon the Jersey coast where mosquitoes are thick. Not wanting to be eaten alive she sprinkled her bedroom with sachet powder until the whole room was filled with perfume. All night long she slept in peace.

"Animals do not as a rule like strong odors, and disease germs are particularly averse to them. A strong odor of rose will drive away many of the contagious diseases, so some scientists affirm, and you can actually keep yourself well by having nice smells around you.

"Attar of rose is very effective, but unfortunately it is expensive. Oil of rose geranium is very effective and there are other extracts which can be bought and used to good advantage.

"In old fashioned German households the custom prevails of buying a certain amount of good perfume every year. This perfume is bought not to be bottled and preserved, but to be used, and when it disappears more is purchased.

"The fad for a distinctive odor is dying away, and women are inclined to scent themselves like an English garden. An English garden is one in which all the common flowers grow, and when you take a sniff of it you do not know whether you are smelling violets or mignonette, geraniums or roses, delicate pansies or strong heliotrope. Thus it is fashionable to mingle your perfumes.

"The pine tree scent is the odor of the moment, and wise women are making little bags of pine and heaping them up, so that they and their apartments may smell like a pine tree."

GETTING BACK TO HEALTH. By Dr. W. E. Elfrink in Naturopath.

"The sick person who first comes into contact with the

ideas of Natural Therapeutics commonly thinks that he will have no more trouble with sickness just as soon as he adopts a correct diet, begins to take cold baths and plenty of exercise. He forgets that he has ingrained within him all the consequences of past acts and that Nature will not remit the penalty altogether just because he has ceased to sin against her. He does not realize that it will take a long period of careful living to overcome all the consequences of his earlier carelessness. But he must sooner or later meet these conditions. Organs loaded down with morbid matter must be renovated. Drugs deposited in the tissues must be carried out. Housecleaning is always more or less unpleasant, but when finally completed, *Life* is more as *Life* ought to be.

"Nature goes about this cleansing process in various ways (and we should never forget that Nature, not the doctor, does the work). It is the sick man's business to give her a chance, but he must not grumble if the way is not lined with thornless roses.

"Old diseases, long thought cured, are likely to come to the surface, because they were not cured before, but merely suppressed by irrational treatments. This is, of course, unpleasant, but when we realize and understand that it marks a distinct step of progress we ought to be glad to endure a little temporary discomfort for the sake of better times ahead.

"Headaches which we stupified with powders are also likely to come back for a reckoning. Nerve centers all over the body may give notice of renewed life and activity by painful sensations which we must be willing to endure if we really want to get genuine health. Drugs taken under such conditions to relieve the pain, result in an entire paralysis of Nature's curative effort and put us farther away from health than ever.

"Many of us have poisonous drugs deposited in the tissues and as we build up these bodies of ours, Nature will also throw them out. This process, too, is not brought about without some little discomfort to the patient. It is necessary, however, before such a thing as perfect health is pos-

sible. It is obvious then that when one is convinced that the true way to health is by the *Nature Route*, he must be prepared to settle up some of the old scores which Nature has against him. He must convince himself that the way is right and stick to it through all apparent discouragements until the process is complete, the old scores all settled and the body is really emancipated from disease.

"Nature takes many different ways to clear the body of morbid matter. It may be by means of a cold, a fever, a catarrhal discharge, through the kidneys, the lungs, the bowels, the skin; but, whatever the method, we must always remember that the process is remedial and that to check it with drugs or by any unnatural method is harmful and dangerous. All we want to do is to help Nature, by supplying the things she needs in the way of proper food and withholding the things which will interfere with her in the way of wrong food and unnatural drugs. Then if we aid elimination by means of deep breathing, cold baths, osteopathic treatment, exercise and a cheerful mental state, we may be quite sure of an ultimate perfect recovery. Let us not be discouraged if we have to pay a few penalties for past sins before we can face life with a balanced account between ourselves and our friend Nature."

THE SPAN OF SUCCESS by Edward Earle Purinton in The Naturopath.

"To call none master save myself;

To fear nothing but ignorance;

To ask of my soul and then to act, neither recking nor requiring results;

To measure the real by the ideal—not the ideal by the real;

To establish precedent instead of seeking shelter behind it;

To desire everything, still to be content with nothing;

To embody alike the simplicity and the versatility of greatness;

To welcome obstacles as opportunities, surmounting them with the zest of conquest;

To abide forever serene, neither cowed by defeat nor crowned by triumph;

To condone praise and compassion censure;

To judge not and to interfere not;

To settle argument by my life rather than by my lips;

To demonstrate increasingly the eloquence of silence;

To reason only where I cannot feel;

To believe that all things are possible, but demand that they be provable;

To vault the shadowy bounds of the mind and dwell untrammelled in the sunlit spaces of Spirit;

To preserve the freedom of a man with the reverence of a woman;

To formulate my own code of laws, customs and morals—then to break it when and how I choose;

To apprehend the folly of wisdom and the wisdom of folly;

To tolerate creeds and cults—yet not to be tinged by them;

To nestle so close to Nature as to need no books for interpreters;

To value life more and more—and death most;

To be always a fit companion for the lords of the open—the birds and the brooks, the winds and the fairies;

To have a heart attuned equally to the rumble of the world's progress and the rustle of the angel's wings;

To keep a body strong, a brain clear and a soul pure for the service of Truth and Humanity;

To realize that if Truth and but one soul stand together, then is all the world in the minority;

To be more familiar with the great among the dead than with the small among the living;

To exult in suffering—if thereby I may be made finer;

To despise not the unnoticed nor to flatter the idolized, assured that I—once an amoeba, am presently an archangel;

To tower consciously so much a creator as that all creatures appear insignificant;

To command the horizon of the skyline together with
the vista down the gorge;

To perceive not the roughness of the path upward, but
the sweetness of the laurel that blooms by the way;

To permeate the present so utterly that no room remains
for the regret of yesterday or the doubt of tomorrow;

To thrill at the touch of Some One I love;

To rival the lily in purity—and the rose in passion;

To be able to experience the soul-ecstasy of the martyr—
and the sense ecstasy of the Sybarite;

To attract riches to me—as an exercise for my mind;
then to fling them from me—as a lesson for my soul;

To cherish all humans, yet cling to no one;

To esteem the inebriate my brother and the abandoned
woman my sister;

To see not the human sin men see, but the divine striving
God sees;

To withhold counsel in most cases—but comfort never;

To understand the needs of my fellows, but more to
vision their possibilities;

To mother all children, and to win men back to childlike-
ness;

To claim tender kinship with the flowers and the stars;

To feel myself expanding to the stature of a god;

To smile at my work with a heart so joyous it cannot
keep from singing;

To make my presence a blessing and my prayer a bene-
diction;

To love a little more today than I did yesterday;

To be sweet and brave and true for whatever comes;

and

To trust;—

This seems to me the Span of Success.”

THE NEED OF INDIVIDUAL EFFORT, by Francis S. Blizard,
in The Light of Reason. Ed. by James Allen.

“One of the dangers which besets those who seek to fol-
low idealism and dwell upon high and lofty aims is that
there is a tendency to rest content with the beautiful ideals

themselves as such, instead of carrying them to practical issues, whereby alone they become really useful, helpful and substantial.

"It is a danger of a most subtle kind, but of a deadly nature, for he who cherishes ideals merely for his own mental amusement is a hypocrite unconsciously, and he is in a worse state than the man who has no ideals, for the latter makes no pretensions and is therefore consistent and free from hypocrisy.

"Furthermore we must realize that the danger of self-deception is great, for the holding of ideals is apt to lead a man to think that he is advancing, whereas he may be still stationary or even worse.

"No seeds, however precious, can become fruitful unless planted; it is only when growth and fruition are reached that their value is manifest. No talent is of itself of any value, until put into active use and rendered productive of results. So too it is well-nigh useless for a man to acquire knowledge or to hold ideals simply for his own welfare and satisfaction—for this is but a refined form of selfishness. It is just as soon as he begins to put into active service for the benefit of the world and his fellow men that which he possesses that its real value becomes known, not only to others but to himself also.

"No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself, and nothing, not even knowledge or aspiration can possibly be an exclusive personal possession, and if a man seeks to make it such it turns to husks as fast as he acquires it.

"The poles are not wider asunder than the man of ideas plus purpose, and the man of dreams and apathy, and yet they may be easily mistaken one for the other by the superficial observer. The latter is an engine without steam, and consequently without movement.

"In the words of the late Bishop Westcott:—"The noblest truths are not given us for an intellectual luxury, still less for a moral opiate, or spiritual charm. They are for the inspiration of our whole being, for the hallowing and for the bracing of every power, outward and inward, with which

we are endowed, for use in the busy fields of common duty.'

"There is for each one of us a wide scope for active usefulness, for the harvest is still great, and the labourers are still few comparatively—and moreover, our time here is limited, 'for the night cometh when no man can work.'

"Every day—every hour yet remaining to us is laden with opportunities for action; there is no time for dreaming. We must be alert, intent, determined, and then we may rest assured that when our little day here is done we shall bear some few sheaves with us as a result of our exertions, rather than leaves only which alone can result from the indulgence of idealistic dreaming and selfish exclusiveness."

THE GLORY OF DRUDGERY, from *The Treasury*.

"Waitin' fer a train today, I couldn't help noticin' the shiftin' engine, and how hard 'twuz workin'. 'Twuz puffin' here 'nd tuggin' there, 'nd never standing still fer five minnits. 'Nd it never got outside the yards either. Jest back 'nd forth, on them same lines of rails, gettin' trains ready for other engines to take out, allers in the thick of things, never runnin' out through the fields 'nd woods or acrost the river bridges or over the hills, like the other engines—my! 'twuz like a parable of some folks' lives, allers doin' the hard work in the hard places.

"There ain't no glory in bein' a shiftin' engine. No fast runs, 'nd no record-breakin' hauls—jest makin' up trains so's they kin start out right. Seems to me there's lots of men 'nd wimmen—specially wimmen—jest like that, doin' common things day in and day out, 'nd getting no glory nor credit out of it all. Folks praise a great man, and fergit the mother that started him out right. They admire the head of a concern, when it's the quiet partner or the gray-haired clerk that keeps things goin' straight. The engine that goes speedin' along, over a clear, open track, with the hull continent ahead—that's the engine fer them, every time!"—*Forward*.

THE Law of Expression proves that the attributes of the infinite spirit are within man at all times, not as a power

which comes and goes, but which abides within always, from conception until death.

ONE sees the forming power of conviction if one will consider a moment. How many cures one tries for a disease, without avail; and why?

Because the convictions are there at work, turning all the material things taken into the body into the shape and form of the silent, but powerful, conviction.

IN studying mathematics one studies something which he must apply when he wants to calculate only.

Electricity the same; Botany the same; all studies and other subjects have a definite and particular use, to be used at certain times under certain circumstances only.

Not so the Science of Life. This subject is one which enters into every moment of every day, affects every moment, every feeling, every thought, every act, and includes every other subject.

ALMA GILLEN.

A BROTHERHOOD PLATFORM, from "Brotherhood," July, 1905.

"The most thoroughly satisfying and blissful interpretation of life's meaning that any finite mind can conceive comes nearest to, but is immensely transcended by, the glory of the absolute truth. The principle whereof the sweetest and tenderest human parenthood is but a feeble image—the Father-Mother Principle—Perfect Love—is the eternal Cause of all evolution.

"Involved in each human personality, deeper than its animal consciousness, and pressing up through it, is one and the same archetypal, ideal, spiritual Humanity, figuratively called 'the Son of God.' This is the true abiding Self of each, sure to emerge finally in the consciousness of each as the Reality of his being, and of the whole human race. This is the basis of the Brotherhood of the human race—the basis of something even deeper than Brotherhood—the basis of organic union, of indissoluble membership one of another.

"The phenomena that we call 'evil'—alike those that we

also designate 'sins,' those we designate 'pains,' 'diseases,' and 'death', and those we describe as 'social maladjustments'—are the forthshowing of ignorance, or incomplete recognition, on the part of immature but developing minds, of the truth that Good is omnipresent and is the underlying Life of all. They will vanish gradually as ignorance gradually gives place to the knowledge of the truth that makes free.

"The only worthy object of endeavour is to unfold the archetypal Humanity into manifestation in each human personality and in all relationships and connections, to bring the hidden involved Good forth into universal and clear expression."

"To do good to men because we love them, to use every talent we have so as to please the Father from whom we hold it for His service,—there is no other way of teaching and serving this deep discontent with life, which hides itself under an appearance of indifference."—*Amiel's Journal*.

"There is nothing so fatal to the finer faculties as too ready or too extended publicity. There is some danger lest there be no real religion in the heart which craves too much daily sympathy."—*Margaret Fuller*.

"We must remember that health is contagious as well as disease * * * The very fact of one's holding the thought of perfect health sets into operation vital forces, which will in time be more or less productive of the effect—perfect health."—*R. W. Trine*.

"He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding."—*Prov. 14:29*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MENTAL HEALING.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

SECOND LESSON. DEGREES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

It is not necessary for our practical purpose now in question, to take into consideration the diversity of rays projected by the Divine Substance. This is a subject which can be considered by the student any time that a love of research impels the explorer into so vast a realm of thought. We are to consider the one ray which manifests itself as a human being—that degree of thinking-activity and self-consciousness which can say *God Is*, and because *God Is*, *I Am!* Some of the world's greatest thinkers have taught us how to form logical conclusions in regard to existence.

We are told to doubt everything; doubt that the universe is what it appears to be; doubt that there is a power which controls and governs; doubt that law and harmony prevail; doubt that we live, and through *this door of doubt* there comes a knowledge that something is doubting! We cannot doubt without thinking, for doubt implies thought. It is the I which holds the power of doubting, and since doubting is a form of thinking it is the thinking quality which exists. The thinker doubts, the doubts force the thinker to say in the words of Descartes "*I think therefore I exist.*"

The same thinking-activity which allows me to proclaim consciousness of doubting and thinking, allows me the power to proclaim why I exist, and what kind of existence I am. Mrs. Grimke says: "I exist because Infinite Mind *thinks*, and I have no *existence* apart from Infinite Mind."

Existence means to stand forth from something, and if I come forth from something, I must be a part of that which projects me. It is evident, above all things, that the elements which compose individual life, are the elements which compose all life; and we cannot too often perceive the fact that the attributes which constitute us, what we are, as seemingly separate existences, are the attributes which form the very essence of all life.

If we have grasped the fact intellectually, that we are one with the Great Source of Being, this attitude may prove beneficial in a small degree, but the *entire* consciousness must be fully awakened to this vital truth.

If we are the possessors of untold strength, it will not be of any real value to us until we become conscious of it enough to *use* it.

The intellect can perceive inherent power, but the heart must feel it, and use it, or our life structure will be built upon sand. We are continually deceiving ourselves in regard to every subject until the fact of oneness with the Creator becomes the actuating influence of every creature. The individual ray which constitutes the *I Am* is consciousness, ranging from the center to the circumference of Being. It is literally "The lone soul with its lone God." It comes from God, and goes back to God. Its mission is to manifest, show forth, or make visible the glory of the unseen. It has three distinct planes of Consciousness, or three points from which it perceives life, in our present state of unfoldment.

One plane of perception is the spirit, one is the soul, and the other the body. But remember, the entire constitution of a human being is *One Substance* with its varying degrees of consciousness. Spirit is that high degree which is what the word denotes: Spirare, to breathe: the breath of life. Soul is that interior realm where the *I Am* holds its balancing power, and is really our throne of judgment where we form conclusions in regard to either the inner or outer spheres. Body is that plane of consciousness from which and in which the soul stamps its judgments and conclusions. Body is the ultimate degree of all the divine conscious substance which is above it. It is from the sense-plane or body consciousness that we misinterpret so much, expressing very little of those high degrees of consciousness which should be made manifest on this plane. Every other thought-ray from the Infinite Mind expresses more of the inner perfection at the ultimate degree of life than the individual shows forth in its physical embodiment. That there is a good reason for this we will see as we progress in our study of Self. We are

coming now to see how much greater we are as human beings than we have ever dreamed.

Much of our life, so far, has been lived from the very smallest portion of our being—the sense plane, where we seem limited and helpless. In becoming awake to our many superior portions of being, we learn how to rise into the hitherto unknown and unused realms which belong to us, and lo! instead of succumbing weakly to those environments which have seemed to hold us bondsmen or slaves, we revel in our new-found birthright. We can then assume a very different attitude toward external surroundings.

BUT THE AWAKENING PROCESS MUST COME FIRST.

Knowledge of this vast interior realm wherein we learn to dwell, and from which we become master over many things, must be gained, just as we learn, step by step, to take our place in the physical world. The child gradually gains confidence after making repeated efforts to walk, and we who are children, in regard to spiritual things, will at first hesitate, fearing that we cannot gain the victory over helplessness. *Fearlessly learn to take the first step*, and you will soon find yourself walking confidently over all that separates you from your ideals. This first step means *the knowing* that *God Is Infinite Mind*, that the *I Am* is a thought-ray which *Infinite Mind thinks*, that in spirit, soul and body you are great enough to face this world and all other worlds with your commission from the Father to solve ever mystery. Learn to seek knowledge from every quarter in regard to your oneness with God, for this recognition alone brings you into your true heritage and constitutes you the mighty being which you are. Meditate, think, act, love along this line.

It is impossible to rise to our full stature until we can *absolutely know* that God and man are one, and we cannot realize this truth from what any individuals tell us. The consciousness of it must come from repeated efforts on our part to see clearly for ourselves. It is helpful in this work to dwell in thought upon the magnitude of the ray projecting a consciousness which ranges from the infinitely small to the infinitely great. See how, from the very first glimpse

of external life, this consciousness expands to take in everything! Is it not a marvel that we can hold the impression of one star in mind? and then how stupendous a thing it seems to hold the impression of the hosts of stars discernible in the firmament! Think of one tree and then of the myriad trees you can hold a picture of at once! Think of the sun, the moon, the ocean, the mountains, and remember that as great as they are, *your consciousness grasps them all!* And the landscapes, the palaces, the events, the memories, the aspirations, the desires, the lessons, the loves which are stored in one human consciousness! Certainly its range is vast and deep to hold so much and expand as it will through life to take in all that existence yields. In its highest degree this consciousness scales the summit of human perception and knows how to imitate in its creation the ways of the Infinite. The finite mind forms an ideal of that which it wishes to create, and then works in the external to make visible, a copy of the model held in mind, so that everything constructed by man in the external world is but a visible *Representation* of the invisible thought from which it springs. Through this power, we come to see that the Infinite Mind—the thinking-activity and self-consciousness manifesting *Itself* everywhere holds the ideal of a human being, and this ideal is what the finite mind is *re-presenting* in visible form. To Mrs. Grimke we owe much gratitude for her clear perceptions upon this subject. "Infinite Mind is the only Creator. It is also in the true sense of the word the Only Mind in the universe. The finite mind stands in the revelation of Thought to this *One Great Mind*. (1) Thoughts can never be the mind which thinks them. (2) Again, the sum of all the thoughts of Infinite Mind can never equal the *One Mind*. (3) Again, thought has no independent existence apart from mind. Therefore: (1) Man can never be *God*. (2) All mankind together can never equal God. (3) Man is an utter unthinkability apart from God."

Spirit sweeps out from Its own center and becomes the earth we tread. Infinite Mind thinks, and Its thinking-activity becomes the vibrations of life which give us the power to think. Life, will, breath, thought, feeling surge through

the universe manifesting in this precious substance we behold as human beings. The soul who enters the Path of Awakening perceives itself as one with the Infinite on every plane of being. In spirit it is one with God through breath, breathing consciously in unison with the Great Breath. In soul it is one with the Creator through its creative power of will, ever selecting or rejecting experiences according to the degree of perception which it develops. In body it is one with God through every element of which the visible world is composed. *One Substance projects Itself*, and Its manifestations become the visible forms which our dim vision holds as separate creations from the One Spirit that materializes in and through all. The eye of perception sees oneness with the Infinite revealed in every plane of consciousness not only by one attribute but through every attribute of life expressed in varying degrees.

NOTE.—That the building up process may begin at once, in your physical and mental realm, it will be well to hold some one vitalizing thought in mind each day. You will often find your thoughts wandering from that which you take as a central point to hold, but call yourself back repeatedly to the foundation you wish to build upon. Take your first Statement of Being this week. Every morning let your consciousness ring with it, as soon as you become awake! Every night, let it be the last thought before sleeping! All day in the midst of hurry, or care, or pain, or turbulence of mind call your wandering thoughts home to this rock of strength—*God Is*, and because *God Is*, *I Am*! Never mind if the statement has not become a glad refrain in your soul as yet. These statements are chisels, and we use them to hew away all obstructions which keep the I from RE-presenting its own perfection in the body.

An apprentice begins his work without knowing the entire system which experience will reveal. We can, in like manner, begin most forceful work for ourselves even though we do not realize how far we will succeed. Holding one thought in mind, above all other thoughts, has a vivifying effect upon the entire being, if the one selected becomes a

kind of pivot, around which smaller thoughts can circle for illumination and nourishment.

Thought is continually moulding the body, *and there is no tonic in the world equal to the power generated by filling the mind with thoughts that are true in regard to existence.*

Stand just as fearlessly alone
 As if a throng begirt you;
 And learn, what long the wise have known—
 "Stand close to all but lean on none,
 And if the world desert you,
 Self flight alone can hurt you."

"If you find yourself entangled in the cloud, stand still until it passes by, and take with calmness what it has to give, knowing all is good"—*Helen VanAnderson.*

"Entertain no thought of failure, no forebodings of defeat, no distrust in your powers of accomplishment, no matter how frequently and forcefully they obtrude themselves"—*Dorothy Quigley.*

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He replied, "I had a friend."—*W. C. Gannett.*

"All that man does upon earth is done in and through the power of his thinking. Every deed is a projected thought. All his creative work is the manifestation of the one creative force—thought.—*R. Heber Newton.*

"True knowledge comes through obeying the higher impulses that well up in the soul, and through bringing our thoughts into accord therewith."—*C. B. Patterson.*

THE LAND WITHIN.

BY SAMUEL CHARLES SPALDING, D. D.

"Father thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed.
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels, rich, to Thine Own sons displayed.

In finding Thee are all things round us found;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
Open our eyes that we Thy world may see.
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear.
And in the Spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near."

—*Jones Very.*

If your temper be that of Wordsworth, if you too would
cry:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers"—
If you would know
"That blessed mood in which the burthen of the
mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things;"

if you have tarried long enough on the restless shores of life

and would experience the spacious peace of life's inland, then come with me into the Land Within, to the cities and the solitudes of Man's Spirit. I have penetrated but a very little way across the borders of that land but I must tell you what I have seen and know of it. Others have gone much farther than I, and yet no one, neither Jesus nor Emerson, nor any other, has more than begun to realize the possibilities of that El Dorado of the soul.

But it is a far-off land, you say? how shall we find our way thither and enter into it to possess it? A far-off land? It is "closer * * than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." How shall you find it? Close your eyes, sit in your chair, kneel by your bed or lie upon it, and be still. Turn your thoughts inward. Relax every muscle, open yourself to the Divine Light and all the Spiritual winds that blow. Think on high things; such thoughts are the swift bearers that shall convey you to that land. Invite good thoughts and kind thoughts to nest in your heart. And lo, you are there in the heart of your kingdom. By a single act of will you may wipe the figures of the busiest scene from your consciousness, level the furrows of the most anxious thought, stop your ears to the most insistent noises of our bustling life, and whisk! you behold the solitudes within, the vast, quiet, open spaces of your mind and soul, wherein you may take refuge from all your outer littlenesses and find strength and peace.

But after all no man may tell you just how to reach the land within. The paths are many, and various the modes of approach. Some stumble upon a way and enter their Holy Land heedlessly, only to harness its living waters that they may saw the knotty lumber of commerce. Some find it only after forty years of wandering in the desert and fall upon knees of the Spirit, thanking God for the beauty of the vision. Travellers there be who can tell you not a little of the land, but no guides. Each must in the end blaze his own trail and clear away his own underbrush.

To be sure, there is a place of refuge in us to which most of us know the way and to which we have often retreated,

and felt the blessed relief which came when at last the door was really shut and the blinding light that pitilessly searches everything in the busy world was excluded, and the noise was deadened, and all the turmoil and the hurly-burly fell away. But that place, with all its heart's ease, is but a little compartment, a closet of the soul. Jesus, you remember, said: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into Thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." He may have been speaking literally, of course, but there is a very real spiritual sense, too, in which, whenever we truly pray, whenever we meditate on high things or contemplate any of those beauties that are not for the eye, we enter an inner closet of our being and shut the door. And we find that closet dim and cool and still, and there in thought, in spirit, and in truth, we can commune with our thoughts, our memories, our hopes, our ideals, our loved ones gone before, our God.

A closet, however, is at best, but a small space. If our souls were the little tenements, the doll's houses we are in the habit of thinking them, there would probably be no place within ourselves to which we could retire, except a closet, and even that would be very apt to be musty and cluttered. But the human soul is a vast place, a place of magnificent distances, not only a fair city, although there are many mansions there, but a beautiful land as well, of river and plain, of shade and sun, of valley and hill.

First for the post of entry, the chief city of the soul: roughly speaking there are two sides to life. Passing through a city there are two aspects of its life which command your notice. There is first the outer activity of street and store and factory, the busy life of public places. Then there is the inner life of the city, the sum of the private lives of its citizens, in the home, at the club or lodge, or in the church. So too with the individual. He has his outer life which consists in his relations, of whatever sort, with his fellows. But behind this he has an inner life which consists also, we will say, of a home, then of something bigger and more sacred which we may liken to a church or a cathedral, and finally, beyond these and their city of the soul,

stretching indefinitely to the horizon of man's possibilities (if any such bounds may be set) are the infinite reaches of the human spirit, your *terra incognita* and mine.

Your mind is your home and it is probably more or less comfortably furnished with habitual ways of thinking and lighted attractively by conventional points of view. But through your mental life and mine now whispers and now surges the music of our emotions, and above it, like a great cathedral beside the cosy littleness of our normal minds towers what we commonly call our Spiritual life, the vistas of whose great distances are not commanded by any of the customary points of view.

Have you ever been hot and tired and tense in a great city and suddenly stepped into the cool, dark bigness of some commerce-crowded church, felt your nerves relax, the wrinkles smooth out, and your heart thrill and uplift under the beauty of the warm tones of the shafts of light, the dim mystery of lofty arches? You leave outside your workaday life with all its glare and noise and fret, with all the little ends you so madly and often ignobly seek; you leave all the imperfections, the unfulfilled promises and relationships, the unimproved opportunities of our life, together with the particular strain or problem or anxiety of the moment, and you open a silent door of your being. Within is cool, calm, rest, largeness and peace; the mystery of dim light and objects half discerned, the rich colors of your ideals, the altar of your reverence, and over and around it all a sense of the presence of God.

Prayer is the fittest language for such a moment, but you need not pray. You may just be still and know at last that in God you live and move and have your being; that in your own soul is a house of the Lord which you have now found and which will always await with blessing your weariness and disheartment. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Seek the inner sanctuary of that temple that is in you for a little while each day, and if you do nothing else drink in its beauty and its calm and carry out into your active life something of its spirit, a syllable of its benediction.

But beyond the home of the mind and the city of God within, which has "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it" for there is "no night there," lies the almost unexplored realm of man's higher nature, his Promised Land which most of us as yet are only given to see from afar. With all its beautiful and uplifting associations, a church is after all a mere faulty work of man's hands and to liken our final conception of the soul to such limitations would be to belittle it inexcusably. A church is sacred, but the hills and streams and forests of God's open spaces are infinitely more sacred. Therefore I borrow my highest thought of the soul from the elemental sweep of outer nature and would bring back word of the fertile country-side within that flows with milk and honey and beyond it the awful solitudes, the soaring peaks, the unvisited, abyssmal canons, the great plateaux with their overreaching heaven of stars, the unsounded inland seas, of our divine nature.

Gardens of Eden are there where God still walks and talks with those who search him out and know him, who put off the garments of worldliness and come to him in all the nudity of the simple hearted. Are you weary and heavy-laden? Have you borne the burden and heat of the day? There is rest and refreshment and renewal in the open spaces of the soul's immensity. There is grateful shade and the food of hungering hearts and sparkling waters of life which make glad the wayfaring spirit, whereof it may drink, wherein it may bathe. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul." How the words fit that land of inner consolations to frequent which is to exclaim with the Psalmist: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Do you inwardly yearn for certitude as to unseen things? Does your spirit and your flesh cry out for the living God, his knowledge and his nearness in moments of weakness and doubt? You may meet him on the broad fields of spiritual comprehension and behold his indubitable handiwork in the myriad stars of your soul's sky, even though it be the darkest night of your faith. And even as our religion was born in

contemplative hearts under the Oriental stars, so shall religion, under that vision, spring up once for all in your heart and you shall know, beyond the cavil of any doubt, the divine paternity and indwelling.

Heights are there that dwarf the loftiest of earth, white-clad mounts of vision from which you may behold dimly, many of the spiritual kingdoms of God and man and with the aid of faith discern for some distance beyond the grave the shining way of immortal destiny for the soul. Below these supreme peaks cluster the rocky fastnesses of man's will and there also lie the fortified table-lands of mortality. And at their base sweeps the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God." And on either side of the river stretch great forests planted with the tree of life "which bears twelve manner of fruits and yields her fruits every month." And the leaves of the tree are for our healing and for the healing of the nations when we shall all at last awake to the truth that there is a balm of the spirit which gives easement to lacerated bodies as well as to lacerated minds and broken hearts.

And finally there are Niagaras of power there, which, if we will only learn how to harness them, will overcome for us the "world's allurements, threat and fashion," will give us dominion over many adverse conditions and shape to our hands certain of the keys of a splendid destiny.

A wonderful land surely, this inner land that is yours and mine by right of our descent from God! Shall we not, each for himself, fit out expeditions, though it be with infinite pains and many failures, to explore and map this mental New World? Is not its colonization and the development of its resources, the exploitation of its wealth, of infinitely more importance than any material aggrandizement or expansion?

May the spirit of Columbus be ours: may the thrill of spiritual adventure seize us! To be "rich toward God" will be the only wealth of the future and "God's private mine" is here. "The Kingdom of God is within you!"

"Be still and know that I am God."—*Ps. 46:10.*

BUILDING A POWERFUL MIND.

BY MAUD SIMMONS BRUNTON.

PART II.

(Continued from January Mind.)

Although the master mechanic's health constantly improved now, he still often made the serious mistake of overtaxing his strength. He would rush ahead, feverishly anxious to build a strong house which nothing could overthrow, and all of a sudden discover that his men of Strength were all used up, and his men of Will had to be sent out to gather more; meanwhile the work as a whole stood at a standstill. It was during one of these lulls that one man of Common Sense spoke somewhat as follows:

"No one should ever try to do any serious work when he is very tired; he should test his strength as he goes along, and develop his judgment through the proper use of it. Weariness which results from close mental application, or hard physical labor, should be rewarded by complete rest. Resting is a science quite as important to master as any other. But when a man has not truly earned a rest, he should force himself to earn one before indulging in recreation, and thus develop his will,—otherwise he will lack the vital energy necessary to build a powerful mind. *You must have force.*"

The Master Mechanic was inclined at times to be very emotional, and at other times to be absolutely devoid of feeling, and he never could foretell one day how he would feel the next day. His emotions troubled him a good deal because they upset his thoughts. His Common Sense speakers, therefore, enunciated the following doctrines:

"Emotion gives vitality to thought, but the man must control his emotions and direct them to high ends, not allowing the vital forces which they generate to run riot in him. Turbulence will undermine the mind. Do not be anxious or over-eager. Self-renunciation, combined with devotion to a noble purpose, must give peace. The mind cannot *grow* in a hubbub.

"Avoid both depression and elation. Avoid extremes if you wish to attain self-control.

"Cultivate poise. Gain equilibrium by balancing one experience against another and coolly considering their relative value.

"Learn to think or not to think, at will."

The man tried to follow these precepts, but it was very hard, and the harder he tried, the more difficult it seemed, so he began to wish for a Teacher. He longed to meet one who had passed through the same difficulties which he was passing through and mastered them.

Then one of his men of Justice spoke up and said:

"You must impart to others the knowledge you now possess, and you will then be entitled to the help of those more advanced than yourself."

So in spite of all his weakness and difficulty, he went out each day and taught others who were in a worse state than himself, and although he was as yet but a very poor teacher, and evinced much ignorance, still some people were much impressed with his high ideals, and persistent endeavors, to build a grand mind-house which would stand every storm and contribute to the world's intellectual greatness, and a few of these people became tired of living in damp, sickly mind-huts, and began building new edifices after the plans outlined by the Master Mechanic.

This was a great encouragement to him, but he was destined to again "have the wind taken out of his sails" in a very short time, for he met some people who apparently had some short cuts to knowledge which he did not possess, he perceived that not one of them needed to build a great mind for by holding the mind passive, by keeping dormant all the natural activities, certain psychic influences took possession of them and gave them the wished-for knowledge. But strange to say, he did not much respect most of these people's opinions because of their meagre mentality. Then he became ashamed of this harsh judgment, and wrote in his diary:

"Be generous in thought as well as in deed.

"You can learn something from every living creature.

"You may think your system of mind-building quite ade-

quate to your needs, when all of a sudden some catastrophe will demolish it.

"Do not condemn other systems until you know all about them; in each, you no doubt will find something that you need."

The motives of the Master Mechanic were good, but his powers of discrimination poor, as was amply proven when he "sat for development" with a crowd of psychic debauchees. Ere long he became psychic himself, and "saw" all sorts of queer visions, some good, some evil, some mischievous,—and all mystifying. The dead materialized before him; one seemed like the girl he had loved in early youth, but she whispered airy nothings in his ear; then he knew she was a fraud, for the wraith could not approach that girl in intellect. So materializations ceased to interest him. There was too much room for deception here. But his interest in his visions, strange and unintelligible visions as they were, grew daily, hourly upon him, absorbing his time and strength, so that he neglected his mind and also forgot to care for his body. His men of Forgetfulness increased constantly, and his men of Will died in large numbers. The true Teachers whom he had so much desired to meet passed close by him unnoticed. Swarms of all sorts of lower entities swept through his house, and almost drove him out-of-doors. In fact, one in particular, a black visaged monster of tremendous will but malignant intent, took command of the host, and although the Master Mechanic, saw the true nature of the intruder, he had no strength to combat him, so that he would have had a sorry time indeed had it not been for Love. He opened his bosom and let him out, and he cast a spell over the fiend, and himself drove the whole nest of vipers from the place. Then the men of Common Sense closed the doors, Love flew back into the man's bosom, and the rest of the day was given up to lectures by these men of Common Sense, who still held front seats in the man's council. I will quote just a little from the last of the lectures:

"The student should never be *passive*, for then he lets down the bars of the mind, and makes himself subject to every sort of influence; but he cannot contain anything; the

power and love of earth's greatest Teachers can only spill over, and around him, as it were, without being put to any definite use. And even though for the most part, he escape unharmed, his mind-house must deteriorate, the walls of his thought mansion must crumble under such neglect.

"But the student should never be aggressive, for this involves a process of repeated rapid loading and firing which is apt to be annoying to other people, and makes quite impossible any sort of true and proper relation with greater souls.

"The right attitude of mind is always the one which is helpful. In every other lurks the germ of disaster. The student should seek to make his mind a *channel* for true knowledge and power to flow forth into other lives; he should be like a river-channel, through which pure, living waters pour, tranquil and deep, plentiful, useful to all the neighboring country. In such an attitude of mind, he need not seek greater souls, by whose help he could so much profit; they will surely find him."

The man's mind now reacted rather in favor of exclusion from other people. He determined, however, that he would continue his altruistic work by writing a book. This book was never finished, but *he* derived a great deal of good from working on it, and he often read it over to himself, especially noting these practical points:

"Words, actions and feelings are expressions of thought and react on the mind. Let none of yours be frivolous, unkind or immoral.

"Never lose sight of your ideals.

"Try to remember the things you have learned. The great secret of memory is interest. If you are really interested in certain knowledge, you will manage to acquire it.

"Cultivate steadfastness. When, after due deliberation, you have determined upon a certain line of action, follow it to the end.

"Think well before you act. You do not need to learn everything by experience. By careful thought, you can save much vital energy.

"Learn to arrange your ideas consecutively, and think logi-

cally; otherwise you will build an edifice 'with holes in it,' which will crumble in a very hard storm.

"Resolve definitely *when* you will do a thing, naming the exact time, and the mind will then arouse you to your duty, thus saving you many a useless worry over trifles which must be attended to but are 'always so hard to remember.'

"Learn to make up your mind thoroughly and quickly. Indecision builds only the rudest kind of mental huts.

"Framing thought into questions will help you to make clear and definite your needs. Answering those questions in writing, briefly and to the point, considering everything which may have any bearing upon them, and arranging your conclusions in orderly sequence, will be found excellent mental training.

"The thinker cannot spend all of his time in worldly activities. Simplify your work as much as possible. You will be surprised to find out how many things you do every day which are unnecessary, and how much time you waste over useless trifles.

"On the other hand, the thinker *must* perform his duty to the world. He must not shirk responsibilities; it is a short-sighted policy; the man is not true to himself who shifts *his* burdens upon others or ignores proper claims upon him. There is no better training for the mind than the performance of every duty with the most scrupulous care."

When it came time to finish the great house with suitable thinking apparatus and thoughts, the Master Mechanic's neighbors offered him a lot of cast-off furniture from their mind-houses,—for antique furniture was then the style. And while a few rare pieces were indeed very valuable and were therefore given honored places in his mansion, still his men of Discrimination insisted that the rest of the house be furnished entirely new with apparatus which dips persistently into the heart of Nature herself, drawing forth glorious pearls from the vast deep of the Universal Mind.

His men of Business Enterprise reminded him that it is the business of the mind to shape the raw material of observation into the finished product of realization, to transmute

feeling into knowledge, to mould concrete thought into abstract thought, and to utilize the facts of experience generally in developing the faculties and powers of the soul.

So they converted the first floor into a factory, and manufactured their own furniture. The power they used was the power of Concentration of Mind, and men of Conservation of Energy and Centralization of Force built the first pieces of furniture. On the main wall of the factory hung a chart, which read as follows:

"Be regular in the practice of concentration; but avoid physical or mental strain.

"Never concentrate the mind on any part of the body; it may cause physical disorders.

"Never let the mind dwell on a low mental image; it will cause disease of the mind.

"Concentrate the mind on the work in hand, whatever it may be. If it is not important enough to deserve *all* of your attention, it does not deserve *any* of it.

"Never think of two things at once; make the mind one-pointed.

"Be always definite and clear in your thinking; danger lurks in a fog.

"Develop and control your imagination, and so evolve freedom of thought and scope for the mind's activities."

In the top story a peculiar electric plant was set up, designed to draw from the sun such heat and light as should be needed for illuminating the house. It was really a wonderful invention, and, as the light streamed through the windows, his neighbors marveled, for it was of a most intensely brilliant quality.

And soon a Teacher, attracted by the radiance, knocked at his door, and congratulated him on all that he had accomplished.

This was a great day in the man's life, and the Teacher soon became a frequent visitor, although he only claimed to know a little more than his pupil.

PART III.

The student's mind was now filled with the great problem of how to gain more power. "This electricity only lights the house," he said. "There is not enough to warm it. And I had hoped it would become a great world-power."

"There is great power in words," said the Teacher. "For instance, you may build Peace into your consciousness by the repetition of the word 'Peace.' Words mean vibration. It is by steady, regular, rhythmic vibration of a definite sort that desirable material is drawn into the mind and guided into definite shape and color. Think, then, in words; repeat certain words steadily, regularly, vibrantly, at a stated hour every day, if you wish to build that particular type of thought into your mind,—if you wish to color your thinking according to that standard.

"To fix the mind regularly upon some lofty but clear ideal, is a quick way of acquiring concentration. The interest in such a subject holds the attention.

"When concentration is fairly well acquired, definite, clear mental pictures of a high order may be used to further develop it. But of course you must make the pictures stand for something, some exalted idea, and something that is of importance to *you*, for instance, Love, or Truth, or Patience.

"You can take the loveliest face you have ever seen or imagined, and fix the mind definitely (with perfect calm) upon that, and let the light of Love shine through it into your thought, and flow into your soul, until your whole being is illumined by it.

"Likewise, *Truth* can be made to flow into the consciousness. And this is a wonderful training. There is a realm of nature where Truth Immortal dwells, and it has its counterpart in the soul of man, by means of which it can be contemplated and realized. Thus, in the light of Truth, you raise your mind above thinking and enter Thought itself, and great illumination will burst upon your problems. Life will take on a new power and a new meaning. The little things of daily life which seemed so all-important will cease to worry you. You will stand serenely above them, for you will have found out how to get light at will, the true light,

with a conviction which is permanent, upon all questions of real importance to you.

"But this will not be attained in a day. It will demand patience, long continued patience. You should meditate upon patience until you get it into your consciousness as a permanent possession, until you are never in a hurry, or discontented, or perturbed over little things, or restless of those doleful experiences in life which are meant for discipline, and can be so beautifully turned to account (every one of them) in the soul's growth.

"In taking mental pictures for meditation, it is important to make sure that they really represent to you the idea involved, and that it is unmixed with any grosser idea.

For instance, generally speaking, a picture or statue of the Venus of Milo (beautiful as it is) would not represent spiritual Love. A picture of the Boy Christ might, that is, to most people in a Christian country. A picture of Guatama Buddha would mean as much to a Buddhist. The pictured face of a boy's mother often accomplishes for him the same thing.

"Truth is more difficult to picture. But the image of one whose wisdom we may have learned to revere,—for instance, Plato, Pythagoras, or (coming down into our own time) perhaps Emerson or Tennyson,—anyone who has given us truth which is convincing in itself as stated, may rationally be expected to give us greater Truth when, by contemplation of that truth as represented by the face of the beloved wise one, we enter the realm of his greater thought which no printed page can portray. Living and vital become these mental images to those who seek the life within,—to those who love truth for its own sake and are willing to let go of what they call their *own* ideas, counting them as nothing in comparison with what may yet be attained. Only so can progress, real progress, be made."

As the Teacher spoke, the pupil's gaze became riveted upon his tranquil, soul-lit face, and striving to penetrate the beauty within, he saw something there that seemed strangely familiar, and yet he was sure he had never seen those features before.

"May I,—have you any objection?" he queried, "to my taking *your* face as a symbol of Truth and Love in meditation?"

"None whatever," answered the Teacher gently, "provided you look beyond the symbol into the Eternal Reality of which every man is but an imperfect expression."

"When you have thus taught yourself," he went on, "by means of pictures for awhile, and the mind has become accustomed to strong mental images, you may be surprised to find that it acts as a magnet for similar mental pictures created by other minds. They will come into your mental horizon, and you will see them quite as distinctly and clearly as any object observed normally in the physical world about you. This is a sort of mental clairvoyance. When you want knowledge along a certain line, you will be taught by a living panorama of moving mental pictures, any one of which you can hold still and gaze at, if you wish, (taking in the meaning) just as long as you can hold the mind perfectly steady.

"This proves either that there is something in man greater than what he normally recognizes as himself (which teaches him on these extraordinary occasions), or else that there are beings greater than himself (either with or without physical bodies) who may be interested in his evolution and seek to help him with their thought, or that there is a plane of nature on which all truth is definitely, clearly and eternally taking form (we may call it the Mind of God, in whom we live and move and have our being), and if we can raise our consciousness to that plane, we may perceive the Truth without admixture of error."

"Probably all three hypotheses are correct," said the pupil.

"But ignorant people are easily deceived regarding what they see," went on the Teacher. There is a lower plane of nature on which a lower class of pictures is constantly forming or being formed by all manner of entities (including the lowest class of men), and an ordinary untrained psychic, seeing *these* pictures, will imagine they represent immortal truths fresh from the mind of God, but his information will

not stand the test of logic; it is neither illuminative nor instructive; least of all, does it come with absolute conviction, as true knowledge does. Relatively speaking, it may contain a grain of truth, but it is usually only a partial truth; it has no permanent importance, and does not take hold upon the life and make it a power for lasting good in the world.

"Discrimination must, therefore, be carefully cultivated, so that the mind will automatically reject these unreliable psychic pictures.

"If you wish in the shortest possible time, to build a truly powerful mind, you must make everything below it take its proper place, serving, ministering to, the higher, not prostituting it to the lower.

"And when you shall have established a mental equilibrium which nothing can shake,—when you shall have come to feel thoroughly at home in the realm of *real* knowledge, then, descending into lower regions, you will find useful work to do everywhere, but you will be Master of conditions there, then, and no longer a creature of circumstances."

"This is more than building a powerful mind," interposed the pupil, "It is a spiritual development, of a peculiar nature. Which, now, is the more important, spirituality or intellect?"

"Both are important," replied the Teacher. "The essential thing is a powerful mind spiritually illumined. Spirituality is often confounded with emotion, as in most revival meetings. Many of the saints of history have been lacking in intellect, hence their alleged knowledge of super-physical planes has been unreliable. To be not a mere saint but a sage, not a mere psychic, but a true seer, is involved in building a truly powerful mind."

From this time on the student was eager to master the great philosophies of the world; he became thoroughly up-to-date in scientific matters, and every religion from time immemorial contributed to his spiritual growth, while the literature of mysticism, with which all civilizations of ancient times were flooded, and which only recently has been coming into general recognition among Western minds, took a strong hold upon our Master Mechanic's thought. The subtilities

of the Hindoo mind delighted him, and the contemplative Oriental scriptures fascinated him, so that he began to follow their precepts, particularly in regard to the practice of Yoga, and sometimes he went beyond them. Again the watchful Teacher spoke:

"The realms of the metaphysical present some grave difficulties to the average Western student. Unless you are thoroughly accustomed intellectually to the intricacies of metaphysical speculation, do not meditate upon such themes as "The Absolute," "The Infinite," "The Eternal," for you will get nowhere. The average brain reels before the awful splendors of the Absolute. Insanity follows where there is any gap in the mental structure, where any part of the intellect is frail, where the consciousness has not perfected every step of the way between the practical affairs of life and the Abstract.

"So long as you live in this world, be practical. Be sure that your growth has been symmetrical. There are many good people in the world who are stupid, and this stupidity nullifies the practical value of their goodness. There are people who have a great deal of love in their nature, but they are lacking in common sense, hence their love has only a negative value to the humanity of which they form a part, and there are many powerful intellects being used for evil purposes. This kind of power is comparatively short lived, and its evil practices must react upon and injure the evil-doer. Ignorance is the foundation of most of the suffering in the world. With real all-round knowledge must come infinite blessing to mankind. And remember, you really *know* only what you *live* and are able to impart to others. Make yourself, then, beyond the question of a doubt, all that you are capable of being, ere you attempt to scale the heights of the Absolute."

At last the seven stories of the building were complete, properly furnished, lighted and heated, the night of the grand reception had come, and the house was thronged with guests.

"So this remarkable living building is finished at last!" exclaimed one.

"Hardly," replied the host thoughtfully. "The very fact that every atom of its structure is endowed with a permanent life-principle which will act automatically, as it were, along the lines of its training, means that such a growth once begun must be eternal."

The guests' delight knew no bounds, as they beheld on the first floor the immense thought-factory on the second floor the great kitchen and dining room, where ideas of all kinds were nicely prepared and served to order; on the third floor the wide parlors and drawing-rooms where visitors' thoughts were entertained with special lavishness; also the bulging libraries, where rich gifts from the best minds of the ages reposed elegantly against the high walls, and conservatories where the hot-house plants of our Master Mechanic's own thought blossomed luxuriantly; on the fourth floor were the fine gymnasiums, where he trained his ideas along special lines, and numerous bath-rooms, where he refreshed them after their exercise; on the fifth floor the many restful bed-chambers, where he studied the science of repose; on the sixth floor the splendidly decorated lecture-rooms, where in letters of blue and gold shone the words, "The only conquest worth while is the conquest of ideas"; and on the same floor the peaceful chapel where his soul spread its wings for regions beyond thought. The walls throughout the building were hung with marvelous thought-pictures. The great archway leading to the threshold of the seventh floor bore the words, "The Lesser Mysteries," and nine ante-rooms, winding in spiral fashion from the sixth to the seventh floor, had to be passed through ere the visitor could gain entrance to that exalted region. All were welcome, provided they would first train themselves to appreciate and profit by the teachings in that remarkable place.

Each ante-room was guarded by a General, and the people noted their names on stars on their breasts:

"Discrimination,"

"Indifference to Transitory Things,"

"Concentration,"

"Self Control,"

"Generosity,"

"Endurance,"

"Courage,"

"Equilibrium,"

"Aspiration."

The guests soon apprehended that those of them who would penetrate to the mysteries beyond must make a serious business of acquiring these qualities, so they inquired of the Generals whether the Master of the House could not be induced to take pupils. They replied that they were authorized to accept in his name certain ones who were most advanced in thought and most pure and unselfish in character, but that the others must first learn the lessons of ordinary life more thoroughly. So only those students were accepted who were willing to give all to the service of humanity, whose single-eyed, whole-souled devotion to the Cause, whose readiness to sacrifice all personal interests and ambitions entitled them to his aid, and whose previous life and training had prepared them for such advanced instruction as it was worth the Master's while to give them. But most of the people had to go out into the world for further preparation. The few chosen ones sought the Master for more serious consultation, but found that he had retired to the Holy of Holies in the chapel, from which there was a hidden shorter passage to the top-story of the house. And they saw no more of him until several years later, when, having been through all sorts of tests and training under the Generals in the nine ante-rooms, they met him on the threshold of "The Lesser Mysteries," and he initiated them into those mysteries.

Vague rumors of what occurred there reached the idle and curious world. But the only people who really *knew* anything about it were those who had built similar mansions of their own.

Air-ships traveled back and forth from one top-story to another, and, on certain occasions, gathered up ship-loads full of students from these upper stories, and the ships descended to earth for some great humanitarian work which required their concerted efforts.

Then the people noticed in letters of fire on the ships' sides the words, "*The Greater Mysteries.*"

And some very curious but ignorant folk whose desire for personal power was great and their love for humanity *nil*, forced an entrance to one of the ships, but when they presented themselves before the Master, insisting upon initiation into those "*Greater Mysteries,*" he said compassionately, "You rush to your own doom."

Then another spoke; it was the Master's Teacher. Pointing to his pupil, he said:

"Even *he* is not yet really a Master. He has only just passed his first initiation into the *Greater Mysteries*, and must pass several more initiations before to him may safely be entrusted anything pertaining to the greater interests of evolving humanity. More advanced souls have helped him to build this mighty ship for the acceleration of the work, but when he starts out in it, he is not yet strong enough to cut more than a few of the ten ropes which bind the ship to the building from which his soul emerges. So long as this is true, we know he would not be strong enough to control the ship in a storm. So one who has completely mastered the forces of nature accompanies him in all his undertakings, and aids him in all his endeavors.

But to those of you who have not by long service and consecutive training proved yourselves entitled to such aid, our time and strength cannot be given. You ride in the ship temporarily, but in a storm—beware! Our ship turns upside down, and only those who hold the key to its innermost recesses, the key of love immortal, only those who are thus entitled to enter there for the guidance and control of the ship, are secure. As the lightnings flash and the thunders crash, the Wise Ones gather up this energy into great storage batteries for the world's helping. But, I warn you—the same energies kill as create. Children should not play with fire."

At this most of the culprits returned to earth in balloons furnished them for the purpose, but still some remained who insisted upon penetrating "*The Greater Mysteries,*" although none of them had first mastered even "*The Lesser Mysteries*"

of life and human destiny. The Master turned sternly upon them saying:

"The flames lure you onward. Blame no one but yourselves if you are unable to control them, if they sweep you into a world of disaster, if you are devoured by your own passions and uncontrolled desires; you may at least serve as object lessons to a careless and thoughtless world."

Then his tone changed to one of compassion and tenderness.

"In early life," he said, "I too stood where you stand today, and demanded fire to play with. It was snatched from me by one who loved me with infinite tenderness. Her life in the physical world was soon ended, but in the world of Mind she still lives today, and by her help I have been enabled to penetrate some of the mysteries of that vast region. On the threshold of "The Greater Mysteries" she was revealed to me as the Teacher to whom I have been indebted for all that has been accomplished."

Slowly, as he spoke, the hoary Teacher's garb was transformed into the clinging robes of a woman, with rich brown hair coiled high upon her shapely head, while her eyes—they were the sweetest eyes that ever looked into the heart of man—cast a radiance over all, which dimmed the rising moon's light and eclipsed the glory of the setting sun.

Life is a constant readjustment. It requires a daily renewal of one's faith and then a return to the tasks, the struggles, which at times well nigh weigh us down. It means repeated failure.—*H. W. Dresser.*

"Every soul *must* take time daily for quiet and meditation. In this lies the secret of power. No one can grow in either spiritual knowledge or power without it. Practice the presence of God, just as you would practice music."—*H. Emilie Cady.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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HOW TO BECOME A HEALER.

The question is often asked me, "How can I become a successful healer?" Now, it seems to me there are some qualities that are absolutely essential. To begin with, the prospective healer must have a clear and definite idea as to what constitutes healing. When this movement now called "New Thought" first started a number of people taught that almost all the diseases that "flesh is heir to" originated through fear or apprehension—fear of fire—fear of accidents, etc. They carried this view to such an extreme that they completely lost sight of the element of personal character and strength of will. In accordance with this conception there was great stress laid on the method of denials. Assuming that disease was bred through fear alone, it was argued that it could be cured by denying that the object of fear existed and thus blotting out the mental picture that was supposed to be the whole cause of the trouble. Now there is no doubt that many physical ailments have their root in fear. Sir Edwin Arnold and de Lessups tell us that no perfectly fearless man ever had Asiatic cholera. Many who turned their homes into hospitals and brought in cases that had dropped in the street in the worst phases of the disease, themselves passed through the epidemic unharmed. This holds true also as to medical doctors. They go exempt from contagion to contagion because familiarity or some other cause, makes them fearless. Whatever we fear as well as love, we draw near to ourselves and relate ourselves to.

For every real condition there is a seeming counterpart which, however, up to a certain period, is as real as the other. We must not forget that we have had fear implanted in our minds though many generations before us and from our earliest childhood—the fear of pain, of punishment—even the fear of God. We have been told that because of a single action, perhaps, in this limited life, we might be doomed to limitless anguish hereafter. It is curious to note that this teaching professes to be found in the Bible—a book in which, for every reference to punishment and “lost souls” there can be found ten or twenty, amplifying and illustrating God’s mercy and loving kindness; “for his mercy endureth forever”—not for a day or even a lifetime but—forever. Now, though many of us have outgrown these particular fears, we have not outgrown the inherited tendency of mind. Everything we have ever done or been is written into our lives. We are now, each of us, writing our own “book of life” day by day. Nothing can ever be “blotted out.” There is no such thing as blotting out. We must grow into the larger consciousness of life that understands even mistakes—even the so-called evil—as stepping stones to a deeper realization of the truth of life. A full and complete realization of the unity of all life—(that all things work together for good—that all is good)—so changes the attitude, the spirit, of one’s mind,—so polarizes the forces and energies, so readjusts the whole life that what seemed only evil is now seen to be none the less good in the making. It plays its part in making clear the wonderful life picture. We can measure up the real by the unreal. We have to learn the great lesson that all these things had power only as we gave them power. We have to come through them to the realization that we ourselves have power over all—we make conditions and circumstances. But you may remind me of the law of cause

and effect and also that the children suffer for the sins of the fathers unto the third and fourth generation. Yes, but only the third and fourth generation "of them that hate me," and the law of the "Spirit of Life" overcomes the law of sin and death. When we rise into the full Christ-consciousness we are above the reach of the law of Karma. It is useless to worry over the past—to regret and bewail the yesterdays. What is done, is done, and that is the end. It can not be changed. But every experience, whether you call it good or bad, has brought you some wisdom. If you learn the lesson of each thoroughly you have no need of another; you have put that phase of experience forever behind you. St. Paul urges us to forget those things which are behind and pressing forward unto those which are before, reach the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus. Some one may say "that is all very well, but the effects of my mistakes in the past are still with me." That may be, but you are not ridding yourself of these by dwelling on them, by emphasizing them in your thoughts and adding to them by your words. It is true that even after a person is healed and able to heal others he will still be at times influenced by the record of the past stored in the subconscious mind. I knew a healer who had previously been very nervous and though he had quite conquered this tendency so far as he himself was concerned yet a weak or especially receptive patient would almost invariably take on this outgrown condition which had left its impress on the subconscious mind. Self healing and the healing of others are very closely related. It is impossible to think for oneself and not for all others at the same time, we are so closely related. An angry thought in the mind even though it is directed against another, will react just as surely on the life of the thinker. And every impulse or thought sent out in the spirit of judg-

ment or condemnation, lives on in the subconscious mind until the realization of oneness with all—of the great current of Universal Love—enters the life and there is a new adjustment of every phase of consciousness. This is what the Master meant when he said: "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Even when we think of ourselves as strong to help the weakness of another, in that thought of weakness for the other we have detracted from our own strength. We must get on the affirmative side of life and take our stand there. While we dwell on the negative side we can never be in the full current of life and health. We must not only hold the thought of health and strength for our patients or our friends in particular, but our minds should always be filled with such mental pictures to the exclusion of every other concept. The successful healer must first know in his own life the power that heals—must feel it fully, impellingly, overwhelmingly. He must know it as a limitless power—as omnipotence. If there is any thought of limitation in the mind of the healer then his work will be circumscribed and hindered. One may ask, how can we claim omnipotence for any human being? We do not claim omnipotence for the healer but only for the healing power working through him when unhindered by him or any phase of his personality. "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do." This is the only ground to take; anything less than this limits and reacts on the patient. We must also take the stand that all knowledge required to direct and use this power is accessible to the healer. Omniscience as well as omnipotence may work through him—enthuse, possess and use him. The Master said: "Ye are Gods." When we forget or grow beyond the human concept in the realization of our oneness with the

divine, we feel ourselves mediums—vessels—so to speak—for the great Universal forces. When the Jews took up stones to stone Jesus for this word of his he said, "For what good work do ye stone me?" And they said "For a good work we stone thee not but that thou, being a man, makest thyself equal with God." Jesus might have argued along metaphysical lines in reply to this, he might have asserted his own position, but he only said "Is it not written in your law, 'I said, ye are Gods?' If he called them Gods unto whom the word of God came, say ye of him whom the father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest because I said, I am the Son of God."

When the veritable word of God comes into the life then is that life one with the life of God—the great Universal Life. If we do the will we shall know of the doctrine. We must work from the center. But you say, there are times when God is not with me, when I have no consciousness of his power. Nevertheless he is omnipresent as well as omnipotent and omniscient. There never was an instant in your life when God was not there in all the power of his healing love. "Closer is he than breathing and nearer than hands and feet." In fact his nearness is very like that of the air we breathe. It is within and without in all its plenitude but it is not there *for us* unless we use it. It is only through use that greater realization and capacity come. This is really the foundation of the whole New Thought Movement—this belief in the immanence of God and the necessity of expressing this belief and realization in the life. When I use the term "New Thought Movement" I do not intend it in any limiting or narrow sense. I speak of the fundamental principles of New Thought as I would of the great cosmic forces. One would never think of founding a church or a sect to promulgate knowledge of the law of gravity

or the law of cause and effect. When we apprehend a great truth it is not for us to expend the energy this vision inspires in establishing a little coterie or a great body of people who will draw lines of demarkation about themselves and so separate themselves from others. Those to whom the vision comes should carry the altar in their souls—in their lives. In the New Jerusalem there is no temple—there is no need of one. And we are promised that the time shall come when one shall not say to another, "Know ye the Lord? For all shall know him from the least unto the greatest." 'All things are ours, indeed, but we have no use of them until we enter into our inheritance, our possessions—until we are possessed by them, in fact.

The successful healer must love his work, must love to bring peace and health and freedom into the lives with which he comes in touch. No matter how thorough an understanding he may have of the underlying principles, no healer can work truly and do lasting good unless he loves his work. This must be his chief—his only—motive. We always do well what we love to do. We learn quickly what we want to know. Love is the only impulse in work that abides.

The healer knows that the pictures of disease and error in the mind or even the subconsciousness of the patient have no reality and he overcomes these, not by denying their reality but by affirming the real. The unreal can only be overcome by the real. If, for instance, a healer finds the condition of hatred in the mind of the patient, he will find, too, that such a condition invariably associates itself with personalities and things. We can not get a mental picture of abstract hate. Now of course the hater intended his animosity to effect someone else but in reality it is himself alone whom he is harming. The healer must show him this and

at the same time bring about that condition of relaxation, receptivity to the good and readjustment of relationships towards outward and inner things, that make for harmony. Every phase of the healer's teaching and treatment should be constructive. It is a waste of time and energy to expend them in any destructive process. All treatment too must have the element of joyous giving. This is necessarily absent from denial. When we reach the point where we realize for ourselves that all makes for good—"works together for good"—then we will see the uselessness of any denials. There seems to be an element of effort, strain, coercion, hypnotism, indeed, in a course of denial. Now, New Thought people frankly admit the existence—as mental pictures—shadows—reflections—of what is called "evil." They admit its influence and even its usefulness. They have no desire to give patients or anyone, anything but a true picture of life, a sane and balanced point of view. The mental concept of evil is as real and has as real an influence with people as the mental concept of good. The only difference is that, left to itself, unaided by resistance or additional thought of any kind, evil and the concept of it die out. This is its nature and this is why Jesus said "resist not evil." Whereas good and the concept of it increase and abide because the nature of any good thing is eternal. Hence we must take our stand definitely and invariably on the affirmative side of life. "All is of God that is." In a sense the way of affirmation is a narrow way but it is also a straight way. It involves no loss of time or energy; it makes straight for the goal and it can not fail. Every time a true statement of life is made, a clear, unequivocal affirmation of the good, it is a universal treatment, as it were, it is giving to the whole world something that lasts and that will make steadily for adjustment and harmony while it lasts. But if you al-

low yourself to become entangled in the mesh of denial and negativeness you will find that eventually your work will be wholly of a negative character. I know whereof I speak. I have had twenty years of experience and during two or three of these years I tested the method of denial. Once I lost all consciousness through the force of my own denial. If you feel that you no longer have any need of the physical body you can easily discard it in this way, or practically make void the existence of any faculty or organ. But it does not seem to me in any way desirable that we should cut ourselves off from any mode of expression in this way—that we should cease to feel, to perceive, to be active. It is not natural and what is not natural is never right. Taking our stand on the affirmative, the positive, side of life, we can dominate circumstances. A healer who may at first feel it difficult to give treatments will by degrees find, through the law of the association of ideas, that the mind at the slightest demand becomes filled with thoughts of health and strength, positive, outgoing impulses of good, of uplift and of love. Every genuine treatment that is given makes this condition easier for the healer until it becomes habitual with him. It is necessary to be able to focus and center the mind at will in order to give successful treatments. Otherwise a receptive patient will as readily take on any undesirable phase of the healer's thought as an opposite phase. When a healer is able to concentrate clearly and at will, he is far more successful in his work for he can give a clear, strong, mental picture of the state he desires to bring about. And this must be accompanied by what I may call a heart picture, a deep desire of loving, of giving, a realization of oneness—oneness with the Source of all good and with all others of our fellow-men. The truest treatment is from the depths of the healer's consciousness, from the center

wherein he comes in touch with all good, and it goes to the deepest consciousness of the patient. It is futile to work on the outside. The healer must call out the deepest in the patient—must speak directly to innermost consciousness. It is not, however, the healer who heals. Jesus himself never claimed any personal power. He always said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." It is the condition brought about in the patient through receptivity toward the current of universal life and love that works the cure and changes the mental attitude. It is God who heals and just in proportion as you open your being to the things of God—to the influences of good—the surge and urge of the full tide of life and love throughout the universe—you will know health and wholeness and harmony. As you recognize the presence of God in your life you are healed of all hurt, and there is no other power under heaven whereby men may be made whole.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

(Continued in April issue.)

THE CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

To those who have for years worked patiently in the New Thought movement, nothing could be more gratifying than the Convention held in Boston, Feb. 22 and 23. It was well planned and well conducted, from beginning to end. The Committee of Arrangements, consisting of a large number of Boston workers, accomplished wonders in the short time which are available for preparations. The Chickering Hall was secured for the public meetings, while the reception and business meetings were held in the spacious rooms of the Metaphysical Club in Huntington Chambers. Out of town speakers and delegates were met with most cordial hospitality, and through the generosity of the Boston people, the railroad expenses of speakers were paid. Without doubt, the material conditions under which this Convention

met were unparalleled in the history of the New Thought movement.

These outer conditions were, however, merely the expression of the harmonious spirit of the Convention meetings. Although every phase of the movement was presented by the various speakers, there was perfect unity among them all. Religion, philosophy, therapeutics, and economics, were shown to be integral parts of the New Thought idea. The large audiences were roused to enthusiasm again and again by the stirring words of the speakers, all tending toward liberality of opinion, enthusiasm and consecration in the work, and true nobility in daily life. Something of the evangelical spirit swept over the final session of the Convention, when two active ministers spoke of the wonderful healing work which has been done in their churches. Several speakers pointed out the relation between the New Thought movement and the great tide of progress now in evidence in the political and social world. The Cause of Peace was ably represented. The School City system of self-government among the children, as presented to the Convention, offered an excellent practical example of the uplifting influence of the idea of personal freedom, for which the New Thought stands. And the Convention as a whole was a forum for the exchange of mutually helpful ideas, as well as a center for the radiation of the idea which unites us all.

This idea is well-expressed in the Constitution adopted by the New Thought Metaphysical Alliance at its business meeting, which states that one of the purposes of the Alliance shall be to "Teach the principle of the universal indwelling of the Divine Being, and the all-inclusive Brotherhood of Man."

It is proposed to hold another Convention in Washington early in May.

"The great secret of life is to know how, in our own way, to be receptive to it, how to read the message of its inner whisperings."—*H. W. Dresser.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

RELIGION OF AUTHORITY AND THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT. By Auguste Sabatier, Late Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology in the University of Paris. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton, New York. McClure, Phillips & Co., 1905.

If any one reads to reach a reasonable, sound, and accurate conviction on the subject of which ideas have and ought to have authority in religion, let them read this book. It is written just for such students. It is in no sense a work of polemics. It follows the most rational method of all criticism. Every system has its immanent logic which impels it toward its point of perfection, thus revealing its internal inconsistencies or insufficiencies, impelling it no less irresistibly to dissolution and ruin. The history of a dogma is its inevitable criticism; a revelation of the laborious method of its formation explains its origin, defines its nature and makes manifest its insufficiency. This is Sabatier's method. He does not set to work to refute either Catholic or Protestant dogma. He shows how they have come to be and that is enough, because that shows their inherent weakness and fallibility. Having thus shown their transient and contingent character, the author need not say another word. The students will know, that they can no more be absolute authority for them.

But the author does not end by this. His main aim is to clear the ground, that he may teach *The Religion of the Spirit* and about one-half of his book is devoted to that purpose. He maintains that Jesus Christ is the founder of the religion of the spirit. "The Gospel, in its very principle, implied the abrogation of religions of authority, and inaugurated as a fact the religion of the Spirit." With it terminated the mediation of a priest and the obligatory letter of the law. "Thus the centre of gravity of religious life was changed from without to within, from the institution to the conscience." To most of us, born under the new spirit, it is difficult to realize this enormous change and only too many think lightly of the colossal work done in history when

the gospel of "the glad tidings" of freedom was first preached. No wonder that the Roman empire hated and persecuted the first Christians, those that proclaimed "the religion of spirit" in opposition to "the religion of state" which Rome had forced upon all the known world. No wonder that in our own day and in all the long years leading up to today, all those whose ideas called for subjection of the masses, resisted and still resist any and all movements that tend to lay the centre of authority in the individual heart.

The new spirit may be read in the words of Jesus in the proclamation, that whosoever will be great shall be servant and not lord it over the people like the rulers of the Gentiles. The sum total of the foundations of the religion of the spirit is "fraternal equality and spiritual independence founded upon filial relation to the Heavenly Father." Jesus himself taught this with authority, but not by an authority derived from external power or powers. His authority was spiritual and the spiritual listeners then and now recognize it as such. Divine illumination in him and in us teaches the truth of the lesson and we hear in it "the word of God." "Instead of terrorising and stupefying the mind he wakens it and stimulates it to activity. * * * * The spiritual life is not a state, it is an aspiration, a desire, a prayer, an act. * * * * The teachings of Jesus tend to give birth to a new life in the heart, to create the spiritual man in the carnal and animal man."

I know not of any richer mine among modern books of this class to which Sabatier's belongs, more useful to our people. It is a book of authority in the sense in which I just spoke of Jesus' teaching and it certainly is indispensable to those who teach the Christian form of "New Thought."

THE TAO TEH KING. A short study in comparative religion. By C. Spurgeon Medhurst, for twenty years a missionary in China. Chicago, The Purdy Publishing Co., 1905. Price \$2.00.

This book is vastly more than a study, it is an excellent interpreting translation of the famous Chinese classic, "The

book of Tao and Teh," viz.: the book which teaches what the Highest is and how to obey it.

When I spoke to my Chicago audiences of the book in 1895 it was unknown to them. I had also found at that time that elsewhere in America the book was unknown. Since then Chicago has produced two translations and in England have appeared three, though, I am sorry to say, they are worthless. However, these publications show that it has been discovered how valuable the book is. No doubt the present publication meets an ever growing demand and it is sure to be able to satisfy numerous souls.

The Tao-teh-King is vastly different from the other Oriental scriptures brought to us of late years. It is most simple in its style and diction, most emphatic in its thoughts and interpretations of life's mystery, most philosophic in its methods and most ethical in its teachings. The reason for this superlativeness is its genuine naturalness. If the book be placed by the side of Emerson's writings and the two read collaterally (as they ought to be) no one would need any other philosophical or religious library.

I have called this book an "interpreting" translation, because no other translation can be made of it. Lao-ten, its author, was a mystic of clearest water and could only write in a universal language, and such an one, can of course not be translated into any particular vernacular. It can only be interpreted. And as for Mr. Medhurst's interpretation, I can only say, and that is enough, it is invaluable. I have diligently compared his renderings to all former ones and find him often to give a new and peculiar and delightful richness to sentences, I thought I knew in their fulness.

It will be a great day for this country when Lao-ten, "the old man," shall be venerated among the teachers who have lifted "the new world." Let the reader buy this new rendering and preach this new form! It will prove a "jewel in his bosom!"

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT. Spiritual truth in modern application by Henry Wood. Boston, Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Price \$1.20 net.

He would be a bold man who would dare to put such a title upon his book as Henry Wood does in this case, if he were not able to present "The Abundant Life" as Mr. Wood does. One can not read a page in this book without feeling that the author not only has the life himself, but is able to present it. The book is a contribution to "the emancipation of the Bible from literalism and formalism." It is not an iconoclastic work, but an attempt to "brighten and deepen" the reading of the Bible and "aid in its establishment upon a surer basis." I, for one, am glad to see Henry Wood and others stand forth and reassert the Bible and call for its study. Only too many moderns in their eagerness for oriental knowledge and their haste for what they call culture, have worked themselves away from the old Scriptures, which in all matters stand for pure spirituality, where only too often the Bibles of other lands teach but the lower grades of mentality, ethics and spirituality. I am not able to say which is the best chapter in Mr. Wood's book. Personally I prefer the one "The Bible and Nature." I advocate a study of the Bible on the basis of the ideas expressed in this chapter. I do so with confidence in great results because I have studied in this manner for many years. "When truly interpreted, the spirit of the Bible is in full accord with the inwardness of Nature. * * * God is more directly the Author of the book of Nature than of the Written Word. * * * Nature is sacred, a true Theophany. * * The natural type is the division type * * * The term, Nature, should be rescued from a formal, inert heartlessness with which it is associated by certain minds which are pessimistically inclined * * * God is Spirit, and Nature is spiritual * * Nature is responsive * * The Sermon on the Mount fits the constitution of man * * * The whole realm of Nature is permeated and vitalized by the warmth of Omnipresent Love, etc., etc."

MOZART, the Man and the Artist, as revealed in his own words. Compiled and annotated by Friedrich Kerst. Translated into English, and edited, with new Introduction and additional notes, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. Authorized Edition. New York, B. W. Huebsch, 1905.

BEETHOVEN, the Man and the Artist, as revealed in his own words. Compiled and annotated by Friedrich Kerst. Translated into English, and edited, with additional notes, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. Authorized Edition. New York, B. W. Huebsch, 1905.

The musical world ought to be grateful to publisher and editor as well as to the original compiler for those two handbooks to the inner lives of Mozart and Beethoven. We have in literature large and satisfactory lives of these masters, but not yet anecdotal memoirs, and, as yet we are ignorant of much about them which was unavailable prior to this compiler's research, and, the new knowledge produced relates intimately to the composers' lives and the problems they endeavored to solve.

We all love the music of these men, who had heard the mysteries of Nature. These books will also attract us to Beethoven when he declares (page 70) "I love most the realm of mind which, to me, is the highest of all spiritual and temporal monarchies." This he wrote to Advocate Kanka in the summer of 1814. He had been speaking about the monarchs represented in the Congress of Vienna. And in Mozart we hear the notes of a stoic religion (page 138). "I live with God ever before me. I recognize His omnipotence, I fear His anger; I acknowledge His love, too, His compassion and mercy towards all His creatures; He will never desert those who fear Him. If matters go according to His will they go according to mine; consequently nothing can go wrong,—I must be satisfied and happy." It is always refreshing and upbuilding to hear men, who are not professional philosophers and preachers speak that way. Both these books are admirable handbooks to have lying upon the table near which we rest and from which we can take them up for edification and spiritual company in hours of sorrow or joy, meditation or conversation.

TAPER LIGHTS. By Ellen Burns Sherman, Springfield, Mass. The Gordon Flagg Co., 1905. Price \$1.00. Postage 10 cents.

This collection of essays is the second edition of "Why

Love Grows Cold" by the same author; they are subtle and entertaining, but not always easy reading without a dictionary at hand; read this for inst. (page 217) * * * races, whose languages have undergone so much for euphony's sake, (witness the Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish), have not a greater tendency to squopate and elide cacophonous verities than have the firm Teutonic chewers of consonants." However the essays would shake any spleen out and rout a melancholic crank, compelling him or her to laugh and laugh heartily either at the authoress or her fancies. The essays are more than tapers, they are lamps for the weary.

C. H. A. BIERREGAARD.

"It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail."—*Emerson*.

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things whate'er you may believe. There is an inmost center in us all, where Truth abides in fullness."—*Robert Browning*.

"If you wish others to remember you with pleasure, forget yourself; and be just what God has made you."—*Charles Kingsley*.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin, though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—

. Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—*J. R. Lowell*.

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"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth." —EMERSON.



VOL. XVII

APRIL, 1906

NO. 4

THE EVOLUTION OF MIND.

BY T. W. TOPHAM, M. D.

The new doctrine of elevating mind to the supremacy of being the substantial and potential element in the universe is rapidly growing in interest in scientific circles.

The fact that so many scholars have filled volumes with their highest conception of the origin and destiny of man makes any effort to establish a new premise to explain how he came to be man very venturesome.

The fact has long been established, by both physical and mental science, that there are but two primary elements in the universe; Mind and Matter; and they are intimately associated in every living organism. Mind being the first and the potential element, there never could have been a time when the Infinite Mind did not exist.

There could not possibly have been anything preceding or back of the Infinite Mind, the first cause must have always existed, and contained within itself the potential of everything, because something could never evolve from nothing.

So it seems self evident that everything that is, must have emanated from the one original source; and because of the sublime wisdom displayed in establishing nature, and in the

harmonious adjustment of her laws, that source must necessarily have had an Infinite intelligence.

The magnitude of the universe, and the complexity of the laws that govern it, can leave no room for doubt about its origin, and the source of the intelligence employed being the cosmic mind of the Infinite God.

The God of the universe that first evolved matter and then established such an elaborate system of laws to govern it, must have had a purpose in doing so beyond the mere creating of worlds to roll through the vast expanse, and to people with organic life.

That purpose is completely expressed in the operation of natural laws, all of which co-operate to accomplish a mental growth and increase in every living organism; so that it is evident this was the purpose of the Infinite from the beginning.

That mental growth and improvement is the result of an Infinite design is apparent, because everything on this earth in which activity is manifested contributes in some way to the development of separate minds.

So we may safely conclude that each one of us came into being and exists as the result of an Infinite design; and in abeyance to the operation of laws that were established to carry out the original purpose of producing the mind of man.

This is a life of constant change, each individual being endowed with a separate mind that has been continually gaining knowledge by experience, and improving with his years; and because man and his mind are one and the same, it makes the origin and destiny of mind a subject of absorbing interest.

The source of every separate mind will necessarily have to be traced back to the first cause of everything, to the God of the universe, who first established the laws of nature which have operated so unceasingly and so effectually to produce the myriad conditions of mind.

This one fact relating to the origin of man stands out prominently beyond all others, that there exists an elaborate system of natural laws that operate to give him being, to

furnish him with a body, to give it life, to nourish and sustain it during his sojourn upon this earth.

These laws have made an abundant provision for the propagation of his race, and every essential required for his maintenance has been carefully safeguarded through their operation.

No greater proof can we have, that producing the mind of man through the operation of natural law was the original design of the Infinite, than is manifested in the power to remember, to reason, compare, imagine and decide.

These faculties constitute a mind of self conscious existence, and they belong essentially to man, but since all mental increase is the result of a gradual improvement, there must have been an innumerable variety of minds preceding the power to reason by comparison.

In studying the many factors, that have contributed to produce the being man, we are struck with this one tremendous fact; that instead of his being a spontaneous creation, there has been a most elaborate and complex method employed, that is both intelligent in design, and harmonious in action; which indicates there was profound purpose involved in his existence, or he would not be. To establish the accuracy of this statement, this fundamental proposition is submitted for careful consideration, that the mind of man is the result of evolution, through natural law; and that he is the last, and the final product, of mental development while mind is associated with gross matter.

The development of every separate mind is through an intellectual growth, and consequently, the process must be one of evolution; and by the operation of laws which were ordered by a wisdom far surpassing anything of which our finite minds can possibly conceive.

The process of evolution is so complex, and there are so many interdependent factors involved, that the universal order of things by which the endless variety of separate minds have been brought into existence, could not possibly be the result of inanimate forces acting upon each other, or of haphazard chance. Whatever the stage of its evolution, every form of life requires a physical body in which to develop;

and it seems evident the creation of matter could serve no other purpose than to furnish mind with a body, a habitation and a plane of existence.

Every law of nature works in harmony to accomplish the ultimate object of developing mind until it shall have a self conscious existence, and the marvelous method of continuing its improvement gives us reason to believe it will live forever.

That the being man could not be brought into existence in any other way than by a long process of development through evolution is self evident, because there can not be any mental improvement except from knowledge gained. To bring a being into existence, with a wholly matured mind, without having gained knowledge by experience, by any process of spontaneous creation, is an impossibility, because it is contrary to every known law of nature, that always operates on definite lines, and is absolute in its requirements. Everything that is, is under the dominion of natural law, and nothing was ever known to spring into existence except in abeyance to law, or without a definite cause that was adequate to produce it.

Our proposition is, that a mind of self-conscious existence that can reason by comparison belongs to man alone, and is the result of an intellectual growth that has come to him through the mental development of the lower animals, and by an almost endless process of evolution. Every organism manifesting a method in its existence is alive, and possesses some kind of an intelligence; and every mind, from the least to the greatest, from the simple instinct of nourishment of the vegetable kingdom to the mind of man, must necessarily have come from the one universal source, and consequently each one is a part of a separate expression of the Infinite all-mind.

The wisdom of man is the highest development of mind associated with gross matter, and because it is the result of growth and mental increase, it must have begun with the lowest form of life, that received the first mental impulse from the Infinite as it emerged from the mineral kingdom.

The mineral that was decomposed by heat and moisture

produced the first form of life, and its mental impulse contained the instinct of nourishment and embodied the law of procreation.

The study of evolution takes us to the inorganic kingdom for the body of every living thing, and because there can be but one source of intelligence, every mind however minute must be a separate expression of the Infinite mind.

From this simple beginning, we can trace the evolution of mind, in the unconscious, up through its different stages in all the varied forms of plant life; and it reached the animal only when the vegetable kingdom could no longer contain it. Then it required a different kind of a body, and feeling was added to the improved condition of mind, and it became the subconscious mind of the animal.

The great original thinker, Chas. Darwin, traced the different stages of evolution in animal life, and gave to the world his elaborate treatise on the descent of man from the lower animals. His general statement as the cause of improvement was on account of each higher species in the ascending scale of evolution having a better body than the one preceding it.

He did only what the masses of our people have ever done, and are still doing, regarding mind and body as one, or their bodies as themselves.

This is a very natural error, inasmuch as our minds of conscious reason have been developed while encased in a body of flesh. The association of the two primal elements in us—Mind and Matter, is so intimate, and they are so interdependent, that they seem to be essentially one. We can all remember the first impression made upon our incipient mind in childhood, and we have watched it improve with the growth of our body; so it is not to be wondered at that people regard mind and body as the individual self. It is not true, however, that this body of flesh is any part of the I myself. The individual I is mind, and is an indissoluble, indestructible part of, and a separate expression of the Infinite all-mind, that we know as God. This body we live in will die, and return to its original condition of gross mat-

ter; but not so with the mind that was developed while inhabiting it which can never die.

The mind of man is a substantial entity, because it has a self conscious existence, and this separate I makes him an indestructible being that will necessarily survive the death of his body. This is manifestly the will, the purpose, and the design of the Infinite God, because the edict is expressed through the immutability of natural law.

Of course it will be impossible, in this short article, to enter into an elaborate description of the various stages of progressive change that have taken place in the ever advancing condition of mind in its evolution.

Scientists have isolated the different stages of organic life that began in the mineral kingdom, and have classified them into the Eazoic, the Paleozoic, the Misozoic, the Cemazoic, and the Psychozoic which is the present period that contains the mind of man.

A diversity of opinion has existed for years, between evolutionists and the religionists, as to the origin of man; the former was headed by such men as Dr. Bastian, Professors Heckler, Agassiz and Lamarck who first promulgates the theory of evolution by natural selection, or the survival of the fittest; followed by the great Darwin, and later by Spencer, Huxley, La Comte, Romanes, Wallace and many others.

All of these great scientists have defined evolution to be a law of derivation of organic forms from previous forms, with such modifications as come from amalgamation, environment, and the survival of the fittest. Their views do not differ essentially from each other, because they were all dealing with the body, and its formation, which is absolutely under the dominion of a natural law that supplies a better body for every advanced condition of mind.

They are right from their premise, but new light is shed upon the evolution of man, when we understand that it is mind that has been advancing from first to last. We did not descend from the lower animals, it was mind in evolution ascending, and conscious reason came to man through

their mental development, and not from their bodies as so many have taught.

The varieties of mind have undoubtedly been multiplied by the interbreeding of distinct species, and the different members of each family; but their mentality has always been on the ascending scale.

The lower minds have always improved by this process of amalgamation, and the universal progress of mind was assisted by its inhabiting a different body under a new environment.

There is no missing link between the lower animals and man; the most intelligent animal can almost reason; his mind anticipates the mental powers that belong to man alone, and there could not possibly be another step in mental evolution without developing the power to reason by comparison. In this last stage, conscious reason has been added, which marks a new epoch in the evolution of mind; and is such a marked advance that a very much better body is required for the mind of man to develop in.

The fact that the development of separate minds is the ultimate effect of natural law, and that a body is only an incidental requirement has confused those material scientists who have studied the evolution of man from the physical formation of the lower animals alone.

They need another link in the chain of progression, but the evolution of man is made very plain, when we understand that we came up through their intellectual development, instead of from their bodies, by a process of natural selection.

There is not a break in the ascent of any separate mind that received from the Infinite its first impulse in the mineral kingdom up to the present time. Step by step through untold ages, and under all the diversified environments that were necessary for the mental growth of the different species of both plant and animal life did mind advance, until it reached the stage of conscious reason in man. He being the last, and consequently the highest, has inherited all the mental peculiarities that were developed in the lower ani-

mals; in so many different bodies; and under such varied conditions.

The many and varied phases of our minds show that the mental traits which were developed by the amalgamation of species and their families under different environments were all necessary to produce a mind of self conscious existence, that can reason by comparison; and it emphasizes our proposition, that we are the result of a divine plan, that was to improve mind until it should become individualized in man. The lower was necessary to produce the higher, and while many of the animal traits may be submerged or latent in us; we possess all their more prominent characteristics, and many special traits belonging to the higher species are manifested in our minds, to a greater or less extent.

For instance, we all have the same instinct of self preservation, of sexual attraction, of social intercourse, and the same love for offspring that the lower animals exhibit. We have many distinctive traits that were developed in the different species under their particular environment, such as the courage of the lion; the cowardice of the coyote; the industry of the beaver; the laziness of the sloth; the cunning of the fox; the vanity of the peacock; the selfishness of the hog, the faithfulness of the dog, and so on throughout the whole list of mental peculiarities. Every lower animal must have contributed something to the evolution of mind which shows conclusively that the mind of man is the acme or the sum total of all the intelligences that have preceded him. It also shows that the divine plan was to improve separate minds in the lower animals until they reach conscious reason, and no other reasonable construction can be placed upon the infalliable laws of nature which have operated to develop mind through such an elaborate process of evolution.

That the Infinite wisdom intended from the beginning that the development of mind should be the chief requirement of natural law is shown to be true, by a law of nature which demands there shall be an improvement from birth to maturity in the mind of everything possessing life, and we will call it the law of increasing intelligence.

Every organism exhibiting a method in its existence is

alive, and possesses some kind of a mind, that is bound by this law, to have an intellectual growth during its life time. The instinct of nourishment increases in every form of vegetable life with its years, the old blade of grass knows how to get more nourishment from the ground than it did when it first saw the light.

In every form of animal life there is the same mental improvement, and the lower establishes the intellectual status of the next higher, or the succeeding one, and so on throughout every phase of evolution, we can trace the development of mind to be the operation of this universal law of increasing intelligence.

This law requires the highest development of mind in one species to anticipate the improved intellect of the next higher, in the scale of evolution, so there can not be a missing link between the lower animals and man.

An intelligent dog can almost reason and his intellect anticipates the mental powers that belong to man alone. He does not know that he was born; that he is alive; or that he will have to die, he lives in the ever present now, as do all the other lower animals that have not a thought of the morrow, except what is required for the preservation of their species.

Throughout the many stages of mental improvement, two separate and distinct phases of intellect have been developed. These are particularly marked in the higher organisms.

One is solely for the care of the physical body; while the other struggles to gain the power to reason by comparison and becomes the mind of man.

The first group of faculties is called subconscious, and have their seat in the cerebellum or back brain, and operate principally through the sympathetic or vaso motor nervous system.

The second or higher phase of mind comprises the intellectual or reasoning faculties, that have their seat in the cerebrum or front brain, and operate through the cerebro spinal system, and the nerves of voluntary motion.

The subconscious group of faculties, all animals have more or less alike, and they increase in intelligence, with

each step of mental evolution, that requires a better body for each advanced condition of mind.

They are essentially the animal mind, that is required to care for the physical body, while the supreme object of Infinite wisdom is being attained; the production of a separate mind of self conscious existence, that is to live forever.

Very few people know they have a subconscious mind; and because it exerts so great an influence over our lives—over our physical, mental and moral wellbeing, it may be well for us to stop in our study of evolution, and consider some of its peculiarities.

These faculties that mankind has inherited from the lower animals, come to us unimpaired, so far as their general characteristics are concerned and are amenable in us to the same mental laws that governed them while inhabiting an inferior body.

While they are intimately related, they are not a part of the objective or self conscious mind in any sense, but form a group by themselves, that has entire and complete control of the animal economy.

They are capable of being instructed to produce the harmonious operation of their attributes, or of having their functions disturbed by the discordant abuse of over-indulgence.

They have absolute control over all the involuntary functions of our body, over its natural growth, over our health, which includes the power of recuperation, and they also form the vehicle of our personal peculiarities.

These subconscious faculties never sleep, they are active from the hour we are born until the day we die; exerting a powerful influence over our body and objective mind, and constitute the hidden cause of much of the distress happening in our daily lives.

They are called the subconscious group, because they are without selfconsciousness or the power to reason, and are as much concealed from a superficial comprehension as is the superconscious group. They belong solely to the body, and form an intermediate or a connecting link between the unconscious mind of the vegetable, and the conscious reason

of man. They are constant in every human being, whether he is aware of it or not, and control his habits of body, his predominating thought tendencies, and his general well-being.

The operation of these faculties produces all the phenomena that are usually attributed to instinct, to nature, inherited constitution and to heredity.

They impart to our body whatever peculiarities it possesses, that make it differ from every other one, and govern those functional habits that are essential for our physical life, which we all possess alike. They control our coughing, sneezing, yawning, stretching, itching and tickling, and notify us when we are hungry or thirsty, and produce the physical sensations of both pain and pleasure.

They take care of the body while we are asleep, and will cover it if too cold, or remove the covering if too warm, they awaken us during the night if need be, and at the usual time in the morning or will change the time if called upon to do so.

For instance, if we wish to arise at an earlier hour than usual we can impress upon them the time we wish to awaken, and contentedly go to sleep, if the impression is made sufficiently strong, they will never fail to awaken us at the time specified. They govern those habits of body that require us to attend to our bodily needs, and at a specified time unless something interferes. They control our likes and dislikes for certain articles of food, otherwise we would relish with the same degree of satisfaction whatever is set before us.

They notify our conscious mind of any undue pressure made upon our body, that is likely to stop or impede the circulation. That is, if we are cramped in any way, they call our attention to it, or will cause an involuntary change of position in order to give the muscles ease, and the circulation more freedom. The agent they use to carry on our bodily functions is our vital force, or personal magnetism, and its quality is impaired and may be poisoned, if we hold any discordant emotion continually in mind. Mental discord is unwholesome, because it lowers our vitality, and

lessens the power of our subconscious faculties to resist disease. Even if we indulge in the less wicked emotions, such as worry, sorrow, disappointment or chagrin, our subconscious faculties will create disease, if it is necessary to remove the discord that interferes with and disturbs their proper functions. They will create a fever or an inflammation if it be required to eliminate these mental discords, and this is the cause of every disease, that does not have a physical origin. Our subconscious faculties are the safeguards of our body; even when we abuse it, and are neglectful of its welfare, they still are faithful, and if it were not for their constant care we could not long exist.

They begin forming, fashioning, and caring for our body in foetal life, and constitute our only intelligence at birth. They govern all our vital functions, such as the beating of our heart, our respiration, digestion, nourishment, the secretions and excretions, in short they have sole charge of every involuntary function. These are manifestly out of the domain of our reasoning faculties, because we can not govern any one of them by our powers of reason, or by an effort of our will. Our conscious mind cannot make the heart beat faster or slower or facilitate digestion in the least, however much we may desire to do so. Our subconscious faculties enable us to walk upright, without the aid of the conscious mind, and preserve our equilibrium without effort; and govern entirely what we do without thinking or what is known as the automatic movements of the body. Their activity while we are asleep is responsible for our dreams through impressions previously made upon them, and they produce the phenomenon of somnambulism or sleep walking, by assuming control for the time being of the whole organism. They will insist upon our doing at a specified time, and in a particular way whatever we usually do at that time through force of habit, unless our conscious mind objects.

This group of faculties gives man his term or lease of life upon the earth, when it is not cut short by abuse or accident; and their persistent faithfulness, in caring for the welfare of the body, under all circumstances, makes it possible for him to abuse it to the extent that he does.

They possess a superb intelligence, far surpassing that of the conscious mind in some respects, but they are without the power to reason, and can not judge of consequences. This is shown to be true by an excess of fever, they frequently create to get rid of disease, over and above what is actually required, and by exciting an excessive inflammation to remove a foreign body from the tissues. The name of this group should be the faithful mind, because of its eagerness to care for our physical wellbeing under all circumstances, for it never fails to restore waste, repair our hurts, and overcome disease until it is compelled to do so by a violence that it can not withstand. Our digestion continues in spite of injudicious eating, our heart beats on even though we lessen its vital powers by indulging in stimulants, narcotics and the depressing emotions. Our respiration will never cease until it is compelled to stop, either as the result of old age or some violated law of nature that makes it no longer possible for us to live. The law of disintegration and decay will finally demand the life of our bodies so that our minds may develop in the next stage of evolution; but we may be assured that our subconscious faculties will never give up this life except to this natural law, unless their innate impulses are retarded by abuse and the devitalizing influence of those discordant thoughts, that interfere with their natural functions.

There is another phase of the reproductive action of our subconscious faculties, that is most important we should understand. This is their ability to re-picture the thoughts and ideas we hold uppermost in our conscious mind. When we entertain a particular thought or theme persistently in mind, it becomes impressed upon them as pleasant or necessary, and is faithfully reproduced, sometimes in spite of our will to the contrary.

If the idea gives pleasure, and we foster it, its continual reproduction makes it a habit of thought, and its significance becomes exaggerated out of all due proportion, and this produces what is known as the crank. It does not matter whether the idea be good or bad, true or false, it is reproduced with an equal persistence according to the strength of the impression it has made.

It is very important we appreciate the power our sub-conscious faculties have to reproduce the thoughts, ideas and emotions we persistently hold in mind, for it lies at the very citadel of our health and happiness. For this reason, discordant thoughts and emotions, make a much stronger impression than do the harmonious ones, because they are always associated more or less with our natural enemy fear. The emotions of anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, malice, disappointment, chagrin and worry, poison our vital force; and when frequently reproduced they become a fixed habit of thought occasioning disease and continual unhappiness. Entertaining a discordant thought or desire, until it becomes a habit, explains why it is so difficult for people to get rid of the drug habit, the whiskey habit, gambling, swearing, lying, stealing, tobacco and all other bad habits. When any one of them has become firmly impressed upon the sub-conscious faculties that can not reason, they deem it a necessity, and reproduce the desire with a persistence that is frequently beyond the power of will to overcome. This is why so many people go down to a premature grave from over-eating and drinking, and the habitual abuse of their bodily functions goaded on by an unseen power they do not understand, and even when they can see that disaster is the inevitable result. Would we not all make our lives bright, beautiful and harmonious if we could? Would we not avoid all the vices and superfluities, the mental discords, the fear, worry and anxieties of life, if it were possible? They would not be allowed a place in our minds for a moment, if we could help it, and the reason we can not is because these unwholesome discords have become impressed upon our subconscious faculties whose function it is to reproduce them. The remedy lies in knowing that mental discord is hell, and that it is possible by thinking only pure, healthy, wholesome and courageous thoughts to overcome fear, worry and the pernicious effect of forming bad thought-habits. As we think so are we, the kind and quality of thoughts we entertain gives impulse, by suggestion, to our subconscious faculties; and they are reproduced to give us health and happiness or disease and distress. We can change their mental attitude by

continually placing before them, by suggestion the picture of health in the place of disease; of harmony in the place of discord; and of confidence in the place of fear. This process of suggestion to the subconscious mind is the sole power used by Christian Scientists, the Metaphysical Healer, the Mind Cure, the Prayer Cure, and every other cure in which the power of mind is invoked to overcome disease. It can be made effective either for self or another, consciously or unconsciously and our Saviour cast seven mental disorders out of the subconscious mind of Mary Magdalene.

By keeping our thoughts in harmony with the good, the true, and the beautiful; by invoking the love that comes from God as a permanent quality of mind; we can overcome much of the disease and distress that our stage of mental evolution entails upon us. This requires moral courage which belongs to our conscious mind, it is a priceless gift that is strengthened by use; but the incentive to overcome the subconscious animal within us comes with the knowledge that both our health and happiness depend upon it.

There are many facts in the operation of natural law which show that the development of mind is the manifest design of the Infinite, but one of the most notable, explains why nature is so lavishly prolific in the production of organic life. It also explains why she is so utterly indifferent about taking it; for it is evident nature knows no difference between a cabbage and a man, so far as the operation of her laws are concerned. Her only demand is that every organism shall be amenable to the particular laws that pertain to its stage of development. This must be true, because her every foot-step would be marked with extreme cruelty, if it were not for the evident purpose of the Infinite to develop an increased intelligence in every species of organic life from birth to maturity, or during each stage of evolution.

The fundamental law of increasing intelligence always demands an increase of mental power during the life time of every organism, until its mind becomes higher or stronger; even if it has to be developed at the expense of the lower or weaker. Throughout all the different changes of form that have taken place in organic life this law is ever active,

and it explains why they contribute their increased intelligence to produce an individual mind of conscious reason in man. If this were not the ultimate purpose of the long tedious process of evolution in which the strong ever feeds upon the weak, we could not but decide that this Infinite law is, in effect, nothing but Infinite cruelty.

The climax of wickedness would be reached by its establishing the being man, the highest product of mental evolution, in a life where every one will admit there is more pain than pleasure; more heart aches, and disappointments, than have ever fallen to the lot of any other form of organic life.

But nature is ever kind, the Infinite design is both apparent and beneficent, and through the operation of her well known laws, we can judge that her obscure processes to accomplish it must necessarily be just as orderly and systematic. It shows us unmistakably, that the ultimate purpose of natural law is the product of an individual mind of conscious reason, and the method used is through evolution, first, in the unconscious mind of the vegetable, and then in the sub-conscious of the animal, until it finally reached the conscious reason of man. If we consider the universal harmony exhibited throughout nature's sublime processes of evolution in the working of her immaculate laws, we can see how at variance her seeming cruelty is, with all this perfection of harmony. It can not be possible that the Infinite wisdom is ever cruel, and we will stultify our reason, if we decide that the butchery of the weak, and the innocent, by which nature feeds one species upon another, is done without the excuse of an object or design. No, we must recognize there is a sublime purpose involved in the production of this endless variety of organic life that feeds upon each other. The mind of each one increases during its natural life time, which shows the one supreme object of the Infinite in nature is to develop mind, through these countless organisms, until it reaches the conscious reason of man. This increase of mental power in each species of organic life explains why the process of evolution is purely one of mental development, instead of simply producing better bodies through the amalgamation of species.

It may be difficult for us to perfectly understand the passing on process, or just how the increased intelligence of a lower species is transmitted to that of the next higher; but we must remember that in the economy of nature, nothing is ever lost. The natural growth and mental experience of every species of organic life have contributed their wisdom to become the inheritance of the next higher, and have thus added something to advancing mind that can never be destroyed. However insignificant the organism may seem to be, it has grown some in mental power from birth to maturity, and that is added to the great cosmic storehouse of Infinite Mind from which every life receives an appropriate impulse. By bringing nature's evolutionary processes down to our ordinary understanding, we can comprehend how grand is her scheme, and how beautiful in its simplicity is the system she uses to develop mind. We can see the kind hand of the Infinite displayed in developing a mind for us that will live forever, and we mentally stand uncovered in the presence of nature's magnificent evolutionary pageant, as revealed by the law of increasing intelligence.

Looking backward, we can see the beginning of mind in the unconscious, that inhabited the lowest form of organic life; and when we look forward through the clairvoyant eyes of our spiritual vision, we can see the perfection of our mind in another condition of life, as the crowning effort of nature through evolution. These are the two extremes of separate mind, and nothing can so effectually awaken an admiration for Infinite wisdom as when we look beyond the material circumstances of this life, and comprehend that through this grand scheme of nature, we are to be made immortal by a process of natural growth through evolution; and that our continued existence is under the same law that makes the acorn develop into the oak. Thus we can see there are both goodness and wisdom exhibited by the Infinite in these sublime processes of nature, and that producing an individual mind in man, which will eventually become perfect, is her one supreme object.

This being the final result, our reason demands that we

eliminate the seeming savage cruelty from nature, and that her feeding one species upon another is only an incidental requirement, that is necessary for their sustenance.

The development of mind being under the government of mental laws that are universal in their operation, this stage of its evolution anticipates a still higher phase of mind, one that will come to us by the same orderly process of improvement that has marked its progress in the past. This higher mentality is called the super-conscious mind, and belongs to another condition of life, or the next stage of evolution, and because no mind can ever stand still; we may judge from analogy that ours will continue to improve after our bodies die.

These superconscious faculties have given rise to all the so-called supernatural phenomena, that startle and frighten the human race, producing superstition in the ignorant, and giving comfort to those more enlightened.

It is simply an extension, or a further development of our present or conscious mind, and some of its superconscious attributes are manifested in the lives of everyone to some extent.

Many of our superconscious faculties can be easily identified in this life, among them is the worship instinct, which causes us to ever seek the source of our being for help in times of trouble. Another is intuition, and it enables us to gather knowledge without learning from extraneous sources, or from the thing itself. Mind reading may be simply another phase of it, and perhaps the psychometric power may be still another. The hypnotic power is the influence of one mind over another, and can be so developed as to subordinate the conscious mind, and even the subconscious minds of both men and animals can be so controlled. Clairvoyance, or clear vision, is the power to see with the eye of the spirit, it belongs essentially to our higher mind and nothing can obstruct its vision. Clairaudience enables those who have this faculty developed in this life to hear the whisperings of those who have gone before. Telepathy, or thought transference, is the language of the spirit and is the faculty used to transmit messages to us from those in

the next condition of life. The faculty of inspiration is the most common and the power to receive it constitutes the most potent factor in the general improvement of man's condition in this life. There never was an earnest worker on any line who did not receive help from some invisible source. The artist, the poet, the author, the orator and the inventor do their very best work when under the subtle influence of some power they do not understand. The source of our inspirations is from the superconscious minds of those who have departed this life, and who are still interested in the problems that engaged them here.

A thought or idea is the product of mind, and it is given form and made tangible by being clothed with our personal magnetism, which is an attenuated condition of matter, or one of nature's imponderable forces; it forms the vehicle of our thoughts and enables us to send them to any one sufficiently sensitive to receive them.

When our bodies die, and we once get beyond the confines of time and gross matter, our minds will have an improved instrument through which to operate, and consequently, will make more rapid progress. In the next life, our minds will have the same magnetism, the sublimated substance of our soul, for its vehicle of expression, and will not be hampered by a brain of gross matter, that is subject to continual change.

There may be some who doubt that our minds will improve after our bodies die, notwithstanding the law of increasing intelligence is universal in its operation. It must be true, however, because we can now say "I am", and I know that I live as a distinct entity, for I am conscious of having a mind that belongs to me alone, and that I have a separate existence from that of every other being in the Universe.

The Infinite God is real and absolute, and because this is the source of the mind that makes us individual beings, we necessarily become a part of the absolute reality. The operation of nature's laws has established our relationship and consequently, we can not be destroyed without doing violence to the immutability of natural law. The mind of

man is an enduring factor in the universe, because of its superior quality, the "I am," giving him an individual oneness of mind with the perpetual Infinite mind. We are indestructible, because the possession of a separate mind of self-conscious reason makes each one of us an essential part of the Infinite, all that goes to make up the grand whole of all reality, and which would not be complete without each and every one of us.

The being who can now say "I am", and who knows for a certainty that he has a separate individual existence, belongs to reality; and it makes him an essential factor that is necessary to complete the whole.

Our individual mind is a real entity, that can not be taken away from enduring reality, because it forms a part of it, and its identity can not be separated from the Infinite whole without destroying the unit which comprises the all. The separation of a self-conscious mind from the one all-mind will make two which is a divided power, and a divided power is not Infinite.

By the addition of reason to the subconscious mind of the animal, we can now say "I will" or "I will not", and give a reason for our choice, which prerogative makes us an enduring part of the cosmic mind, and the omnipotent; and consequently we can not possibly die. These facts should convince any one, who is able to understand them, that our individual mind of self conscious existence is a substantial element that makes each one of us an enduring factor in the universe.

It would be folly to think for a moment that the divine wisdom acting through natural law, would supply man with these unique qualities of mind, that have come to him through such a laborious process of Infinite change, and then destroy him. No, our reason will not submit to any such preposterous conclusion, for it can not be reconciled with what nature has shown to be the evident purpose of the Infinite, inaugurating this endless process of developing mind.

Natural law has established the fact of our immortality, and besides this, there is nothing in their operation tending

in any way to deny this truth; nor can we find any evidence to prove that the chain of mental progress will ever be broken, until perfection is reached.

The fact that everything pertaining to this life is imperfect, constantly changing form, and essentially disappointing, should of itself teach us that we are now simply passing through a transitory, but a necessary, stage of evolution. We are now forming a connecting link between the subconscious mind of the animal, which can only develop while it inhabits a body of gross matter, and the higher mind of our spirit self, that will develop to perfection in a life after this.

This is made apparent, because we possess both the subconscious mind of the animal, and also the faculties of conscious reason, which are frequently so developed in this life, that they anticipate the higher order of mind that does not function through gross matter, and which belongs to the next stage of evolution.

There are people who can use some of their superconscious faculties in this life and even though it be in a every crude and imperfect way, it is only what we may expect, because these powers are so far removed from their normal sphere of action. For this reason, every manifestation of the higher powers of our future mind in this life is a premature or an abnormal development, belonging as they do to the next stage of evolution.

The ability to use any of them here is very frequently hampered by physical conditions, and the clairvoyant can not always see with the eye of the spirit.

The clairaudiant may hear the whisperings of some spirit, but his messages are frequently indistinct and incoherent, for the same reason. This is because these mental powers belong to an entirely different condition of mind, and the medium through which their messages are transmitted is still on the animal plane.

So we may conclude, that any exhibition of a superconscious intelligence in this life is extremely difficult, since it belongs to the life beyond this.

But we must not lose sight of the fact, that many people

can use the powers of their higher mind while in this life, at least sufficiently to give it character, and because the law of increasing intelligence is immutable, we are bound to continue in a life after this.

This constitutes but the stepping up process of mind in evolution, and our present mental attainment is simply the forerunner, or the incipient beginning, of a more profound wisdom that will be ours in another condition of life, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find rest.

POESY.

BY LOUIS KAUFMAN ANSPACHER.

The poet's soul is an Aeolian lyre
On which far wandering airs can softly stray,
Waking the sounds that slumber to a lay
That stirs the embrous heart to rapturous fire.
The west wind rising from the sunset pyre,
Where flame the colors of the dying day,
Sweeps threnodies that weep, yet fondly say
That dawn will burst again in carol choir,
That augurs day will come. So Poesy,
To thee I turn when mourns my evening wind;
Thou art my solace, pledge and prophesy:
I turn to thee distressed and unresigned
In sunset anguish at the joys that flee:
Thou art the glamour that is left behind.

—*From Tristan and Isolde.*

"When shall the doing of our doing heal us;
Our toiling rest us of our weariness?
Thou God within us to ourselves reveal us"

AS ONE OF US.

BY JUDGE TROWARD.

We are told in the Bible that after man had eaten the fruit of the tree of the knowledge, God said "the man is become as one of us to know good and evil; and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden." (Gen. II:22.)

The uniform teaching of Scripture is that God is only ONE, and Jesus said that the recognition of this truth was the greatest of all the commandments, yet here we have a statement which seems in direct contradiction of all this, to speak of more Gods than ONE. How are we to reconcile this contradiction? There is only one way to reconcile this and other apparent contradictions in the Bible, and that is by not reading carelessly. Concerning the ONE God we are told that He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and that He is light and in Him is no darkness at all; in other words, in God's own consciousness of Himself there is no place for evil. But, again, we are told that God *is*, and beside Him there is *no other*; therefore the Divine consciousness of all things must be as subsisting in itself. The Divine consciousness cannot conceive of anything as existing *outside* of God, for that would imply a limit beyond which God does not extend, and consequently would imply a place where there is *no God*, a conception which is of course subversive of any idea of God at all. Hence if God is ONE and can only recognize all things as made of His own Being, it must be impossible for Him to see evil anywhere or to find any trace of darkness in His all-embracing light. This is the logical result of God being only ONE.

But in the text we are told that the result of man becoming like '*one of us*' was to make him know evil as well a good, which knowledge was the cause of his expulsion from Eden. This text assumes the existence of more than one God, and also assumes that any *one* out of this plurality of Gods would know both good *and* evil. This, we should note, corresponds exactly with the serpent's promise, "ye shall be

as gods (observe the plural) knowing good and evil." The idea of God which the serpent suggested was as recognizing both good *and* evil; and once this idea is accepted we introduce a duality into our conception of God which is subversive of any true recognition of Him as the ONE all-controlling Power. If God recognizes evil He must recognize that which He did not create, and therefore He must recognize another creative power besides His own, a duplicate of Himself *only inverted*. Then since this adverse power must of necessity say, with Milton's Satan, "Evil, be thou my good"—for otherwise it would not create the evil—it follows that such a power must consider itself the good, and recognize the opposing power as an inversion of itself and therefore as evil. Thus the only condition on which evil can be recognized as a force in itself is that of supposing a dualism of creative power which presents us with two gods either of whom must necessarily see both good and evil. If, then, we assume the existence of such a duality within the ONE, we could understand the ONE being *represented* as saying, "Now that the man recognizes *both* good and evil he is become, not like the ONE, but like one out of the two of us." Of course we cannot imagine such a thought being actually formulated by the ONE Eternal Mind as that would be for It to contradict Its own Absolute Goodness and Unity; but, in whatever way we may attempt to disguise it, the conception of a duality of ruling powers will always be somewhere at the back of our minds so long as we recognize evil as a force to be reckoned with.

It is for this reason that the Master said "Resist not evil" and that St. Paul said "Overcome evil with good." Evil is not to be considered as a force to be reckoned with. In making our calculations we must strike this factor out. Evil is the absence of good. It is simple negative, a void waiting to be filled; it is a condition and not a true cause*. When you calculate you shall do so only in terms of the Affirmative, that is, of the Good. You cannot expand Life with the principle of death. You shall not look into the Divine Mind and see it at war with itself, one part willing good and the other willing evil. You shall have only ONE God, a Whole

* For distinction between conditions and causes see my Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science.

God and not two conflicting Half-Gods, a Single All-containing God having nothing *outside* Himself; and this God, to be only ONE, must be *only good*.

And if these things be so, then why do you fear? Do you fear your fellow-man? Then you make of him an inverted God, that is the Devil, to whom you ascribe wisdom and power sufficient to overthrow the Good God, whom you do not credit with the intelligence and strength which you attribute to His adversary. Do you fear circumstances? Then you must realize at the back of them some power opposed to the principle of Harmony—a Creator of Confusion, a Devil greater than your God. Do you fear sickness? Then you find within you a power stronger than the life-giving Divine Spirit and opposed to It: so that again you find the Devil, and this time you find him *in yourself*. The result is always the same. Recognize evil as a factor to be reckoned with and you at once raise the Devil: only remember it is *you* who raise him, and he is specially your own, and apart from you has no existence. The Creative Power is, and can be, *only Good*: therefore, when you would bring about any improvement, whether of body or circumstance, whether for yourself or for others, use the really creative power which is the recognition of the Good, and of nothing else. Remember the apostolic warning, "Give *no place* to the Devil." Over the entrance to the chamber of your thought put up in large letters "No admittance except on Business," with a special notice that the Devil has no business there. Of course if you wish to admit him into your affairs you can, but it is entirely at your own choice.

But if we first cast Satan into the bottomless pit, that is the abyss of the *baseless* and *groundless*, that which is without any *foundation* upon which anything can be reared, then we can set to work confidently to build upon the ONE solid foundation which can never be moved, the foundation of the all-presence and ever-workingness of Good. It is as true in the logic of life as in that of dialectics that we can never bring out in the conclusion anything that we did not assume in the premises, neither can we exclude from the conclusion anything that we assumed in the premises. Therefore if we

would reap good we must sow good, and we must always remember that the seed is the Word. It is our formulated Thought, our conception of things, the word that we speak in our heart, which is the Seed; and if we sow the seed of fear and evil we shall reap the fruit of our sowing.

How shall we steer right in the perplexities of life? This is our constant question; and if we realize the all-embracing ONE-ness of the Creative Good as including ourselves and all our affairs the answer is not far to seek. The method is very simple. First concentrate your mind for a while upon this All-presence of the Good; then as a consequence of this all-presence realize the oneness of your own mind with It; then realize as a further consequence that this All-good Power must be permeating your own Thought; and then think out your business in a reasonable manner realizing that your Thought must be reproducing the good-will and wisdom of the Eternal Mind which can think no thoughts but those of joy, peace, harmony and continually expanding Life. Thus your Thought becomes the Divine Thought intelligently finding its way to the creation of the good that you desire. By unseen attractions it will draw into your circle of activities all those conditions which are wanted for your success, and it will spring up within you as a source of mental and physical vigor because you have now no longer any consciousness of any opposing power of evil. You will no longer be troubled with anxieties as to whether your calculations will turn out right, for you know that the Calculating Power of the Universe is working for you and solving all your problems in a manner which will astonish no one more than yourself; and thus we realize the truth that all things work together for good to them that love God. For if there is only ONE God, then to love God is to love an all-pervading universal Good, and to love it is to recognize it; and if we recognize God as *universal* then there is no factor of evil to be reckoned with anywhere. Seeing this we shall recognize ourselves as the image and likeness of the ONE and only God, and not as resembling one out of a pair of converse powers which have no existence except in our own ignorant imagination.

ARE YOU ON OR OFF THE TRACK?

BY EDWARD H. COWLES, PS. D.

The Locomotive which has left the track is as powerless to do the work for which it was intended, and of which it is thoroughly capable, as is a fish to swim out of water!

It may puff and pull, strain and groan in its efforts to utilize its power and "do something," but the more of this, the deeper it becomes imbedded in the mire.

The frantic revolution of its wheels, while forcibly indicating its great inherent power, only destroys what firmness there is under them, and inflicts self injury.

There are a vast number of *people* in this world of ours who are "*off the track!*" They are *out of harmony* with the *aspirations* and *inspirations* of the *Inner Self*. This is one primary cause of *failure*.

They have Energy, Power and Resources abundant, they have *real ability to do great things*, and yet, like our Locomotive, the more they use their Powers, the deeper they become imbedded in the mire and sand—the *worse off the track they get!*

They make effort enough—they are energetic, make a great stir and display of doing something, but they accomplish little, because—*they are off the track!*

Bring the "Wrecking crew" into requisition, help the Locomotive—that wonderful thing which seems almost possessed of Life and Personality—on the track, supply those *conditions* that are necessary to set free and properly direct its inherent power, *then apply* that power, and it can—and *will*—do the work for which it was intended—and *do it well!*

As surely as the Locomotive must be on its track to do the work for which it was *designed*, and which it is *capable* of doing, so surely must *man* be "*on the track*"—*on his own track*—if he is to give the best *expression* and external *demonstration* of the vast *resources* and *great powers vested in him*.

The one great trouble is, too many People are *trying* to

run on other people's track—and the *gauge* doesn't fit! Too many don't even stop to ascertain whether they are on *any track at all*—plodding along day after day looking at their *feet* instead of into their *head*.

Too many are satisfied to go along in *ruts*—*which are not tracks at all*—without ever stopping to ask whether they are working in their own sphere and trying to do the work for which *they* were intended and inherently fitted, or that which belongs to another. They are doing what they *are* doing, just because—?

As there are no two persons exactly alike in contour of body, shape and appearance of face, tastes, desires, etc., so no two are fitted to do the same thing in the same way.

Everything in the whole universe is governed by *law*, and there are always certain conditions which *must* be complied with to obtain specific results in any direction. Nothing comes “Hap-hazzard”—nothing by *chance*!

If we are to get the legitimate results of the power of the Locomotive—if *it* is to *express* its *inherent force* in a *practical way* and for *good*, it *must be* “*On the track*,” the cause or “occasion” back of the power must be in operation—the *conditions* must be complied with.

If we are to get the legitimate results of the Powers, Talents and Abilities inherent within us, we *must as surely comply with the conditions*—we must create conditions, environment and opportunities favorable to, and in harmony with our inherent abilities.

We must remember that for every *effect* there is a corresponding *cause*—that “*nothing ever happens*”—that to produce the right “Effect,” the right “Cause” must be put into operation. This is a primary Law of Nature.

There is *some one thing* that *you* can do *better* than you can do *anything else*, and there is some one thing that *you* can do better than *anyone else* can do it!

Have you found this “*one thing*” yet? Are you *doing* it? You will never achieve your best Success—*that which belongs to you*—until you do!

Perhaps you have never thought of this—never have taken a fair, honest and impartial inventory of yourself, so that

you *know* what *you* are really intended for—if so, *do it now!* You'll find it an excellent investment of time.

And perhaps you *have* recognized certain tastes, inclinations and strong drawings towards some particular thing, but can't yet see your way to get *on the right track*. Perhaps you are awake to some of the great possibilities within you and are trying to work them out.

If this is true of you, it marks progress and a distinct step in the right direction. Keep your eye on that mark, and you will hit it, if you are as persistent and industrious as the hunter who often follows his game long distances before he brings it down. But don't be idle—*think and do*—put some *cause* into operation.

Use your present conditions and opportunities as stepping stones towards your ideals, and while doing what you have in hand to the best of your ability, *keep your eye fixed upon your mark*, and sooner or later you will hit it.

You are endowed with Powers and Abilities which fit you for some particular niche in this world, and until you *find* that "niche" and occupy it, you are out of *your* sphere and out of harmony with your surroundings—and *with yourself*.

Look about you, and you can count *hundreds* who are out of their place—who are "*off the track*," and then—try and see *yourself* as well as you see *others*—and as well as *others* see *you*!

But place your own valuation and estimate upon yourself and your abilities, and be fair and honest about it. If you allow others to estimate your possibilities, the estimate is very likely to be *too low*. If you will be honest with yourself—and candid—you will gauge your own qualifications and abilities better than anyone else can. Listen to what others say, and weigh their *criticisms* and *commendations* well and fairly, but don't allow others to decide your place for you, nor place the valuation upon yourself. *You must do this!* Depend wholly upon yourself.

Too many act as Automaton. They are always trying to do something that someone else has done. If some one has made a great success of a thing because of a special adaptability and fitness for it, they try to do the same thing

and fail, because—*the track is too narrow or wide for them!*

If every man and woman would be *individual*, giving the world the benefits and advantages of their own *individual* and *inherent powers, talents and abilities*, there would be enough *originality* developed and *demonstrated* to meet *every possible need of man—the world would be stocked with it!*

It is *originality—individuality—that counts—practical, original and individualized thought and act!* But we will never get this until men cease copying others and *think and act for themselves!* We see this “Originality” expressed by the successful business man of the day in their trite and original advertising phrases and in their methods of doing business. They put their thought—their *individuality* into their business.

And it is thought—*intelligent, intensified thought* that develops this individuality and originality—it is *Mind, Mind, Mind!* This also generates *energy and power* to execute.

There is power, energy and ability enough in humanity to transform this world into a *miracle!*

There are resources, powers and abilities enough in man, but for the most part, these are represented in *wasted, misdirected or destructive energy!* Their full value is not realized as an *asset* by the world.

It is *not* a question with you of power, ability or material. The whole question resolves itself into one of intelligently *developing* that which is *inherent within you*, and of properly *directing and utilizing your forces* in their *legitimate channels*. As you *cultivate and develop* your own interior powers and faculties, you will find the supply of “Power” equal to, and keeping pace with your demands.

It is *not* more power, more ability that we need so much as it is a better *knowledge* of the *laws governing them*, and a more *intelligent application* of them!

One great reason for so much wasted and destructive energy—so much “lost motion”—is that man don’t yet recognize nor realize the wonderful powers and *possibilities* within him. He is like a young giant who is ignorant of his great strength.

And this is because man has studied everything but *himself*! As a rule, he is no more acquainted with *himself*, his Powers and Attributes than he is with the Maiden in the Moon! He is born and reared with the idea that nothing is real but that which appeals to his five physical senses, and that which can be weighed in the balance of human intelligence or measured with the foot rule, and as a consequence, he is not aware of *himself*!

But we are entering upon a new era. People are *beginning* to *think*, *reason* and *act* for themselves, and as they do this, they discover that the *apparent* man is *not* the *real* man at all—that the *real* man is the *inside* man, possessed of God-given powers, faculties and attributes which, if cultivated and developed, fully equip him for pronounced *success* in his *own individual sphere*.

Not until man knows himself *as he is*, will he be able to demonstrate the designs of his Maker, or get the best out of himself—until then—he is *off the track*!

Not until then will man realize or comprehend the vast resources and great possibilities within him, or will he be able to practically *demonstrate* his *real value* and *worth* to the world.

To attain this position, he must commence at the beginning and study the primary elements of success, which may be briefly summed up as follows:

First, a *knowledge* of the *real self*—*this inside man*—and the *cultivation* and *development* of his soul faculties, his inherent powers, talents and abilities.

Second, a *knowledge* of the *law* by which he can *utilize* and bring into action, his own powers and abilities, and its *practical application*.

Third, a *knowledge* of the *laws of success*.

Fourth, *right thinking*, then—

Fifth, *right doing*!

No matter how much talent or ability you possess, if you are *not on the track*—and *on your own track*, it cannot manifest itself, save in an inferior degree. You are handicapped and badly crippled—you cannot do justice either by yourself or to the world.

THE MIND AND PERSONALITY OF HERBERT SPENCER.

BY RICHARD ARTHUR.

Writing to a friend in 1874 concerning the publication of the first part of his *Descriptive Sociology*, that fine compilation of racial traits, habits, and institutions, Spencer makes the following remark: "The third volume of Forster's *Life of Dickens* sold 10,000 copies in ten days. The first part of *Descriptive Sociology* has been asked for by the public to the extent of not quite 200 copies in eight months." This was another evidence, if any were wanting, of the intense interest taken in the lives and personalities of those who attain to success. And this disposition has been further manifested in the case of Spencer himself; his *Autobiography*, immediately after its publication, awakened an intense interest all over the civilized world. Indeed, the main facts of Spencer's life and work are such as to strike forcibly the popular imagination, constituting as they do a strong case of "the hero as philosopher." Here is a man of rather meagre equipment in the way of education and health; with practically no means; who started life as a railroad engineer; who, up to the age of nearly thirty had no thought of devoting his life to authorship and had read hardly any philosophy; who began to write on public questions and the principles behind them purely from the instigation of spontaneous opinions; who at the age of thirty-eight planned a whole system of philosophy embracing the statement of the general laws of the Universe—physical, biological, psychological, ethical and sociological—and all their manifold corollaries and deductions; who had to wait two years before he could do as much as commence his stupendous task; who was broken in health even before he planned his work, "brain-lamed at thirty-three"; who thereafter could never work more than three hours a day, was obliged to resort to heroic expedients to get in even those three hours, and often had to desist entirely for weeks and months at a time; but who nevertheless managed to carry out his programme to the end

and to the letter and to write other books besides, so that one day, a year or two before he died, he was able to say, "My work is finished."

The great interest in the personality of the man aroused by these deeds is further augmented by the fact that the body of thought built up by him has undoubtedly done more and is doing more to change and shape the general ideas of mankind at large regarding the nature and conditions of the Universe and of life than the thought of any other philosopher of any time or place. It therefore seems to be a useful thing to bring together, in so far as they can be brought, some of the different characteristics of Spencer's mind and personality which he has himself noted and expressed and which lie scattered through his autobiography.

One is repeatedly struck on reading his account of his life by his humanness. He was hardly at all what one somehow supposed him to have been. He was no dry-as-dust savant and ascetic. "The identification of philosophy with Stoicism," he says himself, "still prevails very generally and continually crops up in unexpected ways and places." Spencer must have had a large dose of Stoicism in his composition or he could never have accomplished what he did. But he was an Epicurean too—in the good sense, the original sense, of the word—throughout his life.

As a boy he was much like other boys. "Often," he tells, "when I ought to have been busy at some task which my father had set me, I was otherwise occupied—throwing stones at the birds that settled on the walls and hedges; observing the bees on the kidney-bean flowers, piercing the base of each corolla to reach the honey; or, at a disused pump-trough containing stagnant water, watching the larvae of the gnats as they came wriggling to the surface, putting out their tails to breathe, and then descending. The majority of my activities, however, were those of the ordinary school-boy, who, on Saturday afternoons and like occasions of leisure, is commonly given to country rambles and the search for hedge-side treasures." There were obstacles in the way of novel-reading, but he overcame them—in the good old way. "There was a time," he relates, "when such

occasional pence as I could spare went to a circulating library stocked with old romances. These were read in secret, sometimes with a companion. Presently I began to read in bed; and in summer often went on till the birds were singing in the morning. After a time this transgression was discovered, and my mother adopted the precaution of coming to my room to see if the candle was out. But I was not thus to be balked of my midnight gratification, and soon outmanoeuvred her. Close to my bedside was a fixed corner cupboard; and habitually, when I heard her step on the stairs, I leaped out of bed, put the candle still burning into this cupboard, got into bed again and pretended to be asleep, until she, thinking all was as it should be, retired. Whereupon I brought out the candle and resumed my reading."

As a youth of eighteen or nineteen, his chief pleasures were excursions and boating with engineering companions. "How my leisure time was passed," he says, "I do not distinctly remember. My impression is that though I bought Weale's book on bridges with the intention of mastering its contents, and though I took up other lines of engineering study, yet comparatively little serious work was done. Nor did reading of a non-professional kind occupy much space; save, indeed, novel-reading, of which there was a good deal."

He confesses to a constitutional idleness. Speaking of a reference of his uncle's to his want of diligence at the age of about fourteen, he makes this remark: "I was at that time, and always before and ever after, very idle, unless under the stimulus of some powerful motive; usually the desire to compass some large end." He repeatedly refers to this trait and in one place attributes it to physiological causes. "Repugnance to long-continued attention, which has been one of my traits throughout life, is possibly due to the fact that my nervous system gives way under strain sooner than the average. That aversion to monotony of every kind, which was named in a previous chapter as an organic trait, appears to be illustrated both in the impatience of those repetitions of an effort which exhaust a particular part of the nervous system, and in the inability of the nervous system as a whole to bear persistent action of one kind.

I suspect that the peculiarity is at root a physiological one—a want of tone in the vascular system. The vessels lose too soon their normal contractility under stress, and then fail to carry on nervous repair at a rate which keeps pace with nervous waste.” When one considers how much application is required to write any sort of book at all, is it not extraordinary that a man with such a marked constitutional weakness should have produced the bulky volumes of thought comprising the *Synthetic Philosophy*? When Spencer was nineteen he wrote to his father: “I have become quite idle and stupid lately,” and he asks: “To what extent is it expedient to force the mind against the inclination?” Again, referring to his pursuits at the age of twenty-one, he says: “A work on the Differential Calculus was pored over for a short time, but the reading of it soon ceased. All through life my constitutional idleness has taken the form of inability to persevere in labour which has not an object at once large and distinct. To apply day after day with the general idea of acquiring information, or of increasing ability, was not in me. But with an important and definite end to achieve, I could work.”

All through his life, Spencer had a particular fondness for excursions into the country and many pages of his autobiography are taken up with accounts of his numerous rambles in England, Scotland, Wales and France. He even went so far afield as Italy, Egypt, and the United States. His trips were nearly always made in the company of friends and pleasure was usually their principle object. Nor was he superior to ordinary pursuits and enjoyments. “On the acting of serious drama,” we read, “I am critical, and easily repelled by defects, of which there are usually many. But being then, as now, ever ready to laugh, comedies and farces, if tolerable, habitually proved attractive. Provided they were not characterized by mere buffoonery, I was content to ignore their faults, numerous though these might be. Still, I was less easily pleased than the majority. Often I was made melancholy on witnessing the applause given by well-dressed audiences to ‘breakdown’ dances which aimed at drollery and missed it, and to so-called comic songs contain-

ing neither wit nor humor." Alluding to the disposition of some of his friends to lead a too exclusively intellectual life, he says: "It is a great mistake for adults, and especially adults who work their brains much, to give up sports and games. The maxim on which I have acted, and the maxim which I have often commended to my friends is: Be a boy as long as you can." He repeatedly urges the cultivation of the pleasureable emotions. Speaking of his enjoyment of the game of billiards, he says: "Those who confess to billiard-playing commonly make some kind of excuse. Change of occupation is needful, they say; or it is alleged that the game entails a certain amount of beneficial exercise. It suffices for me that I like billiards, and the attainment of the pleasure given I regard as a sufficient motive. I have for a long time deliberately set my face against that asceticism which makes it an offence to do a thing for the pleasure of doing it; and have habitually contended that, so long as no injury is inflicted on others, nor any ulterior injury on self, and so long as the various duties of life have been discharged, the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is perfectly legitimate and requires no apology." Spencer was always very fond of fishing and indulged freely in that pastime. His conviction that enjoyment is a prime duty is set forth in other passages. Here is one: "By far the most serious as well as the most general, error which results from not deliberately asking which are means and which are ends, and contemplating their respective worths, we see in the current ideas about the relation between life and work. Here, so profound is the confusion of thought which has, by a combination of causes, been produced, that the means is mistaken for the end, and the end is mistaken for the means. 'Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work,' is a Scriptural injunction which, in the most unmistakable way, implies that work is the end and life the means. But the whole thing is a superstition. Life is not for work, but work is for life; and very often work, when it is carried to the extent of undermining life, or unduly absorbing life, is not praiseworthy but blameworthy. The progress of mankind is, under one aspect, a means of

liberating more and more life from mere toil and leaving more and more life available for relaxation—for pleasurable culture, for aesthetic gratification, for travels, for games.” This subject was one of such preponderating importance in his view that when he visited America he made it the theme of his address at the dinner given to him in New York. Describing this function, he says: “While setting out with a due recognition of my indebtedness to American sympathy, my address was mainly devoted to a criticism of American life, as characterized by over-devotion to work. The thesis on which I enlarged was that life is not for learning nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. And a corollary was that the future has in store a new ideal, differing as much from the present ideal of industrialism as that ideal differs from the past ideal of militancy.”

The traits which these passages indicate are accentuated in Spencer’s social relationships. His friendships were almost always of a cordial and permanent nature, and he set the greatest price on the affections. “A good, delightful creature,” George Eliot describes him; “one of the very elect, in good form and good humor.” Wherever he went off travelling alone, he was always impatient to get back. “The discontented mood consequent on being far from friends, was, I suspect, the chief cause,” he remarks with reference to one of these hurried returns. “I can do pretty well without seeing friends for some time, if I am within hail of them; but the consciousness that they are inaccessible is soon followed by depression.” That he had the love instinct, if not of a Romeo at least of a warm-hearted man, is indicated more than once. In a letter written when he was twenty-four to a young friend who had announced his approaching marriage this passage occurs: “I feel rather envious, seeing that you, who are three years my junior, should have already found someone to love you, whilst poor I am for aught I can see far enough from such a desideratum. I often feel melancholy enough at not having yet found any one to serve for the type of my ideal, and were it not that I make up the deficiency as well as I can by

anticipations of future happiness, I should scarcely think existence worth having." Some friends once wrote urging him to marry and he replied: "No one is more thoroughly convinced than I am that bachelorhood is an unnatural and very injurious state. Ever since I was a boy (when I was unfortunate in having no brothers or sisters) I have been longing to have my affections called out. I have been in the habit of considering myself but half alive; and have often said that I hoped to begin to live some day. But my wandering, unsettled life, my unattractive manners towards those in whom I feel no interest, my habit of arguing and of offending opponents by a disrespectful style of treating them, have been so many difficulties in my way." And looking back over his life towards its close, he expresses the same sentiments in a passage of pathetic interest: "One drawback indeed there has been, and that a great one. All through those years in which work should have had the accompaniment of wife and children, my means were such as to render marriage impossible; I could barely support myself, much less others. And when, at length, there came adequate means, the fit time had passed by. Even in this matter, however, it may be that fortune has favoured me. Frequently when prospects are promising, dissatisfaction follows marriage rather than satisfaction; and in my own case the prospects would not have been promising. I am not by nature adapted to a relation in which perpetual compromise and great forbearance are needful. That extreme critical tendency which I have above described, joined with a lack of reticence no less pronounced, would, I fear, have caused perpetual domestic differences. After all, my celibate life has probably been the best for me, as well as the best for some unknown other."

It was very natural that having had these instincts of affection all his life he should in his later days develop a love and desire for the companionship of children. He did so and was wont sometimes to write to a married friend, "Will you lend me some children?" The children were duly lent when requested, for as long as a fortnight at a

time, and both they and the philosopher seem to have derived great pleasure from the arrangement.

Spencer was a man of uncommon and uncompromising frankness. From his boyhood he appears to have spoken his mind on all occasions without consideration of consequences. He repeatedly alludes to what he terms his "constitutional lack of reticence," and shows how it often brought him into disfavour. This frankness came into play not only when he spoke of others but when he spoke of himself. He had the stoutest confidence in his own qualities of mind from the first, and showed it; but he had no petty vanity and no concern to hide his own defects. These characteristics and his general disregard for authority were demonstrated at an early age. At his uncle's school when only thirteen he refused to assent to the doctrine of inertia set forth in a text book on Physics. At twenty, he wrote home: "I was thinking the other day that I should like to make public some of my ideas on the state of the world and religion, together with a few remarks on education. I think, however, that I may employ my time better at present." His outspoken frankness, disregard for authority, and confidence in his own opinions and judgments are evidenced throughout the autobiography—in his highly original and rational criticisms of art, music and literature, and especially in his comments on the work of men of such solid reputation as Plato, Ruskin, Carlyle, and the Old Masters of Painting. But many passages occur to attest that he was quite as critical of himself as of others. Referring to his father, he says: "In sundry respects I am his inferior. Save in certain faculties specially adapting me to my work, inherited from him with increase, I consider myself as in many ways falling short of him, both intellectually and emotionally as well as physically." When he was twenty-two, he modelled a bust of his uncle, and a very good piece of work it was, as a reproduction shows. "But," says the sculptor-philosopher of his own accomplishments, "True as the likeness may have been in the eyes of those who looked only for literal reproduction it was, in common with other products of mine—without any display of artistic faculty." Again,

referring to certain attempts at poetical composition he made when about twenty-three, he says: "They are not amiss in so far as the form is concerned; but there is in them nothing beyond play of fancy. They are manufactured and not prompted by feeling forcing its way to poetical utterance. I had sense enough to see that my faculties are not of the kind needful for producing genuine poetry. I have by nature neither the requisite intensity of emotion nor the requisite fertility of expression." When he was twenty-four, he met Mr. Potter, with whom he remained on terms of very intimate friendship till death intervened. In a letter written at the time, he remarks: "We sympathized in our sentiments on all subjects on which we conversed, and although I might feel flattered by this, I must say that I felt so strongly the beauty of his disposition as contrasted with my own, that I was more dissatisfied with myself than I have been for a long time past." Nor was he more vain about his writing. In his latter-day reflections, he says: "I have fallen short in respect of literary form. The aesthetic sense has in this always kept before me an ideal which I could never reach. Though my style is lucid, it has as compared with some styles, a monotony that displeases me. There is a lack of variety in its verbal forms and in its larger components, and there is a lack of vigour in its phrases."

There are many passages in the Autobiography which prove that if Spencer as he himself says, was deficient in poetical faculties, he at any rate had genuine poetic instincts. Here is one such passage: "I have still vivid recollections of the delight of rambling among the gorse bushes, which at that early age towered above my head. There was a certain charm of adventure in exploring the narrow turf-covered tracks running hither and thither into all their nooks, and now and then coming out in unexpected places, or being stopped by a deep sandy chasm made by carts going to the sand-pits. Then there were the blue-bells to be picked from among the prickly branches, which were here and there flecked with fragments of wool left by passing sheep." And here is another passage which well illustrates this side of

his nature: "The western part of the Sound of Mull trends a good deal towards the north; so that during the summer months the sun sets over the hills at its further end. On the evening in question the gorgeous colours of clouds and sky, splendid enough even by themselves to be long remembered, were reflected from the surface of the Sound, at the same time that both of its sides, along with the mountains of Mull, were lighted up by the setting sun; and, while I was leaning out of the window gazing at this scene, music from the piano behind me served as a commentary. The exaltation of feeling produced was unparalleled in my experience; and never since has pleasurable emotion risen in me to the same intensity." His aesthetic sense was always keenly alive. In his final reflections he writes: "There appears to be in me a dash of the artist, which has all along made the achievement of beauty a stimulus; not, of course, beauty as commonly conceived, but such beauty as may exist in a philosophical structure." With him beauty and truth went hand in hand. "Doubtless it is true," he says, "that while consciousness is occupied in the scientific interpretation of a thing, which is now and again 'a thing of beauty,' it is not occupied in the aesthetic appreciation of it. But it is no less true that the same consciousness may at another time be so wholly possessed by the aesthetic appreciation as to exclude all thought of the scientific interpretation. The inability of a man of science to take the poetic view simply shows his mental limitation; as the mental limitation of a poet is shown by his inability to take the scientific view. The broader mind can take both. The dull world outside thinks of Science, as nothing but a matter of chemical analyses, calculations of distances and times, labelings of species, physiological experiments, and the like; but among the initiated, those of higher type, while seeking scientific knowledge for its proximate value, have an ever-increasing consciousness of its ultimate value as a transfiguration of things, which, marvellous enough within the limits of the knowable, suggests a profounder marvel that cannot be known."

But though Spencer was far from being blind to the poetical aspect of things, his mind was eminently of the

scientific type. "Supernaturalism, in whatever form," he tells us, "never commended itself. From boyhood there was in me a need to see, in a more or less distinct way, how phenomena, no matter of what kind, are to be naturally explained." His original scientific bent began to declare itself at an early age. At nineteen we find him speculating on astronomic problems of his own devising, and in a letter to his father about this time, he writes: "I never remember, nor even take any interest in, a subject which I do not understand; and when I do study anything, it is generally with the intent to understand the principles." Commenting on his life at this age, he says: "Always I was more origina-tive than receptive. Occupation with other people's thoughts was so much less interesting than occupation with my own." And this trait came out even in his engineering work: "It was not in my nature to follow the beaten track in this—any more than in other work. Everywhere there is room for improvement, manifest enough to those whose field of view is not narrowed by custom."

Few men who have done much serious and important writing have done so little reading as Spencer. Absence of the need for knowing what other men had thought before him is a remarkable feature of his mind. One would think that before setting out to write a *System of Synthetic Philosophy*, a man would want to know very intimately how all the great thinkers of all the ages had treated the different problems of the Universe. But Spencer felt no such need, not even, apparently for purposes of suggestion. He tells how, up to the age of thirty-one he had read hardly any philosophy. "Questions in philosophy had not attracted my attention. On my father's shelves during the years of my youth and early manhood, there had been a copy of Locke's *Essay* which I had never looked into; and as I had not utilized a book constantly at hand, it may be inferred that I had not troubled myself to obtain other books dealing with the same and kindred topics. It is also true that though, so far as I can remember, I had read no books on either philosophy or psychology, I had gathered in conversations or by references, some conceptions of the general questions at issue."

When he was about thirty-one, he met Lewes and read his *Biographical History of Philosophy*. "I doubt not," he says, "that the reading of Lewes's book, while it made me acquainted with the general course of philosophical thought, and with the doctrines which throughout the ages have been the subjects of dispute, gave me an increased interest in psychology, and an interest, not before manifest, in philosophy at large; at the same time that it served, probably to give coherence to my own thoughts, previously but loose." But "generally it happened that a subject became interesting to me only when there had arisen some original conception in connection with it. So long as it came before me as a collection of other men's conclusions which I was simply to accept, there was usually comparative indifference." In another chapter he says: "How it happened that I read so little I scarcely know. It may have been that my leisure was mainly occupied with thinking; for I had a good deal to think about, and thinking with me was always more pleasurable than either reading or doing." Referring to his reading of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, he says: "Anything like passive receptivity is foreign to my nature; and there results an unusually small tendency to be affected by others' thoughts. It seems as though the fabric of my conclusions had in all cases to be developed from within—refused to be built, and insisted upon growing." He once commenced reading Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* but did not get beyond a few pages. The premises seemed false to him and he could read no further. Spencer's thinking, apparently, was not accompanied by very much effort. George Eliot once remarked to him that considering how much thinking he had done it was surprising that his forehead did not show any lines. "I suppose it is because I am never puzzled," he replied. This called forth the rejoinder: "O, that's the most arrogant thing I ever heard uttered." "Not at all," he said, "when you know what I mean." And he proceeded to explain that his mode of thinking did not involve that concentrated effort which is commonly accompanied by wrinkling of the brows.

This attempt to bring together from sources supplied by

himself some of the main elements of Spencer's remarkable mind and personality may fittingly be brought to a close with the quotation from his final reflections of two or three passages concerning the subject of religion. "I have come more and more," he says, "to look calmly on forms of religious belief to which I had, in earlier days, a pronounced aversion. Holding that they are in the main naturally adapted to their respective peoples and times, it now seems to me well that they should severally live and work as long as the conditions permit. If it be asked why, thinking thus, I have persevered in setting forth views at variance with current creeds, my reply is: It is for each to utter that which he believes to be true, and, adding his unit of influence to all other units, leave the results to work themselves out. Largely, however, if not chiefly, this change of feeling towards religious creeds and their sustaining institutions, has resulted from a deepening conviction that the sphere occupied by them can never become an unfilled sphere, but that there must continue to arise afresh the great questions concerning ourselves and surrounding things; and that, if not positive answers, then modes of consciousness standing in place of positive answers, must ever remain. Thus religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need; feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found."

"Modes of consciousness standing in place of positive answers" is a striking and valuable phrase. It will serve the need of many a deeply religious nature which is unable to adopt the tenets of any formal creed.

"The perfection of any organism depends on the harmony of its vibrations."

Man only needs to know in order to be.—*J. H. A. Marshall.*

ABHIDJNA.*

BY GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

I shine upon the queenly rose
A gift from Heaven fair;
But in the ardent blaze of day
I'm soon dissolved in air.
Through all this changing whirl of life
I yet shall reach the sea.
Great Ocean! Thou art all in all,
And I am one with Thee.

I gleam upon the lotus stem
And wait the dawn of day.
I shine in Nature's diadem
A gem of purest ray.
But when the day-god shows his face,
Into the wave I fall.
Great Ocean! I am one with Thee,
And Thou art all in all.

*"And in the middle of the watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidjna*—insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sat,
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of
change," etc.

—Book VI, "*Light of Asia*."

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS AND MYSTICS SAY.

From Practical Ideals:

Now possession is only opportunity of use, and use is only opportunity of character. We unfold so as to have this celestial vision that owns the universe in partnership with God. We are glad to have things because we have need of them as instruments of good. A dollar at times to one in want is a spiritual benefaction. A cup of water to the thirsty is a religious deed. And the soul sees this and values things accordingly—but its life of success is not bound up in their retention—for what we call death will not allow it to the individual, and the fading of worlds will not permit it to the race.

From The Life:

He who knows truth and its law, is no longer worried by the transpirations around him. He is one with his steadfast being and is aware that—throughout all the workings of the law—perfect wisdom rules. The word “holy” means like the whole. God is the synonym of all the powers of goodness, and man is holy when he is entirely like God in this respect, forever inprincipled by rightness and truth. The soul is in the body for objective experiencing, to establish proofs of its hidden powers through the use of figures; to figure out its progress from a Breath, up to the likeness of the *Expression* (of infinite Mind) its Real Self and Standard of attainment.

TO LENGTHEN LIFE. By William E. Towne, in *The Nautilus*.

To live in a sense of time is to live in slavery. To use our powers in such a way as to “*save time*” is economy, and results in a surplus of energy and the things which energy creates. But to live in a constant strain and hurry in order to *make time*, *shortens* life instead of lengthening it.

If we live much in the past we devitalize the present. The past is dead—to us—and having learned its lesson, to the extent of our powers of comprehension, we should not send living thought and energy back to the empty shell.

To live much in the future may be nearly as bad. He

who lives much in the future becomes an *idle* dreamer.

He lives longest and happiest who dwells much in "*the eternal now*," who realizes eternity as he goes along.

"Live not in the past nor in the future, but in the Eternal."

If we compare our present condition with our past we often become discouraged. Or if we look forward to the future we easily become the victims of worry which is only one form of fear.

Take no *anxious* thought for the morrow, but do *well* what you have to do *today*.

It is easy to conjure up pictures of future good, but unless you dig up a good bunch of living faith in the *present* you might as well take a back seat before you are any older, for you will surely grow older very fast without such a faith.

Eternal youth is only to be found by living in the now. If you look back, it helps fix a sense of time in your mind. You begin to *believe* that you are growing old, whether you are or not, and little by little *you yourself* BIND the fetters of age about your body.

The Universal Life in which you have your being is neither old nor young. It neither begins nor ends. It simply *is*.

Time is an invention of man which he uses to calculate his own death warrant by. A man thinks he *has* to grow old at about such an age. He sees everyone ~~else~~ doing so. He knows that his forefathers did the same, as far back as he can trace them. Everything about him, so far as the rest of the human race is concerned, almost forces him to accept the idea that he is growing old, even if he does not feel so. More than likely he is fettered with a thousand useless, foolish *fears* of disease, which help on greatly the old age habit. Indeed, he is fortunate if he reaches middle life without giving way to these fears, and stepping off the stage before he has to think much about old age. Is it any wonder that we have continued to grow old and die under such conditions?

To lengthen life we must first break from the *dogma* of fear.

Then we must get outside the race *belief* in old age, or

rather *get it outside of us*. We must go to headquarters, to Life itself, for our ideas on the subject. We must quit drifting in the age-worn channels of death and disaster, which the ignorance of the race has created for us. We must climb up out of these channels and get a look around from the sides. We shall find Life waiting for us there. We shall find that we need *not* drift in the same old way if we *choose* not to. When we are filled with a strong enough desire for Life, our fate will bring us to a realization of the eternal presence of Life.

It is our effort to make Life come to our terms that makes us tired of living.

Let Life live through you and you will find yourself getting out of the established rut and traveling on the way to youth.

From Unity:

Dr. Cornwall Round, a medical *practitioner* in London, claims to have discovered how to live forever—barring accidents. As he is only forty years old himself, it cannot be said that in his own person he offers even presumptive evidence of the truth of his theories. But that is no reason, he thinks, why he should not start a lot of other people living forever.

According to Dr. Round, dying is simply a "bad racial habit," which we have all got into and should strive our utmost to get out of. "As a matter of fact," he said, "we each have the free will to create our own ideal of longevity, and according to our faith it will be done unto us." Those who can not master faith enough to persuade themselves that they cannot go on living indefinitely should endeavor to emulate Methuselah, who, Dr. Round reminds us, lived to be 969 years old. "Surely," said the doctor, "that is a better ideal than the current three score years and ten, and equally authoritative." And if the people can't convince themselves that they may equal Methuselah's longevity record they might fix their ideal on Moses, who, according to scripture, "was 120 years old when he died; his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated."

The thing to be fought against and eliminated is what Dr. Round calls the "death instinct." That, it appears, is something which has been transmitted to us by our benighted ancestors, who, because they observed that all their lives ended in death, were illogical enough to assume that there was no way of stopping it. In getting rid of this death instinct, and laying the foundations of perpetual life, a great deal depends upon getting the solar plexus to behave itself properly. This is the "abdominal brain." It controls the "sympathetic or involuntary nervous system," which has a whole lot to do with the emotions. And the man who gets it to obey the behests of the brain, working harmoniously with it instead of kicking against it, may, if Dr. Round's discovery amounts to anything, live long enough to beat Methuselah's record out of sight.

"The diseases of everyday life," said Dr. Round, "are the solar plexus' attempts to throw off effete poisonous matter from the system and so right a wrong—a former sin against ourselves that we have knowingly or unknowingly committed—and at the same time by painful symptoms give us a friendly warning that we are misconducting the internal affairs of the body, and should, therefore, set our house of flesh in order."

So the important thing is so to train and treat the solar plexus that it won't give in when old age and disease tackles us. The solar plexus, the doctor tells us, is remarkably amenable to suggestions. "It will," he says, "carry any suggested idea to its logical conclusion, and by means of the sympathetic nervous system it will tend to rebuild the body according to the logical result deduced from the accepted suggestion."

According to Dr. Round, we should fight shy of burials. They convey suggestions that are bad for the solar plexus. We should avoid also "reading tales that end badly, or witnessing maudlin dramatic tragedies, or recapitulating them in our thoughts. In fact, such mental virus, which is the expression of morbid minds, should be, as noxious drugs are, marked with a poison label in the interest of the unwary."

"We are also," says the doctor, "very suggestable when

eating and drinking, as our attention is, or should be, at these times fully occupied, with nothing to spare for self-defense. At meals there ought to be a cessation of all unpleasant discussion—in fact, the less said the better.

“So when assimilating food and drink we should, as far as in our power lies, have congenial surroundings and think our highest thoughts and in this way salt our bread with our own best ideals.” The best time, says Dr. Round, for conveying life-renewing impressions to the solar plexus is on awakening or falling asleep. As one of the means of attaining perpetual life he advises hanging on the wall near the bed a placard containing this inscription in white letters on a black background: “I feel and look younger day by day.”

From “Light.” (London, England.)

When one gets down to the intellectual and ethical, apart from the experimental and evidential, basis of Spiritualism, the word “Spiritualism” becomes identical in meaning with the word “Humanitarianism”; for Spiritualism, on its intellectual and ethical side, is simply a gospel which affirms the unity, the solidarity, of the human race—one in its origin, its struggles, its possibilities, and its destiny.

This gospel it is which is at the heart of all religious advances, all political emancipations, and all social fraternizations. It is, in short, the brightest and surest hope of mankind. Reduced to its vital essence, the religion of Jesus Christ is this very thing—a clear and strong affirmation of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man,—an affirmation only just beginning to be understood. What it may come to mean and to involve only a very few perceive. In any case, it is revolutionary as to all present-day conditions of Social Life.

CONTINUITY. (From the Russian).

“There is no death”—for in the great Hereafter
Remembrance of this life shall have its part;
Nor shall our griefs and sorrows, joys and laughter,
In the last sleep depart from mind and heart.

The eye that flamed, inspired with glorious vision,
 Shall it be blind, and deaf the listening ear?
 Shall the freed spirit, bent on its new mission,
 Fail to commune with those on earth held dear?

Will Raphael, in that life of bliss and wonder,
 Forget the Virgin which his genius wrought?
 Will Mozart cease to love his Requiem yonder?
 Will Shakespeare give his Hamlet no more thought?

No, it can never be. That which gave life its merit
 On this our earth shall be ours to love
 In form perfected by the gracious Spirit
 Who gives this life, and fuller life above.

H. F.

The "Westminster Gazette," in quoting the above, says:—
 "It is an open secret that this poem, which in the original
 appears over the initials C. R. (Constantine Romanoff), is
 by the Imperial Russian Grand Duke Constantine."

THE TYRANNY OF FAMILY LOVE. By Hugh O. Pentecost.
 Love, in its true form the most powerful and beautiful
 thing in the world, under certain conditions is the most
 ruinous to happiness and character.

For many years I have been observing with sad amazement the destroying tendency of what is commonly called love. I have seen men's and women's health destroyed, beautiful girls transformed into haggard women, brave young men changed into broken-spirited wretches, by what passes current under the name of love.

I have seen parents wear themselves out and children fret themselves away on the altar of love. I have seen husbands and wives miss the joy of life by loving each other, and I have seen people save themselves by merely ceasing to love each other.

The explanation is that, with few exceptions, there are but two classes of people, viz.: Masters and slaves, (the same person is often one and the other by turns), and this relation spoils everything.

Most persons are willing to be masters. But it is terrible to be a master; utterly ruinous to the character; worse for oneself than to be a slave. It is possible for a slave to develop a lovable character, but not for a master.

Masters are comparatively few, but they are strong, coarse-natured and strong, and they rule the world—in the state, church, army, business and home. They love power. They like to control the lives of others; generally, as they think, for the good of the controlled. In a sense, they are, themselves, enslaved by their slaves, terribly enslaved, but, in a way, they live their lives, imposing their lives on others.

Slaves are different. They permit others to shape their lives for them. This is the curse of slavery; not toil nor poverty. It is his most awful treason to oneself.

Consider the mother who loves her children. She thinks they cannot get on without her controlling care. They know they can. They know she is a hindrance to them. But they love her, and so they submit to her. She does not want her boys to leave home, and they submit. Many a boy's career has been ruined because his mother loved him and he loved her too much to rebel and go his own way. If his mother had hated him and he her they could not have done each other so much harm.

The loving mother wants to pick out husbands and wives for her children. There is many an unhappy old maid, and many an unhappy marriage because a loving daughter could not hurt a loving mother's feelings. Had the mother been the daughter's bitterest enemy she could not have plunged her into more profound misery.

This is why there are so many commonplace people in the world. Loving children grow up in the likeness and image of their loving parents, instead of asserting themselves, and so achieving variety, individuality.

All this is true of husbands and wives. They love each other into similarity, and so destroy each other. The two become one; "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one"; intellectual, moral and spiritual Siamese twins, and so become commonplace and uninteresting to themselves and others. Marriage becomes a compromise,

a stupidity, a loving compact of death; the death of two individuals; the finer slave being generally merged in the coarser master or mistress, not without loss to the dominating one, who becomes the slave of the slave.

All this is the reverse of what might be, should ideals of love change. Parents should not want to do so much for their children; should fear, more than anything else, to dominate them. O, parent, one like you is enough! Parents should do nothing for their children except to assist them in the development of themselves in their own way.

Children should not submit to their parents. They belong to a new generation in a new world of different conditions, different ideals, needing a different sort of inhabitants. If parents truly loved their children they would rejoice in their disobedience, their insubordination, their insistence on themselves, their non-conformity to the parental will. The crowning virtue of Jesus was that he refused to be controlled by his mother. "Woman what have I to do with thee?" A text that no preacher selects. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Better still if, "Wist ye not that I must be about my own business?"

Husbands and wives should neither control nor submit. They should be free comrades. Each the owner of himself, herself; living his life, her life completely, with regard for the other, but not dominated by the other.

Thus would there be a new kind of love. Instead of a love that enslaves, a love that sets free.

NEW THOUGHT IDEAS, by Walter Devoe, in "Boston Ideas."

A false idea of spirituality exists. Muscular energy has been identified too long with brute strength and coarse mentality. It remains for us to redeem this idea and show that true spirituality is not necessarily identified with a pale and anemic personalty. The Spirit is life, and life makes vigorous muscles as well as vigorous souls. Because splendid strength is often associated with materialistic minds and anemic souls, it does not follow that those who are cultivating strength of soul should neglect the cultivation of their

muscles. A spiritual character will be able to accomplish very much more in the generation of mental force if he has a strong physical development than if his body be weak, because the strength of the mind depends upon the strength of the body.

Physiologists now agree that the simple cells that compose the physical organism have the power to receive impressions, or imagination; the power to recall impressions, or memory; the power to compare impressions, or judgment; and the power to select between good and bad impressions, or will. So what I call the mind of the body or subconscious mind is the aggregate energy and intelligence of all the physical cells. Students of metaphysics who have been soaring into realms of mental abstraction and denying the body, will have to gain this realization before they can fully manifest the power of the spirit in the human body.

The will force of each simple cell must agree and work in harmony with the will of the organ or center to which it belongs, and the will force of each organ and center, which is the power of all the cell wills composing it, must be brought into conscious unity with the central will of the organism, the I, before one can will with the whole power of the organism or before one can make the will of God manifest in and through the flesh. In other words, the I AM, which is the individual spirit, must be all and in all, must have gained possession of all the wills of the body, before that possession can be fully surrendered to the will of the Spirit that God may be all in all.

LIFE'S UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE, by Rev. Olin M. Caward, in "The Treasury."

Not only do we talk too much, but in the substitution of talk for reality we change the real order and often crush out by our clumsy words the sweet communion of human life. David and Jonathan put the reality first; they talked about it afterward. Talk does not create reality. Words, at best, are only vehicles of expression; let us not then consider them passengers as well.

Now I do not mean to say that we should all stop talking

entirely, for talking is one of life's functions. But I do mean to suggest that silence is also one of life's functions and that the exercise of that function means the preservation of life's choicest faculty, namely, the faculty of feeling, feeling the "throb of humanity." Then we may base our talk upon reality; then we may feel the truth of what we say, because life and soul have been allowed to speak in their silent way.

To find or to reveal one's real-self, one often needs to be silent, and in that silence to be, to live one's self as one is.

HEALTH CULTURE, (a monthly devoted to physical exercise and development—not purporting in any way to be an advocate of Mental Science. The following quotation is given rather for its interest as appearing in such a periodical than for any intrinsic value or novelty of view).

THE MIND AS A FACTOR.

Of all the many conditions affecting health and length of life the mental attitude is the most important. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he"—so is he not only in his moral nature, not only in his general mentality, but as well in his physical functionings. No man can think bad thoughts—thoughts of anger, envy, fear, worry, depression—and maintain a healthy activity of his vital organs. No man of perfectly healthy mentality can fail to have a healthy body.

It would make an interesting chapter to go into the exact relations between mental states and derangements of the system, but the space at our command will not permit us to go into this at the present time. It is enough, perhaps, to say that in order to insure health it is absolutely necessary that the mental states should be wholesome. The mind should be calm, hopeful, confident, the spirit should be true, straightforward and kindly. There will then be freedom from that constant disturbance of function which is the result of bad mental states."

WHY WE GROW OLD, (also from *Health Culture*), by Stella Stewart.

Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, has pronounced old age a disease. If such be the case (and mental and material science appear to be converging on this opinion) it is reasonable to expect a cure.

The learned professor explains that degenerative age is due to microbes in the digestive tube. He asserts that we carry about with us the seeds of our own destruction in the alimentary waste within our bodies. Birds remain young longer than mammals because they possess no large intestine; consequently they lack the great repository for effete and noxious impurities.

In simple language, age is a filth disease! No wonder that we have not found it beautiful.

Cleanliness co-exists with youthfulness. Dirt is the concomitant of death.

Age is not imposed upon us by a higher power. It is self-inflicted. Every mouthful of food means degeneration or regeneration. Senile atrophy is the result of ignorance. As fast as man learns the laws of life and lives up to them does he push senility into the background. Compare the blooming grandmother of to-day with her ancient prototype of a few decades ago. If age were a matter of time alone then a certain number of birthdays would mean a fixed type. The fine art of eating is yet in its infancy. No man yet has mastered the whole secret,—found the exact balance between the functions of assimilation and excretion. The vegetarian, the raw food advocate, the no-breakfast plan, the thorough mastication method, all represent vast strides in advance of the old, haphazard manner of food consumption, and are doing grand work in the world today. All of these methods aim directly at internal cleanliness. When the body affords abundant room for the play of its intricate machinery, when every organ functions perfectly, when pure blood bounds joyously beneath transparent skin, when muscle is firm and elastic and nerve under absolute control, when existence is ecstasy and pain and exhaustion unknown,—what is this condition? Have you forgotten? Ah, then,

you are old! It is YOUTH! A condition of internal cleanliness. Internal purity is the secret of perpetual youth. We have eaten our way into a condition of old age. We have heaped on the fuel and neglected to throw out the ashes. We are stiff with dirt. Our beautiful machinery refuses to work. Our minds are clogged with "brain ash." We have clung to old traditions, old customs, obsolete ideas. We have eaten the same foods that interred our fathers in the same old way. We must reach the same goal unless we turn about. Invalidism is not so interesting as formerly. Educated people do not discuss their complaints. Athletics have routed nostrums, and dietetics and physical culture banished the medicine bottle in intelligent households. As fast as humanity learns that there is but one disease, and that is uncleanness, so fast will the enlightened and progressive portion relegate their complaints to shamefaced privacy.

Age is dryness, ossification, impurity. There is a mental side of the question and these terms apply equally well to the mental attitude. Evil emotions, long indulged, plant their impurities in the blood. The lack of receptivity to new ideas ossifies the brain and body. When "the milk of human kindness" dries up in the heart it finds reflex action in a stiff, unyielding body. Hate withers; envy ruins the complexion. "Green with envy" is no mere figure of speech. Melancholy blanches the hair, fades the eyes and furrows the brow. Anger poisons the blood. Grasping selfishness renders the tissues hard and knotty. "Grasping and close-fisted" has a literal translation in the flesh. The whole black horde of evil emotions make, literally, for old age. Every thought has a physiological effect. "As a man thinketh so is he."

Mental, moral and physical purity are the essentials of protracted youth. The food should be the purest obtainable, wisely selected and well masticated, the refuse carefully eliminated through the five respective channels provided for carrying off the waste. The air breathed (the lung bath) should invariably be of the highest quality. Old air and old food build old brain and body cells. Old thoughts do

the same. Old ideas impart rigidity; new thoughts, suppleness. Evil thoughts fill the body with toxins. Sin causes sickness and sickness causes sin. Whether impurity has its root in the mental, or moral nature it interblends both, and makes "the house we live in" but a dilapidated tenement, in place of the beautiful structure the indwelling Ego should create.

A PURE BODY is the antidote for age.

To one grown above the domination of the baser impulses, restrictions and asceticisms are injurious, as they make development one-sided. The great Yogis are as cold and as far away as the stars, in their human relations. They have put away interest in the things of earth even while living on it. We do not refine the flesh by ignoring it while living in it, we only deaden our attention to its clamor, but we do refine it by respecting its natural requirements.

As our inner self is uplifted, these requirements will gradually grow less gross, and will finally be transformed into higher sense-energies. When we ignore them ascetically we are laying the foundation for a corresponding reaction that may, and probably will, in one incarnation or another, overwhelm us and throw us back to a still lower place in the scale we are ascending. Nature never permits any skipping; if we try to skip anything we will fall back to where we started, perhaps farther back than that. Let us rather try to live naturally, in the true sense, and aim to grow superior to conventional restrictions, just as the honest man has grown superior to the little platitude about honesty being the best policy.—*J. H. A. Marshall.*

"Without some substance a shadow cannot be, nor without a light behind the shadow."—*George McDonald.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MENTAL HEALING.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEADE.

LESSON THIRD, THE WHITE ANGEL.

"Do we not find life in all things, even in those which are considered dead, if we merely put ourselves in a condition in which we can perceive that they are living? Is not even a stone held together by the cohesion of its particles and attracted to the earth by gravitation? But what else is this cohesion and gravitation but *energy*, and what is energy but the soul, an interior principle called force, which produces an outward manifestation called matter, but which must be identical with force and substance." *Hartmann.*

It seems practical at this point to preface our lesson with a few personal words. *You need help.* Doubtless you have wished, and prayed and waited for it, and at last, when your attention is turned to the great source of strength within your own being, you ask how it is possible to think, speak, and act with power enough to overcome physical and mental *dis-ease*. Or, perhaps you have cherished the principle of The Healing Power of Thought, as it has been unfolded to your consciousness, and have risen to certain heights of independence and power only to find yourself again unable to control the inharmony of your external life. You cry out for help when there does not seem to be any response, and you long for a clearer view of life, and to know why you are held in bondage. *There is help for every soul.* The power to overcome lies within every individual. Our new methods of thought awaken a consciousness of this power, and the process is as sure as mathematics if followed as faithfully as one would work to solve a mathematical problem. Here, right within your own being, is a noble guest whose presence you have not realized; whose power you have never dreamed of; whose health-giving supply of life you have never appreciated; whose unfailing love you have never depended upon; whose unbounded happiness and joy you have not yet imagined. It does not make any difference how many times you have caught glimpses of your own higher self, or whether you do not even know that it is a *living reality*. It must become a part of your conscious-

ness, *the greatest fact of being*, and its presence must abide in your mind, as light dwells in the universe, dispelling darkness. How essential it is, then, that you become well acquainted with yourself, and thus know, beyond doubting, that power, life, health and happiness lie at the very threshold of your temple, waiting for you to open the windows and doors of the outer portion to receive them. Do not feel that you are to pursue some indefinite, intangible method. You are to reveal unto yourself the greatest of all secrets; you are to place yourself in touch with the harmony of the world, leaving its discords as fast as you learn more and more of all that life yields. Do not hesitate any longer. Come forth into the morning of everlasting love! Sing the song of your inner life which you have never sung. Let your heart rejoice while you behold, once and forever, that deathless self of yours! It will never be forgotten; it will never seem indefinite; it will never fail to vivify your external surroundings; it will never let you feel that you are alone or helpless, after you have once, just once, known and loved it. What a glad work for you to take up the tangled threads of life and weave them, according to your ideals, into results and experiences which shall glow with masterly conceptions of love and strength! What an unbounded field of blessed activity lies before you if you are ready for the work! Have you suffered enough to desire self-knowledge, and self-mastery, above all things? This is a question which few can answer but all can begin the lesson which must, sometime, somewhere, be learned.

If the ego, so accustomed to looking down, and out, through the sense life, cannot fully perceive the glory of its inner perfection, it can, at least, hold in vision a dim outline of its own imperishable form. Of this etherial reality what tongue or pen can shadow forth the faintest perception? The Infinite Substance in projecting Itself, *thinks*; and since this Supreme Reality of the Universe rays its own perfection everywhere, there is nothing but Infinite Mind, with Its Infinite Thoughts, (rays) and Its Infinite Expressions of Thought. This, then, that is unfolded to the *I* that is looking within and up toward the higher planes of percep-

tion, is the *ideal* of a finite being,—it is the White Angel, or higher self, of a human form. Held in the Infinite Mind this perfect thought, or ideal, shines with its silvery hue of innocence, and breathes in unison with the Great Breath of which it is a part. It is a living, breathing, heir of immortality, tinged with the glory of all that constitutes Infinite Perfection. It is the crowning thought of creation, the veritable image and likeness of God.

Spirit denotes that high degree of consciousness where the *I* beholds its real self. Here, it discerns the literal pattern which Jesus, the Christ, made visible in his demonstration of power gained through conscious oneness with the Father. Here, a full meaning of the Christ is revealed, and a vision of the Christ-light, flashes across the soul. Look up, oh, weary earth-dweller! Thou hast before thee a form, eternal in the heavens, which thy mission calls thee to represent in visible splendor. Once perceived, this ethereal counterpart of the physical form makes your perfect model for the external structure you will now re-establish. Once perceived, the white light of its celestial purity creeps silently, and lovingly, into the outer portions of consciousness, and produces harmony. To perceive this precious birth-right is to love its realm of being more than those exterior realms where so much thought and attention is lavished upon the body which is but a poor instrument until it is made to reflect the higher self. How can any satisfactory structure be established while human beings remain unconscious of the fact that character building, in its highest form, includes the expression of health in the physical body? Priceless, indeed, becomes the knowledge which the *I* unfolds when it has reached the plane where it can pierce the veil of sense-perceptions, and open its vision to its own acting, breathing, loving, sustaining, life-giving, power. Acorns in the forest grow, silently and powerfully sending out roots and branches, struggling, reaching higher to overcome soil and rocks until, with mighty force, the tree which the acorn held, unfolds its own image and stretches upward to meet the sky. Warmed by the sun and nourished by the elements it still struggles in its upward growth to overcome

all that stands in its way. So the human soul, placed in earth life grows, through struggle and experience, to that state of consciousness where the earth vision must open to let the potential conqueror rise higher. Through the clods of sense the perfect soul bounds upward, striking the roots of being deeper into the vast unseen, and projecting its consciousness higher toward the plane where it can manifest its own perfection. This is no idle speculation; it is demonstrated truth which the ages have revealed. It might seem deplorable that the mass of humanity should come into the world and leave it without a knowledge of this perfect pattern, the real self, but a wise Creator would not bring all souls to a full consciousness of their complete stature at one time, any more than could every tree in the forest be made simultaneously to reach a perfect growth. There must be stages of growth, or, unfoldment. This is one of the generous provisions of Infinite Law. The fact that a soul is reaching out for the truth, and desires something more for its nourishment than that which the outside world can bestow, shows that a growth has been attained which, like the heart of the acorn, reaches above the earth, and expands heavenward, to feel the light from the Sun of Life. Thus, reaching up, to take from Omnipotence those qualities which vivify the whole being, this mighty thing, a human soul, beholds its own superb likeness to the Supreme One. Beholding this likeness, the *I* feels a new strength which increases as the gaze becomes accustomed to all that is revealed. The plan of creation unfolds, in a degree, and the work which man is to do for the present, at least, becomes a sublime reality, so that there is no longer hesitancy nor wonderment in regard to duty. The *I* steps bravely forth to take its place as a sovereign on its throne of judgment. Henceforth imbued with conscious knowledge that it is created for the high purpose of making the Infinite Ideal manifest, or visible, it no longer drifts and fears,—it *knows* and *wills*, it *dares* and *works*. It knows that Infinite Love holds it in the heart of Being as the planets are held to the sun. It hears in the realm of spirit that “still small voice,” intuition, ever guiding and leading the soul into paths of right

doing. It hears this voice and chooses to obey. In other kingdoms this interior principle is ever manifesting harmonious states and satisfactory conditions. Instinct governs animals, and insects, in their methods of living, because they have not yet come to that questioning period of existence where their loves, and desires, are turned away from the true source of knowledge. Man, being higher in the scale of existence, must form conclusions independently of this inner guide which is instinct on the animal plane. Having been given the right to form conclusions, man must take the results of his own judgments, until, through repeated mistakes, he learns from apparent freedom of choice, how to obey the divine dictates of intuition. It is in the realm of spirit that the *I* discerns its right to hold dominion over all that exists below this high state of consciousness. Intuition is the inner teacher that will, in time, lead every soul to the plane of perception toward which we are now turning. As we push eagerly forward we grow to feel, that, in all The Eternal Way, there is no greater work for us to do than to manifest our Creator. As the *I* emerges from the shadows of doubt and false perceptions, it sees in all, and through all, the Infinite Mind whose perfect thought it is. Tread fearlessly, then, oh disciple of truth! Rest in the consciousness of *what you are*, counting it a blessed privilege to work into bone and muscle, blood and tissue, a copy of your royal self, so that the two states of consciousness, the sense of body and the sense of spirit, may be as one. The one shall say: *I Am* in body, soul and spirit a ray of the Infinite Light of the World; *I Am* a degree of Infinite Life; *I Am* a portion of Infinite Perfection: *I Am* a conscious entity projected from the Infinite Center of Harmony; *I Am* a high-born child of an Infinite Father and Mother Love-Consciousness; *I Am* an immortal spirit whose Immortal Parentage will forever bestow the imperishable attributes of eternal life!

"I know that I am deathless,
I know that this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass;
And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness,
I can wait."

TWO SEEKERS AFTER TRUTH.

BY CARLYLE HARRISON.

After an unusually busy day, through which, however, there had drifted the spirit of meditation which makes work easy, I was just about to retire, when I was called to the 'phone. A woman's voice asked in anxious tones, if I could send an absent treatment immediately to her husband, who was suffering intensely and seemed likely to die. She went on to describe the symptoms and relate the verdict of the doctors, before I could ascertain who she was, and concluded with emphasis, "If he could only *sleep*, it might save him. But he suffers so that the doctor thinks he cannot hold out against the pain much longer. I have called upon you as a last resort, for he is opposed to mental science, and all that sort of thing, and he has such a strong will he positively refuses to take an opiate. *Do* you think you can do anything for him?"

Now I was young in the practice of mental suggestion as a healing agent, and this was the first time I had ever been called upon to give an absent treatment. The woman's agitation stirred me deeply, and the urgency of the case demanded prompt decision. Yet for a moment I hesitated. Could I, a mere student of psychic forces and their laws, who had hitherto only experimented with suggestion as a healing power, undertake a case like this? The moment's pause must have seemed an age to the anxious woman at the other end of the wire, for she exclaimed again, in heartrending accents, "Oh, Doctor! *Do* say you can help him. I am sure you can."

That last sentence thrilled me. My heart answered reverently, "According to thy faith be it unto thee."

"My dear madam," I said, over the 'phone, "I will do my utmost to help your husband to come into touch with the healing power of the universe. Surely he will be restored. He will sleep tonight, and Nature will prepare his body for the incoming of new life."

I spoke as if inspired. A sudden strength had possessed me, and the woman's voice answered, in grateful tones, "Oh! Thank you, Doctor! God bless you!"

Then the old professional spirit of authority came to the surface, and I said, firmly, "And you, my dear madam, must be calm. Nothing can interfere with your husband's recovery more than your agitation. I should advise you to make him as comfortable as you can for the night and then retire. Tell the nurse that you are sure he will be better in the morning, and let her attend to all the details. Leave the rest to me. But tell me first who you are."

She was by this time so much relieved that she could laugh a little at her neglect, and she gave me her name and address. She had heard of my interest in the problem of mental therapeutics through a mutual friend, who had rather overrated my success in dealing with a couple of obstinate cases, which had yielded to this treatment. With a few more words of reassurance, I bade her good-night, hung up the receiver, and went back to my study.

Some six months before this, I had given up an extensive medical practice, that I might be free to devote more time to the study of the inner forces of man, to investigate psychic phenomena, and examine, in a scientific spirit, the vast and rapidly expanding literature of this subject. For some years my interest had been keenly alive to such matters, especially as they related to therapeutics. Recognizing that knowledge of the laws of man's interior being and its relation to his outer life is of immeasurable practical value, I came to the conclusion that the remaining years of my life would be more useful to the world if devoted to the pursuit of such knowledge, than if I continued to practice the system of therapeutics which in the light of larger learning was becoming distasteful to me. Announcing that I wished to undertake some important experimental work, I retired from the profession. My colleagues were curious, and some of my former patrons seemed to be keenly disappointed, but neither argument or persuasion could induce me to resume active practice. For the first time in my life I abandoned myself to the luxury of uninterrupted study.

My wonder grew as each new field of knowledge opened before me. Being a rapid and insatiable reader, I followed my theme into every phase of literature, from the wordy treatises of modern scientists, dealing with psychology according to the dry scholastic method, to the flights of ardent mystics into realms unknown, yet somehow real to the soul, in moments of ecstasy.

It was the importunate demand of one of my former patients, who was also a good friend, which finally led me to leave my study, and put some of the ideas I had been gathering to the test. A former colleague was already in attendance upon the case, and I required the patient to keep him, as I proposed to use suggestion for my own part. He had given up all hope of bringing the patient through, and was greatly relieved when I consented to share the case with him, but was astonished to learn under what conditions.

"My dear fellow," I said, in reply to his objections, "You have yourself decided that this case is hopeless. As a mere practitioner of *materia medica*, I should agree with you. The only hope is in a higher method which I propose to use. I will not interfere with your treatment. It is the best that can be given as far as it goes. But since you have called me into consultation, and the patient desires my presence so strongly, I will do my utmost, and you shall have the benefit of my recent researches. I am confident that we shall win."

He looked disappointed, yet curious, and followed me into the sick-room with a critical frown upon his brow. His expression changed, when he saw the patient relax under my touch, and sink into peaceful slumber. I motioned him to go away, and remained with the patient for more than an hour, silently suggesting to the life in the sleeping body, the changes which as a medical man I knew must take place in the process of recovery. The patient awoke refreshed and free from pain, and looked at me in silent wonder at the change. I assured him that his recovery was certain now, and left him till the next day, when the process was repeated. In a few days, he was completely restored to health.

This experience gave a new impetus to my studies, and I

returned to them with added zeal. But I could not escape from the demands of the few friends who knew of the incident. I turned away mere curiosity, but in cases of real need felt that I dare not withhold my assistance. So it came about that I was forced to divide my attention between my studies, and the practice of the new system of therapeutics which I had espoused.

Now a new phase of the problem was before me. Here was a man I had never seen, suffering from an acute phase of a dangerous disease. Instinctively my mind reverted to former habits, and the plan of treatment which I should have followed under the old regime lay before me. I opened the door of my medicine cabinet, and looked over its contents for the first time in months. Then it occurred to me that I was losing time. The medical method was out of the question. Already everything that it could offer was supplied. If I was to be of any service in this case, it must be through suggestion at long range. I knew that already I had won half the battle by setting the wife's mind at rest, so I proceeded to give the absent treatment, hoping for inspiration from above.

Closing my eyes, and becoming perfectly passive physically, I pictured to myself the city about me, at that hour wrapped in sleep. I seemed to rise above it, and look down upon its deserted streets and silent buildings. Suddenly the meaning of it all flashed upon me. I could feel the beating hearts of all that magic-bound multitude. My spirit breathed peace into every home, and comfort into the weary and sorrowful hearts, waking or sleeping, that were within the range of my consciousness. A marvellous tenderness and strength awoke within me. Then I turned my attention to the locality in which was the home where my thought was most needed. A faint blue light seemed to hang above the house, and attracted my attention. It seemed like a prayer for help that had not faith enough to reach the heavens it sought. I bent my attention full upon that home, and suddenly seemed to be in the presence of the dying man.

There was no sense of physical surroundings now. The city and the house were gone. Only this soul and its suffer-

ing were present with me, and my own outer personality seemed to have been swept away. Unutterable peace, combined with a sense of irresistible power, possessed me. I breathed upon him, and felt my companion's nerves relax. Something like a great sigh disturbed the atmosphere, and then all was still.

I opened my eyes, and was surprised to find myself still in my study. I felt strangely confident now that all would be well, and I went to my own room. Physically, I was very tired, and scarcely conscious of the act, I disrobed. All the while, there seemed to be a host of angels about me, and a feeling of blissful elation was in my heart. Steadily I poured forth a current of life-giving energy toward my patient, thrilling as I did so with the joy it awakened in my soul.

In this rapture, I lay down for the night, scarcely expecting to sleep, my feeling was so intense. Gradually, however, I drifted into an unconscious state and suddenly a far-away voice seemed to call me. "I am coming," I answered, as if I had expected the summons. "I'll be with you as soon as I close my house."

Then I was conscious that my own body was lying almost rigid, and I was weaving a spell about it, as if to protect it from intrusion, while I was absent on some prospective journey. Then I turned in the direction whence the call had come, and sped away, without impediment, some invisible attraction drawing me to my goal.

I came to the house of my patient, and saw hanging above it a murky gray cloud, in the middle of which was the figure of a man, deeply shrouded in dark garments that seemed to trail earthward. The light of keen desire gleamed feverishly in his eyes as he extended his hands imploringly to me.

"I—I do not understand!" he said. "I have left my body, and this is terrible. I am choking in this fog. Is this the fabled hell they talk about? I thought death was oblivion."

I made my way through the oppressive gloom with which he was surrounded, and grasped his hands. My own form, I then noticed, glowed with a beautiful golden light.

"Do not fear," I said. "Your body is asleep. Let us leave

it in Nature's care. We will return to it presently."

He cast off his outer cloak, and it melted away in the darkness. I saw that he was a man of splendid stature and fine features, but his whole person was shrouded in doubts and fears, though the darkest one was now gone. He looked in wonder at the writhing, gloomy forms about him, and then at me.

"But why," he asked incredulously, "do you, a being of light, come into this horrible cavern?"

"You called me," I answered. "I heard your cry of need, and I come to you."

"You have indeed brought light," he rejoined with the measured speech of one who is habitually keen and cautious. "But how came I into this dungeon? The light you shed upon it only makes it more terrible to me."

"You have lived in it many years," I answered.

A tongue of livid flame leaped from his head, and flashed out in the darkness. His look was a challenge.

"You have never seen it before," I said. "This is the first time your inner eyes have been opened. These are your thoughts of fear and doubt. They have long been your companions. Now look upon them, and see if you love them."

He looked sternly about, at the leering, hideous faces that peered out of the gloom, and they shrank back from his gaze.

"It is true," he said, humbly, "I know them all. I have created them. I have nourished them. It is no wonder they cling to me. God help me to destroy them!"

As he spoke, a pure blue light streamed upward from his head, and down around us both flowed a luminous, fragrant ether, which dissipated the dark forms, and left us standing, clothed with light, in a world of beauty. Before us stood a being of dazzling splendor, who led us swiftly through the heavens. We came at length to a peak from whence, with the wonderful vision that now illumined us, we might observe many regions. Here we reclined at his bidding, and he spoke to us.

"Brothers, you are both seekers after Truth, and you have come now to the threshold of her kingdom. Behold her

wide domain! It lies before us and around us. From this height, vast areas are to be seen, but none are traveled so far or risen so high as to behold its boundaries. Only in the heart of man she is sometimes denied, her wisdom flouted, her laws ignored. Beloved, you have both sought her. Yet you have barred her out. She does not wholly possess you."

"I know," said my companion, "my fears and doubts have shrouded the entrance of my heart. I have wilfully forbidden faith to enter. I know now that a man possesses Truth only when his being is open to receive it, when the mirror of his soul reflects the majesty of all life, when Infinity enters into him, and he rests at peace within it."

"You have interpreted the vision well," responded our guide. I wondered in my own heart how a man who was so lately the slave of such dark fears could so suddenly comprehend the vast beauty of truth. The radiant one read my thought, and continued, speaking to me, "You have been seeking Truth for Truth's sake, but this soul has been seeking for Love's sake. Because his life was not entirely full of love, fears have crept in, and possessed him. His vision was not clear. When he arose, and called upon the Divine within him to cast out all fear, he was filled with love, and his soul mirrored the truth. But you, to whom truth has been the supreme aim, do you not see that you have neglected love? Truth reigns in a man, only when every avenue of his being is illumined by her presence. The vast halls of intellect you have opened to her sway. The dome of reverence you have filled with her beauty. But somewhere in the palace of your mind, there is a guarded chamber you have not invited her to enter. Your homage is not complete. Give her your heart, as well as your brain."

I bowed my head. I thought how long years ago I had shut Love up in a cell in my heart, and sealed the door; how I had smothered her cries, and brought her sister, Duty, to govern the house in her stead. Duty had asked me sometimes to let her sister out, but I argued that she would take too much of my time, and prevent my studying, and make confusion in the house, for Love is a great blunderer. So Duty bravely obeyed, and the cries ceased.

Now, however, I heard the voice of Duty crying within me, "Let Love out! O, let her out! She is a little thing, but she is wise, and if you let her out into the sunshine, she will grow and fill the house with blessing!"

I listened to the voice of Duty crying within me, and I looked into the face of my radiant teacher. My companion came close to me, and clasped my hand. There was a glory in his eyes. I opened the door of the secret cell, and Love came out. Truth went before me into the cell, and when I followed her there was a glorious throne erected. She sat thereon, and called Love to share it with her.

Our guide disappeared. My companion and I sat alone upon the great peak, overlooking the domain of Truth, whose throne was within us. Suddenly he arose and listened, then turned, and said, "I must go."

In an instant we were standing in the room where his body lay. His wife was kneeling beside it, repeating his name eagerly, in an agony of suspense. Quickly he entered the silent form, and revived it.

What a greeting that was! All sign of suffering gone, and the gloom of years dissipated, his face was indeed angelic. No wonder that she embraced him with unreasonable eagerness.

"Oh! My darling!" she cried, "I thought you were never coming back to me."

He looked at her radiantly.

"I have slept," he said. "I have had a strange dream—it was very beautiful. Little woman, all the darkness is gone. We shall be happy—"

"Don't try to talk, dear," the wife said, tenderly. "You will waste your strength."

"I am so much better," he said, with lingering surprise. "The fear is all gone. I think that dream must have been true."

Then he closed his eyes, and fell into a light slumber, still holding his wife's hand. I left them thus, and woke up in my own chamber, to see the pale light of dawn in the sky. It seemed like the light of the soil in that far country which we had visited during the night.

When I met my family at breakfast a few hours later, there seemed to be a new life in the home. For years, playing the part of duty faithfully, I had yet lived a life apart from theirs. First the absorbing interest of my profession, and then this later passion for esoteric study, had completely occupied my mind. This morning I kissed my wife for the first time in months, and spent an hour or two playing with the boys, much to their delight. Everything had become suddenly lovely to me and my soul was full of gratitude for the revelation of the previous night.

But I scarcely dared to trust it completely, until that afternoon the little woman who had appealed to me the night before came in. By the radiance upon her countenance, I knew that the danger was past.

"He slept last night," she said, "And since then he seems to be making splendid progress. The doctors are surprised."

"Is he cheerful?" I asked, guardedly.

"Yes. Strangely so. He says that he had a dream while he slept, which he cannot remember, except that he no longer has any sense of fear—he feels as though he had left it all behind. Oh! Doctor! How can we be grateful enough to you?"

"Do not thank me," I cried, for the thought actually gave me pain. "Divine Love has restored him, and blessed him spiritually as well as physically. Let your whole life be a song of service and love, in recognition of this great benediction."

She was silent, and we sat for a moment with bowed heads. When she rose to go, she took my hand, and said earnestly,

"It does seem like a special providence, doctor, but I must thank you for your part in it."

When she was gone, I went to my study, and put my books in order. For many days, I did not touch them, but spent hours in meditation, gave more time to the healing work, and above all, won my wife's heart anew, and made friends of my children.

So Truth came to reign in my life, with Love to share the throne, and Duty as Prime Minister.

SPIRITUAL FORCES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY M. HANSON BEST.

Whoever has had the care of young children, whether of their physical development in the home, with detailed attention to physical wants, or their mental culture in the school-room with studious observance of their brain development, cannot but be impressed with the fact that rapidly as they may gain in what is termed education along manual and mental lines, perhaps even more rapidly do they lose along the lines of spiritual forces.

There are certain functions of the human brain that are individually inherent, such as imagination, intuition, telepathic sympathies and the finer occult and subconscious processes.

No book ever written, be it never so wise and inclusive, no teacher ever known, be he never so patient and pertinent, can put these forces into action in another mind. Each soul must be its own instructor—or rather must develop almost unconsciously and untaught.

It seems to be the present custom of instructors to deny this law of individuality, to insist that some fifty or sixty pupils gathered haphazard according to residence shall all study and develop similarly, be graded according to a set standard and be advanced by compliance with the fetich of "percentage."

What opportunity does this give to recognize the subtle workings of a child's inner intelligence? What incentive to draw out those secret and superior forces? To be sure, all children do not seem to possess these faculties in an equal degree. Inheritance and environment exercise no small influence and must be taken into consideration. The sturdy, thick-necked, rollicking boy will not show so fine a spiritual development as one who is slender of throat, full of forehead and of a nervous poise, delicate as a balance, that sways with every wind. There was once a teacher who said "Wisdom shall proceed out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," and truly this is so, if we older humans had but the power of

interpretation, beyond that of a spoken language.

Just as there is a pronounced return to the youthful facial expression and contour in an adult's physiognomy at the approach of death, so always in the newly born there is the stamp of age, that makes the little face older than humanity, a visible sign of eternity itself.

Rather than the generally accepted theory that a child *learns* in the early years of his earthly career, it is a process of constant *forgetting*. The farther away he travels from childhood and its intuitions that judge so unerringly, its dreams so much more real than the surrounding "realities" and their vagaries so illusive and yet convincing, just so much farther does the individual wander from his own in-born strength of spiritual force.

Children are especially adapted for the development of psychic phenomena. They are not hampered by the doubts and terrors of a maturer mind, they live nearer to nature and the spiritual world. Spiritualists recognize this and generally include a child among their best mediums. Also the spirits called up and made visible often assume the form of little children—a little Indian child most frequently, the Indian typifying, more than any other race, nearness to Nature—the childhood of humanity.

That children are mental telepathists any mother can testify. No need of spoken language between them, since their sympathies are in such unison. The mother understands the babe's inarticulate cry, whether it be one of hunger, discomfort or petulance. Is the child frightened? He instantly looks at his mother. If she shows a kindred alarm in her countenance, his fright increases. If she is calm and gives him a reassuring smile, he too is calm and reassured. And the love that is expressed in a baby face, what mother fails to recognize it?

A curious exhibition of this telepathic power in a child is authenticated by the testimony of a teacher in a public school. There came to her an Italian boy direct from Naples, a child of ten, unmistakably bright and bringing with him certificates showing his proficiency in various studies. But of course he knew not a word of the English language.

He was placed in the kindergarten with the idea that the freedom of speech there would enable him to grasp the intricacies of a foreign tongue. It only confused him however. Then he was placed in the first grade under this teacher who had had especial success with foreign born pupils.

She became very interested in the lad and enthusiastic in the task of teaching him to speak. A strange sympathy manifested itself between the two. The boy seemed to readily comprehend any request she made, but with always this proviso, that when she was speaking to him, he would be allowed to place his hand on hers. She was never able to understand his Italian in like manner, only as her Latin helped her in an occasionally similarity of words. His progress in acquiring the language under her tuition was a matter of much comment among the teacher's co-workers. As an experiment the boy was advanced to the next grade, but here his use of English rapidly degenerated, so that there was but the one obvious interpretation to place upon the occurrence.

As an example of the psychic forces of children there comes to my mind another little Italian who evinced great fondness for her teacher, always gravely insisting that she had met the teacher before in Napoli. "But, Carmella, I never was across the water in my life."

"I saw you Miss G—," the child sturdily persisted. "You were in the cathedral. You were all in black and you were on your knees praying and crying—always crying. I gave you a rose once because I was sorry for you and you smiled."

As a matter of fact the teacher had never been to Europe, and also the child's mother declared the child never had visited the cathedral, although the little one seemed able to speak accurately of its interior.

But unknown to any save two or three most intimate acquaintances, this teacher had met a sorrow, early in life, so deep and so lasting that it always shadowed her heart, and many were the tears she shed in secret over her grief. And once she said: "Carmella's devotion is such a comfort to me."

Was it not typical, the rose standing for the rose of the child's proffered love, the black garments for the shadow on

the young woman's heart, the prayers and weeping in the cathedral, for the secret sorrow and tears?

In so brief an article there is not space to give further examples, but a closer observation of children will open up a large field of study in reference to the spiritual forces of childhood, especially if one is gifted with that charm that breaks down the barriers of a child's natural reserve. Let those of us who have in charge the tender, receptive years of opening childhood bear always and earnestly in mind the fact that the inexperienced individuality's most precious possessions are the intuitions, the instructive perceptions that are carried over, so to speak, from other lives and realms. The so-called knowledge gained by the routine educational processes of the world of today is well, but there is other knowledge and in association with childhood the teacher is frequently the taught. At all events, a quickened, receptive attitude of mind is the true one for a would-be leader among the little ones, for "of such are the kingdom of heaven."

A PLEA.

BY RETSY ANDI.

Let us wander in the open far away from man-made
places,—
Far away from weary voices, and the sight of tired
faces.

'Neath the silence of the star beams in the mystery of the
night
We may grasp the inner trueness for no shadows dim the
sight.

Let us dwell then in the open, feel the great wilds' inner
throb
Let night's marvelous peace enfold us, for togetherness
with God.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

BY FREDERIC W. BURREY.

How can we be educated, without experimenting? And how can we experiment without feeling, probing, searching?

And yet, custom, law, society actually forbid this educational process. They have their false standards and conventions, and insist on people forcing their minds into narrow grooves.

Still, education, physical education, education concerning facts and things, goes on; and in spite of all, we are really learning a great deal.

The study of man is the study of the universe; and man expresses himself in corporeal form; thus the study of the body is the study of the soul—the study of the physical is the study of the spiritual.

The physical is the palpable. The material represents what nature, evolution, has up to today produced; and now we know that we human beings are the incarnations of divinity, the ultimatum of material existence, and thus we recognize the capacity to augment and improve upon nature's ordinary activities. We are here to co-operate with nature, and finally to master nature.

We are here to drag Life out of its submerged, ignorant, chaotic hell; and transform the same into an exalted, intelligent, harmonious heaven.

And this is to be done by education. It is the scientists, those who have discovered something, whom we have to thank for almost every blessing that existence now possesses for us.

And what others have learned is only a hint as to what we may learn. We can find out even more.

It is interesting to observe how the recognized authorities have changed and again changed their views as new discoveries have been forced upon their notice. How doctrines have been altered, text-books continually revised. It is a comparatively recent discovery that the blood is a circulat-

ing current, in fact that our bodies are like a wonderful subway of tubes for Life's different currents to filter through. Men have always resisted any circulating, transforming theory. They have objected to the world moving; they have objected always to motion. And since motion is life, is it any wonder that the past with its dogmas of stagnation and fixture has been correspondingly still and dead?

But the currents of Life continue to move on. The streams of existence never stop. And the sooner we likewise run beside Life's mighty currents, the more we work hand in hand with Nature, the better will our results become.

Conscious activity is so much more quickly and richly productive of results than is the ignorant, blundering sort of progress. Refuse in any way to be a slave, and study and work thoughtfully, joyfully, faithfully.

The study of physics has generally meant the study of pathology. Men have looked upon Life as a system of battling forces and creatures, more or less evil; and they have conjured their brains for the invention of various poisons, inoculations, vivisections, and operations, that the hateful conditions might be cut off and out. They have always looked upon symptoms as causes; they have refused to look or think deeply, and their "cures" have been necessarily superficial and temporary.

They have fought shy of culture. They have believed rather in repression than expression; and it is obvious that many of the generally recognized codes and measures tend in the direction of congestion instead of expansion.

But we must open out. Our minds and bodies must be allowed expression. There can be no health in any other way. In fact, expression is life.

To take such an attitude as here suggested, often means that we must go alone. It is waste of time seeking advice or approval. We must simply, bravely trust our own convictions, and experiment with them—promptly act our ideas out.

At first there may be a sense of isolation in taking this

stand; but have a little patience, and there will come a glorious, triumphant recognition of mastery and personal power. You will soon get over that childish leaning on friends and authorities; and when you are able and willing and desirous to stand alone, you will attract the right kind of friends, who will be of valuable assistance to you.

Education, recognition, consciousness, help you to do things. Physical education is not merely a matter of flesh and blood. It is related to all materials. So learn about bodies, things, facts—and act accordingly. Study yourself; and study your environment. Recognize where you excel; and recognize your limitations (which, however, you will outgrow and grow beyond); learn a practical lesson and apply it. There is no material fact but has a spiritual bearing.

“We need, each and all, to be needed,
To feel we have something to give
Toward soothing the moan of earth’s hunger;
And we know that then, only, we live—
When we feed one another as we have been fed
From the hand that gives body and spirit their bread.”

“We are making, hour by hour, our own heaven or our own hell; and, in the degree that we are making the one or the other for ourselves, we are helping make it for all the world beside.”—*Ralph W. Trine.*

“When you travel to the celestial city, carry no letters of introduction; when you knock, ask to see God.”—*Thoreau.*

“It would seem as if the heart of man stamps a secret mark on all its genuine effusions which alone can give them currency, and which no ingenuity however adroit, can successfully counterfeit.”—*William Wirt.*

THOUGHTS AND MOODS.

A TRANSLATION OF NORWEGIAN PROSE POETRY BY HANS
HAGAN.

I sit looking at my book-shelf. It is filled with books: The Bible, Snorre, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, Ibsen, Bjornson, Wergeland, Spencer, Hackel, Huxley—There they stand side by side, their golden titles luminous on a background of pressed and colored skin.

I have the deepest thoughts, the holiest feelings of these men. Here I have, as it were, their very souls enclosed in these leaves of paper fastened with printers ink to leaves of rags and wood. They are become my every-day friends, my advisers, my ministers, my serving spirits by night and by day.

Carlyle is right: A book is the greatest of all miracles.

* * * * *

I sit gazing at the flame in my lamp—this little artificial sun. A poor moth is fluttering about it. It sings its feet and wings on the glowing chimney. It flies off but always returns. It strives to death to reach—death in the radiant light. And I see, reflected in this, all these human moths—from the first innocent pair down to the deepest thinkers of our own time—how they swarm around the light, swarm and flutter—until they sink down and die, even in death the dimming eye striving to catch a ray.

Why, O wise All-Father, who dost thou let the light burn the poor things that thou hast made with such a consuming longing in their hearts for light—more light?

* * * * *

I stand by a water-fall. I gaze down in the babbling, glittering, foaming torrent. I know it is the attraction of the earth that causes all these millions of particles to course downwards. I know it is the irregular, riven granite and the resistance of the air that break the mass up into the crystal drops and sprays—these pearls that transform the light into the wonderful trembling bow that spans the chasm toward the sky.

I see and hear the whirling, the eddying, and the grinding, downward and around in a circle—forever down and around; unceasing, without rest or pause, soft as the caressing hand of a woman, sharp as an edge of tempered steel. First a polished space, then a hollow, then a greater hollow, until the rocky caldron is finished after a year, a hundred years, or a hundred centuries. The eye joins in the unending, circling dance until the membrane smarts and the brain whirls, until *I myself* am down there, with my whole soul grinding and being ground, so every nerve is cut and cries out, until I struggle and groan in wild despair. But after a little I subside in the dull, sleepy, mechanical, circling motion, I become an atom in the soft, waving mass, a little grain in the grinding gravel, a dead sphere, bound in its course by the immutable, irresistible force of gravitation.

I wake up with a start. And I reflect on all these caldrons of the human mind, ground into the hard granite of the problems of life. I feel a smarting pain because of all this wasted force, and a drawing desire for time and opportunity *to grind yet more!*

* * * * *

It is near spring time. I am looking at the still sleeping earth. I see withered grass and stubble and the half dissolved, grayish-yellow leaves of last autumn. Everything is dark and faded,—seemingly dead and inert.

And yet—if you could look with the clairvoyant, poetical eye of a child or a nature-man—you would see dancing fairies flying through the air, you would see them skipping over the dry straws and withered leaves—playing hide-and-seek in the small rifts and deep plow-furrows.

And if you could listen with the harmoniously attuned ear of the child or the nature-man, you would hear the small busy gnomes pounding and hammering down there in the hard rock and frozen earth. You would hear the first feeble strains from Pan's enchanted pipe, the strains waxing louder and stronger, strange sounds and light, airy steps in time with the stirring melody.

Until a bright and balmy May-day breaks, the god Pan steps out with his enchanted reed. The bud bursts and the

grass sprouts. And flowers peep forth with chaste, blue eyes. And everything rejoices in the clear day and balmy night rejoices over life and its love-filled, holy music.

And notwithstanding I know that the fairies are vibrations of ether, generated by the sun, that the music in them is the result of physical and chemical forces, of the running water and the rising sap, of the motion in the cells within the bud, the seed, or the bulb—that the dancing maidens are singing mosquitoes, fluttering butterflies, humming bumblebees—earthy creatures, liberated from the chains of winter—even if I know all this, I still think it just as beautiful, just as fairy-like, just as wonderful.

And I rejoice, together with the feathered songsters of the air, over the newly awakened, bountiful teeming life.

* * * * *

A mystical, moonlit summer night I was resting on a cliff. I lay on my back, with my hands clasped under my head.

The air was clear and silent. A dim light was reflected from the rigid face of the moon. Out there in infinite space revolved millions of suns whose light through trillions of leagues of vibrating ether was reflected in my dreamy eye. There they rolled, distributing life to invisible planets, filled with longing, battling, dreaming beings like ourselves.

And, as I lay there, I was carried away by this revolving, soundless silence. I slipped out into the wide, fathomless, endless *nirvana* where the I is only an atom, an infinitesimal grain of dust in a universe of order. My nerve-strands seemed to stretch farther and farther. I *felt* with a new sense. I felt a great, living heart somewhere, everywhere. It throbbed with tranquil, regular beats, that could be heard here or on the farthest stars, in the trembling ether, in the moon's rigid mass, in the hard rock under me, in *myself*.

And I experienced something of the *All-Father's all-embracing, eternal Love*.*

—From Torgeir Bjørneraa in "Kringsjaa."

*"Thought" in the original.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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HOW TO BECOME A HEALER.

I have spoken in a previous issue of concentration as a necessary factor in successful healing, also a love of the work and a love of humanity. There is still another thing we must realize in this connection—and that is the truth that we are or should be living now—this moment—just as much in the world of the spirit as in the world of the senses. We place so many of our interests in the outer life that we sometimes forget there is an inner which is also the realer of the two. We think of the spiritual plane as a state which we will reach at some future time. But we must come into a realization of the truth that we are—all of us—living, to some degree, in the spiritual as well as the physical world now. Even in the outer world the temper of the mind gives color to all we see. I recall a patient who was once sitting in my office on a very stormy day, finding fault with everything, the weather included, when another woman came in, as bright and cheery as if the whole world were filled with sunshine. “Why, no,” she said, “I don’t think this is such a bad day; the sun is really shining just as much as it ever was—and I’m just as happy as I can be.” When she went out my patient turned to me and said, “What crank is that?” I told her if I were called upon to compare the conditions of the two I should have to regard her as the crank for the other woman really had the true view of things. A pessimistic outlook on life comes from taking a purely external view of things and consequently a partial one. When we

realize the oneness of life, the close relation of every plane, when we are conscious of the spiritual world, the soul world, just as truly as that of the senses, then we become renewed in the spirit of our minds and we see things truly—as they are—we come into touch with the indwelling, underlying good, we enter into the realm of hope and love and are one with the Source of all life. Now the body is renewed through the renewing of the mind. Some people try to accomplish this through travel—change of scene. This often produces a semblance of renewal but it is useless to go on forever trying to renew and recreate from the outside. It is only the renewing from within that lasts. This is the secret of it all—all health, all growth, all harmony—the inner renewal and refreshment. We must keep in constant and vital touch with the Spirit and let it do its transforming work through us and in us. When Jesus went up into the mountain at night—when he withdrew into the desert, it was to free himself in a way from the thoughts and influences of the external world—and to withdraw more completely into the inner realm. He had been healing and teaching and sympathizing with the sorrow and burdens of the multitude. As a healer he needed to get away from this side of life and come into a closer, quicker realization of the deeper, the only true and lasting side of life. This is what he meant when he said “go into thy closet and shut thy door”—shut the door of your will on all external forces and suggestions. Go into the deepest recesses of your consciousness, go to the center—the soul—where all is serene and steadfast and altogether good. But some people say—“this is all very well but I haven’t time to do this. I have so many duties and there are so many demands on my time I have none to spare for such purposes.” Now, if you will look at the matter in its true light you will see how really

absurd this is, we take time to eat and sleep—we realize the necessity of these and their bearing on the life, if once we would try this renewing of the mind—of the whole life—through this close and vital touch with the Source of all life we would realize that we get more in this way than through all the other avenues open to us. In this way we come into touch with all the power in God's great universe—we are bathed in it and vivified through it. But the successful healer does not spend all his time in meditation. He must give out in proportion to the power that comes to him. But someone will say—"you told us the true healer strove to awaken the latent power in his patient and not to give of his own." And so he does, but until the latent force in the patient is aroused he must share his own, as it were. At the beginning the patient is often inert and listless and relies wholly on the healer. Until a certain stage is reached the healer often has to give of his energy—his very life. You remember the incident of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment and was healed. Jesus felt the force which she withdrew from him. Though hundreds thronged about him, her touch was different because in it she demanded help of him. He was instantly conscious that someone had called out energy from him. The woman withdrew from him so much of the vivifying force as was needed to start the life current in herself and so was healed. But this giving from the healer to the patient must not continue indefinitely. This would make a parasite of the patient. The patient must learn to rely on himself. But someone will say—"what difference does it make? I pay a certain amount for my treatment. Isn't my money as good as anyone else's? What difference does it make to the healer whether I help myself or not?" Now as a matter of fact no amount of money can pay for a treatment. A healer

must eat and be clothed, he must have shelter as well as other human beings and if he gives all the time that is asked of him to help and heal others he has none or little left in which to earn these necessities. Consequently it is only just that an equivalent of his time be given him. There can be no financial equivalent of the healing. You can not pay for the power of God with dollars. Neither the healer nor the patient can measure this power or apportion any payment for it. Jesus never healed—no healer ever heals—it is this power that works through him—the power of God to will and to do of his good pleasure. If there is no faith on the part of the patient there is no awakening in answer to the treatment and there is consequently no healing. Often a patient's mind is so prejudiced that it is hard to get an inspiring thought to penetrate the gloom and despondency and fault-finding. Then he complains that he paid his money but received no benefit, while it may be that another who has had but half the amount of treatments has wholly recovered. We have no record of Jesus healing anyone or going out of his way even to teach anyone who did not ask for his help.

A patient once came to me and told me all her troubles and difficulties, and then said "of course I haven't any faith in your treatment but my husband insists on my coming." "Then," I said, "I certainly can't take your case—if you ever feel like coming to me of your own free will and feel that I may be able to do you good, I shall be glad to help you if I can." In two or three months she did come back and became perfectly well under the treatment. There must be the earnest desire for help on the part of the individual and that receptive, co-operative attitude of mind, in order to secure the best results. There must be an honest effort to attain the longed for goal—the things that make

for health and strength must be held in mind and talked of to the exclusion of their opposites. When you talk of infirmities and difficulties you only add to them and impress their image indelibly upon the mind. When you fill your mind with thoughts and pictures of health you thereby relate yourself to all the strong and health-giving forces and people on the planet. You are literally getting treatment from them all and you are radiating an atmosphere of health and harmony yourself. It is easier to be well and strong than it is to be diseased and weak, once you get into the way of it, so to speak. Because health and strength are natural—they are according to the law of your being—the law of God. It is just a matter of adjustment. And we are so related to each other that we continually act and react on each other. No one can get away from this inter-dependence. We can never separate ourselves from our fellows, but we can determine what relationship there shall be between ourselves and those about us. This is where the individual will comes in. We can will ourselves into relationship with all the necessities of a well rounded life, material, social, spiritual. We ourselves, and we alone determine these relationships and adjustments. But one may say it is so difficult to overcome the old ways and habits—to wipe out the sins of the past. Now let us stop a moment and think what sin is. The Westminster Catechism says it is “any want of conformity to the law of God.” This is about as good a definition as any I know. Now just as soon as you begin to conform—just as soon as you set about a right adjustment, then the “lack of conformity” is gone—sin has disappeared. We may be using the right faculties but in the wrong way. We may be imaging in a partial way. Mental inflammation may work itself out into physical inflammation. Just as soon as we really decide that we are going to live in harmony, we by that decision put behind us and out of sight all so-called “sin,” and cut off all vital

communication with the forces that make for discord. Sometimes even then we feel an undercurrent drawing us in the old direction. This is because of the thoughts of other people. They continue to regard us after the fashion of the old associations until by some outward act or succession of acts we change their mental attitude toward us. Often after we have overcome a condition, we ourselves are often surprised that it should have had such dominance over us. Some people ask "why does not the healer talk to me? Why does he give me silent treatments?" Now, many people are cured during a talk or a lecture. I think I may say that was the way in which I was healed of several errors. But there is a drawback to this. In a public lecture it is different but in the majority of cases a direct conversation with the patient in which any of his mistakes or short comings are touched upon is apt to rouse antagonism in his mind. We are all more or less conceited; we do not like our weaknesses touched upon. If the healer were to say what he really perceived, the patient would protest that whatever else he might be he certainly was not *that*. This would instantly place a barrier between the healer and his patient and little good would be accomplished. But if the suggestions are made silently there is no opposition and the desired good is speedily accomplished. For the last twenty years I have tried various methods and I have found that that of silent suggestion is by far the most effective. It does not help to make a man any better to talk over with him how bad he is. Tell him how good he is, if you want to tell him anything. Potentially, all *are* good. At the heart of every man we may find the Christ. The healer has nothing to do with the error side of life. His business is wholly with the positive, the affirmative, the good. If there is any sense of criticism or judgment or condemnation toward the

patient in the mind of the healer, he should not attempt to give a treatment. If there is any other desire in his mind except to heal and to help he has no right to treat. The relation of healer to patient is one of the most intimate—most sacred—that there can be between man and his fellow-man. Only as he sees his patient whole and complete can the healer be of any permanent service. Only as he images clearly in his own mind whatever he desires to have outwardly expressed will it become manifest. If his own mind is disturbed—if there is any irritability or nervousness, a receptive patient will receive this as surely as any thought that is in the healer's mind. A healer should first of all make sure that there is no thought of self or of any personality in his mind; he should empty his external consciousness of everything foreign to the treatment and let the healing power possess him as well as his patient. On the other hand, we should remember, all of us, that we are always giving treatment in a certain sense. No one of us can think or feel "to himself" any more than any man can live or die "to himself." If you are irritable and out of tune you may think that you do not burden others with your mood as long as you are "self-controlled" and do not express it in words. But others do feel it and respond to it in kind just as surely. Suppression is not self-control. True self-control is overcoming the false, negative condition by opening one's consciousness to the current of Universal Love and the realization of our oneness with all others. Suppression only intensifies. If a thought continues to rankle in the mind its effect on oneself and others is just as bad as, even worse, than if it were spoken out freely and the mind were freed of it, so to speak. Suppression means undue tension and even savors of hypocrisy and untruth. If one speaks out frankly, one has at least a feeling of cleanness and freedom and if it

arouses antagonism, it arouses it in the open. We have all experienced a feeling of heaviness and depression, of impending harm or antagonism. Almost invariably when this is not traceable to physical causes in ourselves it is due to the impress of the thought of another on our minds. It would have been far better if that other had frankly and simply expressed the untoward thought or feeling and let it work its own reaction and cure. Every inner thing must sooner or later become an outer thing. This is the law. "What has been whispered in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." The sooner the secret thing becomes manifest, the better—the more healthful, more free, more in accordance with the natural order of things.

I want to speak for a moment on the subject of what is commonly termed the evils of life—of the past as well as the present. We make too much of these. We allow the thought of them to dominate and possess us. St. Paul said "I am persuaded that all things are good to him that thinketh them to be good," and Shakespeare tells us that "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." Everything about man and the life of man is good, from first to last. Whether we see it to be so depends upon whether our views of things is broad and true or partial and ill-proportioned. It is all a matter of adjustment. If anything, no matter what it is, gives us harmony in our lives, then for us it is right. The soul knows nothing of evil. The eyes of the Lord are too pure to behold iniquity. The soul sees with the eyes of the Lord. It is only the mind that knows and sees in incompleteness. When there is ill-adjustment we have excesses and extremes—in speech or act, on the physical or mental plane. But because a man eats too much we would not advise him to go without eating altogether. One extreme would be as bad as the other. Abstinence from

any good thing is as harmful—as *intemperate*—as over-indulgence. Everything is good in its place. When we are inharmonious we have no right to find fault with our environment or with other people. The fault is right in ourselves—in our relationship with our environment and our fellow-men, it is because we are not rightly adjusted to life. The Law of God is written in the constitution of man's being—not in a book—not in a church—and when man finds this law in his being and freely and gladly gives himself over to its keeping, then has he come into his inheritance. The coming of the Kingdom of Heaven means that the outer life becomes a full and absolute expression of the inner consciousness. "For this is your reasonable service that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy."

If the body is not whole—if it is not a true expression of the peace and steadfastness and harmony of the soul within, then the life is not adjusted and the Kingdom of God for you is not yet come.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

Illustrated programs of the fifth annual session (1906) of the Summer School of the New Thought, Upland Farms, Oscawana-on-Hudson, New York, are now ready for mailing and may be procured by any one sending two cent stamp to address given below. The Inns on the School premises are open and a practitioner of Mental Science at hand. Those desiring further information may address Mrs. S. B. Snell, Secretary, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y.

"Measure your health by your sympathy with the morning and spring."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE WIDOW'S MITE AND OTHER PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, by I. K. Funk. Funk & Wagnalls Co, New York and London. 538 p. p., price \$2.00, postage 17c. extra.

"In making this book," is the opening sentence of the introduction, "I have set before me a very simple task—to some of my friends it seems a foolish one. I do not say, "Columbus was willing to be laughed at as a fool, and discovered America," for I am not attempting to discover anything; but am attempting to state clearly a problem and to urge others better qualified, to the discovery of its solution. * * * A new truth is always accompanied with an element of danger; so the birth of a child, but to prevent that birth would be fatal. But are we not exaggerating this danger? Truth is the safe thing; error alone is dangerous. * * * The first step in progress is to be willing to say "I don't know," and the second step is like unto it—to be willing to be led, empty of theories, empty of preconceptions, by a fact. Says Huxley: "Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before the fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. * * * The appeal (in the matter of psychic phenomena) is largely from experience to experience and the response is from within. * * * It is easy to understand why Gladstone said, when accepting honorary membership in the society for Psychic Research, speaking of the work of the society: "It is the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important." It appears that the conscious mind is only a small segment of our spirit selves; the greater part of the mind or soul is below the threshold of consciousness. As the solar spectrum reveals only a fragment of the forces in light—other forces are above the waves that make ultra-violet and others below that make ultra-red, as all the heat-waves, the chemical waves, the Hertzian waves—so our spirit or mind

spectrum as revealed in consciousness is limited. Who can tell how far below or above consciousness extend the powers of the soul? * * * Here we are earth-bound and are conscious only of those powers that have to do with the earth; but we are passing through an evolution that will make us universal or cosmic beings, and now we have in the rudimentary stage those faculties that will have to do with this next stage of our evolution. * * * It was very very hard for Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller to grasp the thought that there was another world, that beside their world of touch and smell and taste there was a world of sound and sight and intelligence far greater than their world and that interpenetrated their own. When the walls of darkness first began to give way the thought may quite likely have seemed to them, uncanny, unreal. But then other intelligences did exist and it was a complicated matter for father, mother, friends to make themselves known, to communicate with these unfortunates, to enter their world. Why then should the thought be an a priori absurdity that we too are in a dungeon, and that another world of intelligence is in contact with our own—a world of men and women like ourselves, with other senses doing duty, senses that we have in rudimentary form—a world that interpenetrates our own?" To quote again: "I say neither 'no' nor 'yes' to telepathy, the subjective mind theory, spiritualism, etc., for I don't know. I simply give the facts I and others have seen and ask 'what is it?'" The answers of nearly forty of the world's best known psychologists are here given with these marvelous experiences of a quarter of a century's careful investigation of psychic phenomena. The book presents hundreds of the most interesting experiences along psychic lines and reasons most carefully concerning them. It gives fairly all sides. It brings psychic investigations and the best thought concerning them down to date. It is one of the sanest, most thorough, most disinterested reviews of this absorbing subject ever placed before the reading public. The author makes a strong appeal to all interested in the development of their own powers or in the psychic development of the world at large, as well as those who have had interesting psychic experiences

to communicate with him in the interest of truth and of progress. It is well worth the while of any one who is interested in any more than the most superficial and material aspect of the life we live today to give this book a more than usually thoughtful perusal and for the average reader in search of amusement merely, it is full of vivid interest, to the verge of the seemingly miraculous at times.

FUTURE LIFE, in the light of ancient wisdom and modern science, by Louis Elbe. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. 382 p. p.

"The aim of the present work," to quote from the introduction, "is to broach once more the problem of the survival of the human soul. It recapitulates all that the wisdom of the ancients and remote tradition have to say upon the subject in order to discuss that evidence in the light of the theories put forward by modern science." And this plan of investigation is most faithfully carried out, the author arriving at the conclusion: "Thus formulated, faith in survival seems to us to be the inevitable consequence of the scientific conception of the human soul. If the soul really, in the way we have seen, possesses an independent existence upon a plane other than that of matter, we can not suppose it to be necessarily involved in the death of the physical body. We thus come back to very much what ancient doctrine taught, namely, that the different faculties were so many distinct elements in the immaterial portion of man, or in that astral envelop which, according to Plato, was the chariot of the soul; and this conception would nowadays appear to have acquired additional authority from a scientific standpoint, as a result of the researches at present being prosecuted."

PRACTICAL PSYCHOMETRY, by O. Hashnu Hara. L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Hill E. C., London, England, and Fowler & Wells Co., 24 East 22nd St., N. Y. (88 p.p.), price 1 s. net, American price \$.50.

"In the realm of Psychism," the author says in the introduction, "there are few phases relating to the revelation of unseen influences of greater value or more varied interest to the trained investigator than that of Psychometry. * * *

It is indeed a case of "sermons in stones" and has the additional advantage of being easily acquired if certain rules are persisted in." The contents include "Rules for unfoldment," "What Psychometry is," "Man's visible and invisible bodies," "The vibrations of color," "How to attain adeptship," "How to obtain free intercommunication between the spiritual and material world," "Symbolism," "Telepathy," "Numbers and their meanings," etc.

THE LIFE POWER AND HOW TO USE IT, by Elizabeth Towne, published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. 175 p.p., price \$1.00.

This is a compilation of some of the best and most practical of the author's articles which have appeared from time to time in *The Nautilus*, covering a period of four years or more. These have been carefully revised and arranged to preserve the unity of thought, from the writer's points of view, presenting the subject of the Life Power and its modes of use and direction for human development. Its spirit is helpful and inspiring—"smile and come up higher than the duty class, the joy class awaits you" (page 95).

PSYCHOLOGY AND HIGHER LIFE, by Wm. Arch McKeever, professor of Psychology in the Kansas State College. Monotyped and printed by Crane & Co., Topeka, Kans. 240 p.p. Price \$1.00.

In his preface the author says that this book "grew out of a course of lectures delivered to the freshman students in the Kansas Agricultural College and is intended to present the subject matter of descriptive psychology in such a way as to constitute a simple text book for the younger student and at the same time to furnish instructive reading for a much larger constituency." "I am especially interested," the author says, "in 'the man who is down' in any walk of life, and I believe that a closer sympathy among all classes can be brought about by means of a better knowledge of the self. If one can be led to realize something of the close relationship existing between mental act and physical act, he will be more inclined to try to break away from the idea of pre-

destination and to strive for the mastery of the situation that formerly threatened him with defeat. I can not divest myself of the belief that a systematic knowledge of psychology will aid one in reaching the individual who is down, and in helping him to arise and assert his better self. What makes the world so dreary for many of its inhabitants is the poverty and meanness of their every day thoughts. They lack spontaneity. They live in a life of shreds and patches simply because they do not know how to organize their mental forces in such a way as to make them productive of life-giving thought." The closing words of the book are:

"To see the goodness in other people, and to help them to find it in themselves; to be tolerant of the opinions of others, giving them credit whenever possible for sincerity of purpose; to be frank and open-hearted and honest in my dealings with others, showing a willingness to accord even a competitor a fair opportunity in the race of life; to deal fairly and affectionately with those who are in any sense criminal in their acts or tendencies, and to rebuke and criticise only in love; to respect and care for my body as a fit temple of the soul by temperance in eating and drinking, and to work hard enough to appreciate rest and recreation; to refuse utterly to worry unnecessarily about anything, but to strive at all times to entertain only pure and ennobling thoughts; to get good and give good everywhere, making somebody glad of my presence;—these are some of the affirmations that might profitably be made by those who are interested in a more spiritual type of consciousness."

Finally—

"To see the beautiful world,
To breathe the fragrant air,
To hear accordant sounds,
To feel, to be.—
This is not life!
There is a larger view,
There is a deeper breath,
There is a finer touch,
And a diviner sound,
Than sense can e'er reveal.
To see the glory in the Infinite,
To feel the breath of the Almighty,
To hear the voice of the I am,—
This is to live."

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